In Jupe Rapel. 1827

THE

HISTORY

OF

NED EVANS.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MORAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS;

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERS OF MANY PERSONS

WELL KNOWN IN THE POLITE WORLD;

AND

INCIDENTAL STRICTURES

ON THE

PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

" O'erſtep not the modeſty of Nature!"

SHAKESPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1805.

THE

HISTORY

OF

NED EVANS.

CHAP. I.

IN one of thoſe beautiful and retired valleys which abound in the country once known by the general name of Snowdon, and which now forms a part of the county of Caernarvon, was ſeated the humble but hoſpitable dwelling of the reverend Evan Evans. The high mountain of Penmanmawr defended this little manſion from the chilling blaſts of the north eaſt; whilſt a ſtream purer than the cryſtal ran murmuring among the rocks which time and the winter's torrents had ſeparated from the neighbouring mountains, forming a ſeries of ſucceſſive waterfalls before his windows, and clothing its banks with an eternal verdure. Thouſands of ſheep, whoſe fleeces might vie with ſnow in whiteneſs, were the happy tenants of this peaceful vale; whoſe innocent bleatings, being echoed by ſurrounding

woods, and mixed with the ſongs of birds and the murmurs of the brook, formed a concert of natural and ſoothing muſic, which art can ſeldom equal, and never excel. Here Mr. Evans had reſided for upwards of eighteen years, and exerciſed the paſtoral office literally over his ſheep, and figuratively over a numerous pariſh in a manner that won him the hearts of all his congregation.

The reader muſt not imagine however that Mr. Evans was a beneficed clergyman. He had indeed long fulfilled the duties of one with reſpectable abilities, and with conſcientious and unceaſing diligence; but the emoluments were reaped by a gentleman who had never ſeen the pariſh but once, when he quarreled with the pariſhioners about his tythes, and had therefore reſolved never to come among them again. It is poſſible however they had no great loſs, for the truſt was faithfully executed by the worthy Evans for the ſmall ſalary of 20l. a year, which, with the profits of a few acres round his little dwelling, and which could hardly be eſtimated at above 20l. more, was all the income he poſſeſſed in the world. But though fortune had dealt thus hardly by him, nature had been more benignant; for from her he inherited an excellent conſtitution both of body and mind, and, what was ſtill more valuable, a heart overflowing with kindneſs, and replete with every virtue that could ennoble and exalt a man. Mr. Evans moreover was happy in an excellent wife, whom he had married in his youth from the uncommon motive of pure affection, without any view either to intereſt or fortune; and which was inſpired by the equally uncommon quality of unalterable ſweetneſs of temper, which gave her a look of benignity ſurpaſſing beauty, and which ſhe now retained in full perfection at an age when beauty (if ſhe

ever had any) would have been considerably impaired. She had now lived with her husband upwards of thirty years in happy wedlock; and I heard her declare, that in all that time she had never differed with him but once, and that too was on a point about which it might be presumed he had no right to interfere. It was soon after he took her home to a little house he had in the neighbouring diocese of St. Asaph (where indeed he was born, and where he first served a cure, before he removed to his present dwelling) that the good woman was employed on her first brewing of ale; a matter of very considerable importance to a Welch housewife, and of no less moment to a Welch parson; and honest Evans being an adept in the art, and a perfect connoisseur in the true smack of cwrw (as ale is called in his country), took the liberty to find fault with his wife's management; which it must be confessed was a tender point, and what no husband ought to presume to do. It is therefore not to be wondered at if the good lady for the first time in her life was a little off her guard, and defended her undoubted prerogative of managing her drink as she thought fit; it is much more to be admired, that this was the last time as well as the first that she ever differed from her husband. And indeed she had candour enough to declare, that it was the event of this quarrel which confirmed her in perfect submission ever after; for certain it is, the ale proved sour, which she wisely ascribed to the tartness of some speeches she chanced then to let fall, determined from that time forth that no ill humour of hers should ever again be the cause of a domestic calamity—a resolution which she has inviolably kept ever since, and which I should most hear-

tily recommend to all thoſe good wives who may chance to peruſe this ſtory.

Mrs. Evans, while ſhe reſided at St. Aſaph, had borne to her huſband one daughter, whom they named Winifrid, from a lady of illuſtrious beauty and virtue in thoſe parts, whoſe name has long ſince been enrolled amongſt the martyrs and ſaints in heaven; and indeed the cherub countenance and the opening virtues of the little terreſtrial Winifrid filled her parents hearts with the fond and pleaſing hope that ſhe would one day rival the ſaint in every excellence both of body and mind; but Providence thought fit to determine otherwiſe, and took her to himſelf in the ſeventh year of her age. The afflicted parents ſuſtained their loſs with that meekneſs and reſignation which true wiſdom, and a juſt ſenſe of religion never fail to inſpire. They were however ſo far infected with human weakneſs that their home became diſagreeable to them. They could not bear the walks in which they no longer ſaw their little darling: and the neat bit of garden before the houſe in which ſhe uſed to play, and where with tranſport they ſo often beheld her tying up the flowers, and with artleſs innocence diſplaying taſte even in her moſt careleſs diverſions, for ever recalled her to their mind, and filled their eyes with a fountain of perpetual ſorrow, too tender and too diſtreſſing for hearts ſo ſuſceptible as theirs to endure. It was this melancholy event which firſt determined them to quit St. Aſaph; and the cure in Caernarvonſhire ſoon after offering, they gladly removed to it; but not before heaven had aſſuaged their ſorrow by ſending them a ſon, who at the opening of this hiſtory was in the nineteenth year of his age. This darling boy, whoſe name was Edward, and in whom all their cares and all

their

their hopes were now centered, was every way worthy of their tendereſt affection. His beauty was of that manly kind where robuſt ſtrength is united to perfect elegance: the bluſhes of the morning ſeemed to be lighted up in his cheeks, which glowed with health, and which were ſhaded by his thick and gloſſy hair, that played about his neck in natural curls; whilſt wit tempered with good nature beamed from his dark eyes, whoſe fire was ſoftened without being concealed by a pair of long eye-laſhes of the deepeſt brown. There was, beſides, a grace and majeſty in his figure that would have beſtowed dignity upon a clown, and which was far ſurpaſſing any thing that could be expected from the ſon of a Welch curate.

Nor was the mind of this amiable youth any way inferior to his perſon. It had been the delightful taſk of Mr. Evans to form his heart from the firſt dawn of opening reaſon, and nature had been ſo kind as to give him a heart, than which a worthier was never planted in a human breaſt. Under the care of this kind inſtructor he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages; and having an elegant turn for muſic and painting, which indeed the ſcenes about him had naturally inſpired, he had improved thoſe talents merely by the dint of induſtry and genius in a wonderful manner, and had acquired many accompliſhments that adorn the gentleman, to a degree infinitely beyond what could be expected from the humility of his ſtation and the lowneſs of his finances. For this he was indebted to a happy diſpoſition of nature, which drank inſtruction more greedily than it could be offered; and as the excellent character of Mr. Evans made every thing that belonged to him an object of regard, young

Edward found no difficulty in being admitted to the beſt companies in the neighbourhood, where his own good qualities were ſoon known and admired, and every where eſtabliſhed him a general favourite. In thoſe ſocieties his good ſenſe ſoon taught him to diſtinguiſh what was moſt eſtimable; and though he never remembered to have been fifty miles from the ſequeſtered habitation in which he dwelt, yet neither his figure nor his manners would have been reckoned awkward in any drawing room in Europe.

Such was Ned Evans, the ſubject of the following memoirs; for whoſe welfare and ſucceſs the author confeſſes himſelf deeply intereſted, and to whom he truſts the reader is already not wholly indifferent; and he hopes that, in the courſe of his future hiſtory, he will never be found to act unbecoming his character, nor give occaſion to forfeit that good opinion which his firſt appearance generally inſpired.

CHAP. II.

IT was one night in the month of November in the year 1779, that our good curate and his amiable wife had ſat down to regale themſelves over a mug of ale and a plate of toaſted cheeſe; when they were ſuddenly ſtartled by a bright flaſh of lightning, which was inſtantly followed by a tremendous clap of thunder. Mrs. Evans was naturally timorous, and more afraid of thunder than of any thing elſe in the world; and though her huſband was not ſubject to this weakneſs, yet the uncommon loudneſs of the peal, and the ſeaſon of the year when thunder is but a rare phenomenon, hindered him to be altogether at eaſe; eſpecially as it was not long before that a houſe in the neighbourhood had been ſet on fire by lightning, and much miſchief done, though the family had the good fortune to eſcape. But it was not for his houſe, nor for himſelf, that his fears were alarmed on this occaſion; the morning had been uncommonly fine, and he had taken advantage of it to ſend Ned as far as Bangor, about nine miles off, on ſome buſineſs he had with the regiſter of the dioceſe; and Ned, being ſtout, and unwilling to tire his father's only horſe, had taken an oaken ſtaff in his hand, and truſted to his own legs for the journey; in which indeed his wiſdom was as conſpicuous as his humanity; for it is certain that his own two were much better and ſafer to

be relied on than the other's four. Be that as it may, he was not yet come back, though it was long paſt the hour he had been expected; and as he was not accuſtomed to ſtay on any errands, and the night was now ſet in with all its horrors of ſtorm and of darkneſs, we may forgive our worthy curate, if he began to be diſturbed by ſome riſing fears; which however he endeavoured to ſuppreſs out of compaſſion to his wife, who was now in ſuch an agony of terror as could not ſupport itſelf under any addition. Long did they liſten with attentive and expecting ears, hoping to hear the welcome tread of Ned's active and nimble feet; the ale and the cheeſe (now cold) were ſuffered to ſtand neglected on the table; whilſt the good man holding his wife's left hand in his right, while her head reſted on his boſom, ſpoke not to her, but looked unutterable tenderneſs and affection. He was ſupporting her in this tender attitude, and endeavouring to ſoothe her fears, when Towſer, who was Ned's favourite dog, and was lying on the hearth, ſet up a loud and melancholy howl; which was preſently followed by the trampling of horſes, and the ſound of many voices at the gate. Poor Mrs. Evans, who had long been wound up to the higheſt pitch of terror, could not ſupport this new alarm, and immediately fainted in her huſband's arms; who was himſelf in a condition not much better, bawling in vain to their only maid to come to her miſtreſs's aſſiſtance; but ſhe had long ſince crept into her bed, terrified at the thunder, where ſhe lay ſmothering under the clothes, incapable of hearing, and afraid even to draw her breath. The noiſe now grew louder, and approached the houſe, when Mr. Evans diſtinctly heard Ned's voice calling for aſſiſtance, and begging him to open

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the door. The agitation the poor man was in is not to be deſcribed; his wife ſtill ſenſeleſs in his arms, and his boy, for aught he knew, about to be murdered at the gate. He had preſence of mind however to lay her gently in an arm chair which happily ſtood by him, and then endeavouring to ſpring to the door, he unluckily overthrew the table, with his ale and his cheeſe, and what was far more unfortunate, the candle, which was extinguiſhed in the fall. All was now darkneſs and confuſion, Ned ſtill thundering at the door, and calling on his father. "What, in the name of God, has happened to you?" ſaid he, as he endeavoured to unbolt the lock; "Nothing to myſelf," cried Ned, "but every thing that is diſaſtrous to two unhappy ladies, one of whom is in my arms." "Thank God! Thank God!" replied the honeſt curate, not conſidering what he ſaid, but rejoiced to find that Ned at leaſt was ſafe; when continuing to fumble about the lock, the youth's patience was exhauſted, and driving his foot againſt the door with all his force, he burſt it open with ſuch violence, that it laid the old gentleman ſprawling on the floor. Ned then came in, ſupporting the lady, who was altogether ſenſeleſs; and finding his father on the ground, "My dear Sir," ſaid he, "I hope I have not hurt you: I heartily beg your pardon: for, on my ſoul! I meant you no diſreſpect, but the ſituation of this unhappy lady muſt excuſe me." "It does, it does, my dear boy, were it ten times worſe; I am not hurt, and if I was, the joy of ſeeing you ſafe would cure me." He now aroſe from the floor, and groping into the kitchen, diſcovered Molly in her covert, whom he quickly unlodged, and ſet about endeavouring to recover a light. A candle at length was brought, and diſcovered a

ſpectacle of ſorrow, the extent of which was not known before; Ned, wet to the ſkin, ſupporting in his arms a beautiful creature of about ſeventeen, dreſſed in a travelling habit of the moſt elegant faſhion: her hair dark as the wing of the raven, was floating all diſhevelled, over her lovely boſom, which juſt heaved with breath; and her cheek all pale as aſhes, lay reclined upon his neck; her eyes ſeemed cloſed in death; and ſhe was wholly unconſcious where ſhe was, or how there, or what had happened. Behind were two poſtillions bearing in the body of another female, dreſſed with the ſame elegance, but advanced in years; whilſt blood was ſtreaming from a wound which ſhe had received in her breaſt. Poor Evans ſtood motionleſs with horror and aſtoniſhment; wholly regardleſs of his wife, who was now come to herſelf, but equally entranced with terror and ſurpriſe. At length he found utterance; and claſping his hands together, "Oh! Ned," he cried, "who is this angel you have brought here, and what has befallen her?" "Alas! Sir," ſaid he, "I cannot tell—all I know, I ſhall relate. As I was coming home from Bangor (where, as it now turns out, I was fortunately detained,) about a hundred yards beyond the turning to the houſe, I met a poſt chaiſe and four on the turnpike road: it had globes with lights in them, by the glimmering of which I ſaw it ſuddenly attacked by two highwaymen on horſeback; one of whom ſtopped the foremoſt poſtilion, whilſt the other went to the window of the chaiſe. I ſoon after heard a female ſhriek, when ſpringing forward to give them what aſſiſtance I could afford, I was lucky enough to knock the ſcoundrel at the window down with the oak ſtick I had in my hand; which the other fellow ſee-

ing,

ing, immediately quitted the poſtillion, and diſcharged a loaded blunderbuſs, as I believe, into the chaiſe. The unfortunate lady whom you ſee killed, ſaid, 'Oh God! and inſtantly expired. This angel, whom you now ſee ſenſeleſs in my arms, fell into them in this condition. The wicked perpetrators of this horrible act took advantage of the darkneſs and confuſion. and have eſcaped. The poſtillions are no way to blame; they behaved as well as lads in their ſituation could do: they have preſerved the trunks and the effects; and the wretched authors of all this miſchief have no other prey but the life of this innocent and unfortunate lady. I truſt that the lovely object in my arms has no other hurt but fright, and I rejoice that Providence has ſo ordered it as to bring me to her aſſiſtance, and that the misfortune has happened ſo near the houſe which can afford her an aſylum in her preſent comfortleſs and forlorn ſituation." And I rejoice, too," ſaid honeſt Evans, "and I bleſs my God, who has inſpired you with courage and reſolution to fear no danger in ſuccouring the diſtreſſed, and who has given me this humble habitation to be a comfort and refuge to this fair unfortunate. Go, my dear," ſaid he, turning to his wife, who was now wholly recovered, "go and ſee what cordial, or other thing you can find, that can help to reſtore her to her ſenſes." He now turned to the poſtillions, who were ſtanding all this time, bearing the body of the murdered lady between them; and having aſſiſted them to diſpoſe it decently on chairs ſet for the purpoſe, he deſired them to tell him all they knew of the matter. They ſaid they were wholly ignorant who the ladies were, but they certainly were people of condition—that they had come from London,

and

and had croſſed the ferry at Conway, about four o'clock—that they were on their way to Ireland, of which country they believed they were natives, and wiſhing to overtake the packet, which ſails to-morrow from the Head, they were in haſte to get on to Bangor this night; and had therefore, late as it was, taken a chaiſe and four at Conway for that purpoſe; that they had come on very well notwithſtanding the ſtorm till the highwaymen ſtopped them—and that all the reſt was juſt as Mr. Edward had deſcribed it.

Mrs. Evans now returned, with the remains of a bottle of Hungary water, which was the only thing that ſhe had in the houſe that was like a cordial (for ſhe was not one of thoſe good women, who under the pretence of weak nerves and windy ſtomachs, are for ever taking drams diſguiſed with the name of cordial waters); and with this ſhe bathed the lady's temples, while her huſband held a bottle of ſalts to her noſe, Ned Evans ſtill ſupporting her in his arms. In a little time ſhe fetched a deep ſigh; and ſoon after raiſing her languid eyes, which ſtill ſhone, though with diminiſhed luſtre, "Where am I?" ſaid ſhe, "and into what hands am I fallen?"—"You are fallen into honourable hands," replied Evans; "into hands that ſhall be exerted to the utmoſt to adminiſter to you every comfort and conſolation they can procure, and which your appearance and ſituation ſo juſtly demand." "Whoever you are, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I thank you; greatly, greatly do I thank you." "Dear lady," ſaid Ned, "let me ſupport you to this arm chair; ſit down a little and endeavour to be compoſed, till we can get you ſome refreſhment." She now raiſed herſelf upon her feet, when turning to be led, and beholding the body of her companion where

Evans

Evans and the poſtillions had laid it out, ſhe ſprang to it with renewed ſtrength, and throwing herſelf on her knees and embracing it in her arms, "Oh! Mrs. Melville, ſaid ſhe, "my dear, my faithful, my parental friend, have I loſt you for ever!" She kiſſed the corpſe with an intenſe fervour, and turning up her eyes to Heaven, ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears.

Mrs. Evans and Ned would have gone to her and endeavoured to force her to her chair; but Mr. Evans forbade them. "Let her alone awhile," ſaid he; "her heart is agitated to the laſt degree, and tears will be the ſpeedieſt and moſt effectual relief." They ſuffered her then to remain unmoleſted; and ſhe continued in the ſame poſture, and with the ſame unceaſing flow of ſorrow, for about a quarter of an hour: at length ſhe ſtopped, and riſing from the body, "It is enough," ſaid ſhe; you are gone, and you are a bleſſed inhabitant of heaven. I am left on earth to deplore the beſt and moſt beloved of friends." Ned now ſtepped forward, and offering her his hand, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be led to the arm chair, and compoſedly ſat down. A deep ſilence was kept for ſome minutes. At length Mr. Evans ventured to ſpeak. "I lament, Madam," ſaid he, "with the deepeſt and moſt unfeigned ſorrow, the fatal event which has procured me the honour of ſeeing you in this houſe: nevertheleſs, it is a conſolation to me, that my ſon here has been the means of affording you ſome relief, and of conducting you to this humble habitation: and I promiſe you, both for my wife and for myſelf, that you cannot oblige us more than by conſidering yourſelf at home, and making uſe of ſuch accommodation as it affords, as long as it may be neceſſary or agreeable to you to ſtay." "Yes, indeed,

indeed, Madam," ſaid Mrs. Evans, "both my huſband and I will think it the happieſt incident in our lives to accommodate you on this melancholy occaſion; and we only lament that our entertainment cannot be equal to what from your appearance, you have been accuſtomed to: but ſuch as it is, we hope you will accept it." "Yes, Madam, replied the lady, "I will gladly and thankfully accept it; and I think myſelf happy that when ſo ſudden and ſo dreadful a calamity came upon me, Providence has graciouſly conducted me to ſuch hoſpitable and benevolent minds as yours." Then, turning to Ned, ſhe ſaid, "I find it is to you, young gentleman, I am indebted for this generous deliverance. I beg your pardon, I ought indeed to have recollected it before; but the ſad confuſion of my thoughts and hurry of my ſpirits muſt plead my excuſe. I am glad, however, that I now know you for my protector and deliverer; and you may aſſure yourſelf that my gratitude ſhall ceaſe only with my life."

Ned's face was covered with bluſhes; but preſently recollecting himſelf, "Dear lady," he ſaid, "your condeſcenſion overwhelms me; you owe me no gratitude: I did nothing but my duty, and what was the duty of every man on the like occaſion; and had my life been the forfeit of it, I ſhould gladly have given it to reſcue yours." "That you have ventured it indeed," ſaid the lady, "is abundantly apparent, and I ſhould be unworthy of the protection you have afforded me, if I ſhould ever forget it." She now aſked for a glaſs of water, which being brought her, Mr. Evans told her that he was extremely ſorry it was out of his power, at that time, to aſk her to qualify it with any better liquor. I have indeed," ſaid he, "ſome excel-

ſent ale of my own brewing, which, if you ever taſte that liquor, I can venture to recommend: but as for wine, Madam, I am but a poor curate, and never was maſter of a dozen in all my life; though could I have foreſeen the honour of having you for my gueſt, I ſhould have taken care not to have been wholly unprovided." She thanked him with an obliging ſmile, and told him that at that time no liquor whatever was ſo agreeable to her as pure ſpring water. "I am ſorry, indeed," ſaid ſhe, "for your own ſake, that fortune has not beſtowed on you whatever is thought comfortable in life: but for myſelf, I entreat you will not give yourſelf the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs. I truſt that in a few days I ſhall be able to continue my journey to Ireland, where my friends live, and where I am extremely anxious to be; in the mean time I muſt be indebted to you for the protection of your houſe, which is all I ſtand in need of at preſent, and ſhall cheerfully and thankfully put up with your own fare, whatever it may be."

Mrs. Evans then aſked her if ſhe could not be prevailed on to eat a bit of ſomething; "there is very good butter and cheeſe in the houſe," ſaid ſhe, "and if you could fancy it, I could get you a Welſh rabbit in a few minutes: the lady aſſured her that ſhe could not taſte any thing, but would be obliged to her, if, as ſoon as was convenient, ſhe would ſhew her to her chamber. The good woman replied, that ſhe believed her room was by that time ready; that ſhe would go and ſee; and when it was, would immediately come back and conduct her to it. In a ſhort time ſhe returned with a candle; and the lady riſing, curtſied to the two gentlemen, and wiſhed them a good night. As ſhe paſſed the body of her departed friend, ſhe

ſtopped for about a minute, and contemplated it in ſilence; ſhe then took one of the hands, and, ſtooping down, kiſſed it with impaſſioned tenderneſs; her eyes ſwimming in tears were raiſed to heaven, and her lips ſeemed to ſay ſomething, though her voice was not heard. She then roſe, and wiping her tears with a cambrick handkerchief, withdrew.

The two gentlemen who were ſtanding, followed her with their eyes, and bowing as ſhe went out of the room, remained fixed in thought for ſome time afterwards. Evans at length broke ſilence—"Go, my dear boy," ſaid he to Ned, "into the kitchen, and ſee that all the baggage of theſe unfortunate ladies be brought into the houſe: let the horſes be taken care of as well as you can, and let the poor lads have a good fire, and plenty of ale to comfort them after this ſad adventure."

Ned immediately went, and found things already taken care of in the manner preſcribed. There was a lad at the houſe, one David Morgan, the ſon of a man who had lived as a farm-ſervant with Mr. Evans ever ſince he had come to that part of the country; this lad was much about Ned's age and ſize, a ſturdy well-looking fellow as any of his ſtation in the country; and as they had been brought up boys together, there ſubſiſted a friendſhip and attachment between them, which made David a frequent inmate of the houſe, though he was not a regular ſervant in it. This lad was entertaining the two poſtillions, after having helped them with their horſes, and trunks, &c. and extolling his young maſter's proweſs and his own. "Ah!" ſays he, "if I had been there with young maiſter, thoſe ſcoundrel robbers ſhould not have eſcaped." "Why, what would you have done?" ſaid one

of

of the poſtillions. "We would have lent them ſuch a flick," ſaid David, "as they would never have been cured of but by the gallows." "Mayhap you would have found yourſelves miſtaken," ſaid the other; "why they had fire arms with them, and what could you have done then?" "Why the ſame as maiſter did with one of them," ſaid David. "Damn them and their fire arms together! if the Devil had been with them, with a piſtol as big as Bangor ſteeple, I would na ha fear'd 'un, provided I had a prayer-book in my pocket, and young maiſter at my back." "Hut you fool you," ſaid Ned juſt then entering, "hold your tongue and drink your ale: it is not a week ſince I ſaw you frightened almoſt to death by farmer Watkin's white horſe." "True, maiſter" ſaid the other, "but then I took him for a ghoſt! I own I's woundily afraid of dead men; but I do not fear any living man that ever wore a head." "Then," ſaid Ned, "you are juſt the reverſe of me; for I do not fear any dead man; but I will not be ſo vain as to aſſert that no living man could alarm me. But that is neither here nor there—are all the things brought ſafe out of the carriage, and are the horſes fed?" Being anſwered in the affirmative, he told them they might ſit on then and drink their ale, but charged them to make no noiſe, leſt they ſhould diſturb the poor lady who had gone to her repoſe; and ſo ſaying, he returned to the parlour.

It was now growing late, and as there were but two beds in the houſe, one of which the lady occupied, Ned aſked his father if he would not come and ſleep with him; for, as for Mrs. Evans, ſhe ſlept upon a pallet in the ſame chamber with the lady. Mr. Evans replied, that the ſad adventure of the evening had driven all ſleep out

of

of his head. "Befides, my dear," faid he, "you know decency requires that fome perfon fhould fit up with the corpfe. Go, then, my dear boy, go you to your bed; you cannot be otherwife than fatigued; but as for me, I fhall fit here until the morning."

Ned then retired to reft; where we will leave him to that found and refrefhing fleep which innocence of mind, and health of body, never fail to beftow. Mr. Evans fpent the greateft part of the night in prayer, as was his cuftom when any unufual accident befel him; and when he was not on his knees, he relieved himfelf by reading "Sherlock upon Death," a book which he extremely admired, and which of all others feems beft calculated to give comfort and confolation to an afflicted heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

NED rose as soon as it was day; and being impatient to hear something of the lady, went immediately to the parlour to his father. "Well, Sir, said he, "what tidings have you heard of our unfortunate lodger, and do you know how she has passed the night?" "I have not heard a word," said Mr. Evans, "nor seen a creature but the maid, who has just been here to make up the fire; but go my dear, and bid her tap at the door, and ask your mother how she is." Ned did as directed, and then went out to see about the horses and postillions: they were up getting ready to go away. He desired them to go into the house, and get some cheese and ale for their breakfast, and not to go away without seeing his father. He then returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Evans sitting with her husband; when asking about the lady, "Alas!" said she, "poor soul, she has not closed her eyes the whole night, and indeed I am greatly alarmed for her health. She complains of a violent pain in her head, and back, and is continually shivering with cold, though to the touch she is like a coal of fire. I am going to make her a little warm tea, which perhaps may throw her into a perspiration, and be of service to her." "Do, my dear," said Evans, "and I think it would be prudent to send to Conway for Doctor Jones, for God knows how her

her illneſs may turn out." This thought was highly approved of, and Ned ſaid that he would be himſelf the meſſenger, in order to be ſure to bring him, let him be where he would; and now going out to order the horſe, the poſtillions told him he ſhould be welcome to a ſeat in their chaiſe, and they would engage to carry him quicker than any other conveyance. This was accepted of; and Mr. Evans finding the chaiſe had been paid for by the ladies at Conway, gave the lads half-a-crown each, in reward for their activity and attention; and Ned haſtily taking off a bowl of milk, and eating a cruſt with it, ſet off at full ſpeed with them. He got to Conway in little more than an hour, and was lucky enough to find Doctor Jones at home. The doctor was not a regular phyſician, but had long practiſed as a ſurgeon and apothecary with good reputation. He was a benevolent and humane man; qualities which are peculiarly neceſſary in his profeſſion, and which often do more in curing a patient than the drugs he ſwallows. When the doctor heard the tale, it awakened all his feelings: "I will go with you my friend," ſaid he, "in ten minutes; I will only order other horſes for expedition, and I will take back the chaiſe at my own expence; for, excluſive of the lady who calls for all tenderneſs and attention, I would go to the world's end to ſerve your father or any of his family." Ned thanked him for his kindneſs; and now finding that a chaiſe was to carry him back, he took care to get a dozen of the beſt wine that could be had in Conway, that the poor lady might want no comfort that could be procured for her. The rumour of the robbery and murder had reached Conway the night before; but now that Ned and the poſtillions appeared, every body crowded about them

to

to hear the particulars. He ſatisfied them as conciſely as he could, and then ſet off with the doctor for his father's, accompanied with the praiſes and the bleſſings of all who had heard the ſtory. The lads drove at a good rate, and when Mr. Evans heard the chaiſe, gueſſing by its return that the doctor was come, he went out to meet him. " My dear doctor," ſaid he, as he was alighting, " I always am glad to ſee you, but never did your preſence give me ſo much pleaſure as at this inſtant; I am infinitely obliged to you for the haſte you have made to viſit my unfortunate gueſt, whoſe ſituation is ſo diſtreſſing, that all the tenderneſs and attention we can pay to her is not equal to her claim upon us for it." " Her ſituation is deplorable indeed," replied the doctor, " and her claim for attention and tenderneſs as great: it is a conſolation, however, to know that ſhe has happened among thoſe who can fully feel for her; and whoſe ſympathetic hearts will do every thing that can alleviate her diſtreſs. Does ſhe know," continued he, " that I have been ſent for, or was it only a mere motion of your own?" " She knows nothing about it," replied Mr. Evans; " my wife repreſented her to me in ſuch a ſituation as I thought alarming; and as in all diſtempers much may be done in the beginning, which, if that opportunity be loſt, may never be able to be done afterwards, I took the liberty to ſend for you of my own head, without conſulting her on the ſubject, which might perhaps have alarmed her more, and could anſwer no good end that I can ſee." " You have done wiſely," replied the doctor; " it is of no conſequence who ſent for me, nor did I aſk the queſtion with any other view than merely to know the fact before I ſpeak to herſelf; it is enough for me that ſhe in diſtreſs, and that

ſhe

ſhe wants medical aſſiſtance; and I ſhall be happy, my dear friend, to go hand in hand with you in giving her that and every other aſſiſtance ſhe may happen to want." "You ſpeak like a gentleman and a chriſtian," replied Evans, "and I only pray that our aſſiſtance may be effectual." Mrs. Evans now came down; and the doctor, after the firſt ſalutation, enquiring about the lady, ſhe told him ſhe was juſt then in a doze, but it did not ſeem like one that would refreſh her; ſhe breathed hard, and ſtarted often, and ſometimes muttered ſomething which ſhe could not underſtand. "Will you ſtep up yourſelf, doctor, and look at her, and you will be better able to judge?" "No, my dear madam," replied the doctor, "I will not go to her till ſhe is appriſed of my coming. If ſhe happened to wake while I was at her bed-ſide, there is no ſaying what effect the ſeeing a ſtranger in her room might have upon her in her preſent weak condition. Be you ſo good as to return to her, and ſit by her till ſhe wakes; and then tell her, that ſeeing her out of order, you took the liberty to ſend for me as I lived in the neighbourhood, and aſk her leave to bring me to her." "I believe indeed you are right, replied Mrs. Evans; "her ſpirits are ſo fluttered that ſhe could not bear ſurpriſe of any kind; I will go and do as you bid me, and return again as ſoon as I am authorized." Mr. Evans then offered the doctor ſome refreſhment; and he ſaid he would take a bit of dry toaſt and ſome mulled ale, for the day was cold, and he had come off without any breakfaſt. They talked of indifferent matters while this was preparing; and when it came, Ned's ſtomach was ſo complaiſant as to enable him to aſſiſt the doctor very effectually in demoliſhing the ale and toaſt, together with half-a-dozen

eggs

eggs that they got boiled. They had ſcarcely finiſhed when Mrs. Evans came down, and acquainted the doctor that the lady had waked, and readily conſented to ſee him. He immediately followed her up ſtairs; when he came to the bed-ſide, and beheld the lovely object he came to ſee, he could not ſuppreſs the emotion her beauty and her diſtreſs inſpired—he was obliged to turn aſide his head to conceal the manly tear which trembled in his eye. The voice of the lady recalled him to himſelf. "I am obliged to you, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "and to this kind gentlewoman, for the tender concern you ſeem to take for my health: I was in hopes to have been able to continue my journey home; but alas! I am very unable even to ſpeak; and if Providence deſigns to make this my home, his will be done; I think I am content." "Oh, my dear madam!" replied the doctor, "I truſt you have many, many years of health and happineſs before you yet. It is natural, and what might be expected, that the violent ſhock your ſpirits have received ſhould have an effect on your health, but I truſt there is no reaſon to apprehend but that reſt and a little time will perfectly reſtore you." The lady gazed on him with a languid eye for a little time: at length ſhe ſpoke again. "Oh! Mrs. Melville—Sir—my dear Mrs. Melville—have you ſeen her? The robbers did not kill her—they could not kill her—has ſhe ſlept, Sir?—do tell me, has ſhe ſlept?" The doctor now perceived that ſhe was raving, and that the dreadful accident of the night before had brought a fever on her ſpirits: he felt her pulſe; and finding them extremely low, he told Mrs. Evans, that, for the preſent, there was nothing to be done but to keep her quiet—that reſt was of the greateſt importance to her—that the leaſt ſudden

noiſe

noiſe might prove fatal, or drive her into madneſs—that ſhe muſt be ſoothed, and croſſed in nothing; and for nouriſhment ſhe might give her a little wine whey, acidulated with juice of lemon, or a little cream of tartar; but that bleeding, or any thing of that kind, was highly improper. "All that can be done at preſent is to keep her quiet, and endeavour to ſupport her ſtrength. I will call again to-morrow," ſaid he, "and even ſtay with her, ſhould it become neceſſary." He now left the room totally unobſerved by the lady, who indeed was not in a condition to obſerve any thing.

When he came to the parlour, Mr. Evans ſaw by his countenance the ſituation of the lady; he was anxious, yet afraid to aſk him what he thought of her. The doctor relieved him from this embarraſſment: "It is happy, my dear friend," ſaid he, "that you ſent for me; vaſtly fortunate that I chanced to be in the way. This poor lady is in a moſt alarming ſituation, in a fever of the moſt critical and dangerous kind; it is not, however, infectious, nor need you fear that your humanity will be any otherwiſe wounded than in ſeeing this unfortunate lady die." "What!" interrupted Ned in an agony of diſtreſs, "is ſhe dying?" "No, no!" replied the doctor, "I do not ſay that—God forbid!—I only mean that her illneſs is of a very dangerous kind, and her ſymptoms at preſent unfavourable. I do not deſpair, however, but that with the bleſſing of God, ſhe may come through." "May God Almighty graciouſly beſtow that bleſſing upon us!" ſaid Evans—"and I truſt he will, ſince it ſurely was by his inſpiration that I ſent for you." The doctor then repeated to Mr. Evans the directions he had given above ſtairs to his wife,

and when mentioned wine whey, "Good God!" ſaid Evans, "how forgetful I am! I proteſt there is not a drop of wine in the houſe. Oh! that I had thought of ſending for it in the morning to Conway!" "Do not be uneaſy on that head, my dear Sir," ſaid Ned; "I have taken care of that, and brought in the chaiſe a dozen of the beſt I could get." "Have you indeed?" ſaid Evans; "I rejoice at that, and cannot but admire and love that attention which I have always ſeen you pay to every perſon in diſtreſs." "Oh!" ſaid Ned, "this lady's diſtreſs is enough to awake attention in a ſtone." "It is indeed," replied the doctor; and now finding the day advanced beyond the noon, he ſaid his other patients required his attendance, and he muſt therefore return to Conway, but promiſed to be back again the next day. "To-morrow," ſaid Mr. Evans, "is Sunday, and therefore I ſhall be engaged all the morning; but do, my dear friend, contrive matters ſo as to ſtay and eat a bit of my own mutton with me; I ſhall be grieved if, when I come from church, I ſhould find you gone." The doctor ſaid he could not promiſe for ſtaying, as it depended upon his other patients whether he could do it with propriety or not; but that if he could, he would. So ſaying, he took leave; and Mr. Evans and Ned attending him to the door, he got into the chaiſe and drove off.

The reſt of the day paſſed off in a thoughtful and ſerious manner, which, on Mr. Evans's part, was not uncommon, as he uſually dedicated the evening of Saturday to the contemplation of his important duty the following day, but Ned's ſpirits were not uſed to be depreſſed;

and indeed it required ſomething very ſolemn and affecting to keep him ſerious half an hour together, for his heart by nature was tuned to gaiety, which he had neither art nor neceſſity to conceal, and which diffuſed an air of cheerfulneſs over his countenance that did not at all accord with gravity and ſedateneſs. In the evening, preparations were made for paying the laſt ſad office to Mrs. Melville, who was ſtill lying in the ſame ſpot where the poſtillions had depoſited her. It was intended to inter her the following evening after prayer. Mrs. Evans therefore took care to have her properly dreſſed for the grave, and laid by her other clothes, and particularly her pockets, without examining their contents, in a place where they would be ſecure. When her coffin came home, Mr. Evans had her removed to an out-houſe, that the melancholy ſound of nailing her up in it might not reach the ears of the lady above ſtairs, who was not able to bear noiſe of any kind, and leaſt of all that which, if ſhe ſuſpected the occaſion, would probably fit her for the ſame ſad ſervice. With regard to her ſituation, there was no material alteration in it. She continued extremely low and languid, ſometimes in her ſenſes, and ſometimes wandering. She ſcarce ever ſpoke, except for a little drink. She did not appear to ſleep, which, if it could be procured, was the beſt thing for her, but which hitherto ſhe had not been able to do, at leaſt in that quiet and compoſed manner which alone could tend to reſtore her. At night Mr. Evans and Ned ſat down to their ſupper, and finiſhed the moſt ſilent and thoughtful meal they had ever eaten together. Soon after they retired to the

the ſame bed to reſt. Youth and health ſoon procured Ned the bleſſing of quiet ſleep; but Mr. Evans, notwithſtanding his having ſat up the night before, continued the greateſt part of this night alſo in meditation and prayer.

CHAP. IV.

THE morning roſe, and with it both the gentlemen. Ned was firſt dreſſed, and haſtening up to the lady's apartment, tapped, with a timorous heart, at the door. Mrs. Evans opened it, and told him ſhe could not perceive any material alteration; that ſhe had been for the moſt part quiet, but without any refreſhing ſleep. If at any time ſhe chanced to ſlumber, it was only for a few minutes, when ſhe awoke in a terror; and ſhe thought theſe ſlumbers did her more hurt than good. Poor Ned received the intelligence with a downcaſt look, and communicated it to his father, who partook of his ſorrow. "Yet let us not be altogether caſt down, my boy, it is poſſible ſhe may yet do well: and I ſhall, this day, in the church, offer up the prayers of the congregation, to beſeech Almighty God to ſpare her to us."

They now went to breakfaſt, which on Ned's part was bread and milk, to which the parſon (eſpecially on Sunday) added a piece of cheeſe and a pint of warm ale. Cheeſe and ale are to a Welchman nectar and ambroſia; and our good curate, who loved hoſpitality as far as his circumſtances would allow, took care to be always provided with plenty of both, and that the beſt of their kind.

When breakfaſt was over, he retired to prepare himſelf for church, whither he went as

ſoon

ſoon as he was dreſſed; but Ned ſtaid at home that he might be in the way to receive the doctor when he came, and to execute any directions he might leave in caſe he could not ſtay dinner. The church was about half a mile from the houſe, and well attended by many genteel families in the neighbourhood, as well as by a numerous congregation of inferior note; all of whom reſpected Evans as a father, and could not fail to be virtuous as far as they followed either his precepts or example. His ſermons were of that plain and natural kind which were ſuited to every underſtanding, and always upon topics which came home to every man's heart. He did not dwell on thoſe abſtruſe doctrines, which, after all that can be ſaid of them, muſt for ever remain inexplicable; but he enlarged on thoſe important duties in which all chriſtians are agreed, and which the divine Author of our religion has preſcribed, in order to adorn and exalt our nature—to ſoften and correct the heart; that every man being guided by the dictates of right reaſon, and by faith in the promiſes of God, might regulate his life accordingly, and thereby enſure himſelf reſpect in this world, and everlaſting happineſs in the next.

Theſe diſcourſes he delivered in a diſtinct and not ungraceful manner; and he muſt be either a very abandoned or very inattentive hearer indeed, who could be preſent at them without being affected by them. On this day he choſe for his ſubject, the ſhortneſs and extreme uncertainty of life; and ſpoke upon it with an unuſual degree of eloquence and fervor. He alluded to the fatal and recent example which was at that time in his own houſe; and the whole ſermon was a kind of funeral oration on the unfortunate Mrs. Melville, whoſe obſequies were to be performed in

in the evening. When ſervice was over, moſt of the congregation crowded about him to aſk about the unfortunate lady at his houſe, and to inform themſelves of all the circumſtances of the melancholy event: he had the pleaſure to find Ned's conduct univerſally approved, and his praiſes echoed by every tongue; and he had likewiſe the ſatisfaction to receive many friendly offers of aſſiſtance on this occaſion, and ſome of them of a very generous kind; a pleaſing teſtimony how much he was eſteemed and beloved by his people, and that his preaching had not been in vain. Theſe offers, however, as they were not neceſſary, he politely declined; but not without warm commendations of their benevolence, as well as thanks for their kindneſs; and, mounting his horſe, returned home, followed by the bleſſings and the prayers of his pariſhioners.

When he got to his own houſe, Ned met him at the door, and informed him that the doctor had not yet come, and that the poor lady was in the ſame way. This intelligence neither ſurpriſed nor diſappointed him; he was rather pleaſed the doctor had not arrived, as it gave him greater hopes of his ſtaying; and, at any rate, he would be glad to hear from himſelf his opinion of his unfortunate patient. In about a quarter of an hour he came; and after firſt ſending for Mrs. Evans, and conſulting with her, he followed her up ſtairs to the lady. Evans and Ned remained below, in ſilence and penſive expectation of his return. At length he came down with the comfortleſs intelligence, that ſhe was certainly no better, but rather otherwiſe; "though not ſo much ſo," ſaid he, "as to make me deſpond altogether. It is the nature of theſe nervous fevers to be ſlow and lingering, and to keep us long in ſuſpenſe; I have ſome-

times

times ſeen patients ſo reduced as to appear altogether dead, yet afterwards recover and do well. I have brought here ſome medicines in my pocket, which you will cauſe to be given to her as directed." Here he took out ſome phials, the contents and operations of which it is unneceſſary here to relate. "The beſt medicine," ſaid he, "for her, is quiet and compoſed ſleep; which if we could procure from nature, I ſhould not wholly deſpair; but it muſt not be forced." Mr. Evans promiſed that all his directions ſhould be punctually followed; and Ned's face, which was the picture of diſtreſs before, began to reſume its uſual ſerenity, merely on the ſlender comfort that he did not wholly deſpair.

The doctor now endeavoured to divert them to other topics; and among the reſt, told them, that a ſuſpicious fellow, who could not give a very good account of himſelf, had been taken up at Conway the night before, and was then in the jail—he had been examined before a magiſtrate, but nothing appeared that could convict him. He then ſaid he thought Ned had better ſee him, as he might poſſibly know him again, or might embarraſs him with queſtions that might tend to a diſcovery. Ned ſaid he had no objection in the world to ſee him, and would go to the end of the earth to bring the villains to juſtice; but at the ſame time confeſſed he ſhould be very tender how he ſwore any man's life away, or even give ſuſpicions of his character. "In the preſent caſe," ſaid he, "I fear I can be of little uſe; for unluckily it was ſo dark that I have not the ſmalleſt idea of the face or perſons of the villains who attacked the chaiſe. All I know is, I knocked one of them down, and I am ſure I hit him on the head. I'll warrant he bears the mark of the ſtick; and if this

man

man you talk of has any ſuch mark, it will be at leaſt a good reaſon for detaining him in cuſtody. To-night," ſaid he, " I muſt attend the funeral of Mrs. Melville; but I will go to Conway in the morning, and, if you are at leiſure, we will go together to the priſon." The doctor replied, he ſhould be happy to attend him, and aſked him to come early in the morning, and breakfaſt with him, and bring him a particular account of the lady; and when they had done with the priſoner, they would return together to Mr. Evans's.

Dinner was now brought in, which conſiſted of a leg of mutton and turnips. The parſon's pudding, which he uſually indulged himſelf in on Sunday, was obliged to be omitted; becauſe Mrs. Evans, who always made it, and who underſtood the compoſition of a pudding as well as any woman in England, was too much engaged in her tender and humane attendance on the unhappy lady, to admit of her abſence for a moment, or her occupying herſelf with any other buſineſs: its place was ſupplied with a double allowance of toaſted cheeſe; a fare no leſs agreeable either to the parſon or phyſician: and which, accompanied with excellent ale, was given by Evans, and accepted by the doctor, with all the good humour which the moſt open hoſpitality and the trueſt friendſhip could inſpire.

Oh! ye great ones of the earth! ye who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fare ſumptuouſly every day! ye who worſhip Luxury, and make your vows before her golden ſhrine!—know that ye are far from her!—Would you diſcover her true reſidence, leave your luxurious feaſts, and idle pomp! ſeek her in the humble dwelling of contentment! find her

her in the ſimple meal which cheerful hoſpitality beſtows, where health ſits ſmiling at the table, and appetite produced by temperance gives reliſh to every food!

Such was the meal which our good curate and the doctor now enjoyed; and which, after returning thanks to the great beſtower (a ceremony now generally omitted where much has been beſtowed,) they waſhed down with a temperate glaſs of ale; ſocially converſing on various ſubjects, in which Ned bore his part, till the hour of evening prayer approached, which on this day was rather earlier than uſual in order to give time for performing the laſt rites to Mrs. Melville.

The doctor attended Mr. Evans to the church, which in compliment to the lady was uncommonly full; and after the ſervice was finiſhed, ſhe was interred in the body of the church, as you approach the ſteps leading to the communion-table, in the ſpot where Evans himſelf intended to be laid whenever it ſhould pleaſe God to take him! The awful and affecting ſervice appointed for this occaſion he read with a becoming dignity; and though the unfortunate deceaſed was ſo unhappy as to die among ſtrangers and to have her laſt rites performed by perſons wholly unknown to her, and unintereſted in her concerns, yet it is a doubt whether in any ſituation her funeral would have been more reſpectably attended, or her remains depoſited with a greater effuſion of ſincere and heart-felt ſorrow.

When all was finiſhed, the doctor went home to Conway, not without reminding Ned of his promiſe to be with him in the morning, who aſſured him he ſhould not forget it; and then he and Mr. Evans returned to the houſe. The

reſt of the day was ſpent, as Evans always ſpent his Sunday evening, in ſober and religious converſation; in reading ſermons of the moſt approved authors; and in inſtructing Ned in that moſt uſeful of all knowledge, the knowledge of himſelf and his Maker.

Ned liſtened to his inſtructions, not only with attention but delight: for, though he was by nature of a gay and lively diſpoſition, and of a conſtitution of body active and vigorous to the higheſt degree; though he loved diverſion, and excelled in all thoſe exerciſes with which young men of his age are uſually delighted, yet the acquiſition of knowledge had charms for him ſtill more attracting. His underſtanding was clear and penetrating; his heart warm and affectionate. Every thing that was grand and ſublime intereſted the one, every thing delicate and refined touched the other. The hiſtory of the goſpel, therefore, which eminently unites whatever is ſublime and whatever is beautiful, could not fail to affect his heart: he loved Chriſtianity becauſe it is indeed lovely, and he practiſed it becauſe it was congenial to his feelings, without hypocriſy, and without enthuſiaſm. I would not have the reader imagine, however, that he was an angel or a ſaint. Alas! he was human, and, as all human creatures do, he erred. His errors, however, were not thoſe of a bad or a corrupt heart; not ſuch as diſgraced his honour or his ſentiments: they were the failings of nature, under temptations ſometimes too powerful to be reſiſted, yet always repented of, and always atoned for, as far as he was able.

While Mr. Evans and his ſon were thus piouſly and inſtructively employed, they were interrupted by the arrival of two viſitors, who ſometimes came to drink tea on a Sunday evening

ing with Mrs. Evans. Tea was a luxury that did not ſuit with their finances to indulge in every day; but as Mrs. Evans was fond of it, though far too prudent to allow herſelf any gratification which their income was not fully equal to, the uſe of it was confined to Sunday evening, and to ſuch occaſional times as they happened to be viſited by any perſon whoſe ſituation in life made it neceſſary to offer it to them.

The viſitors who now arrived were Mrs. Watkin and her daughter, the wife and only child of the farmer in the neighbourhood, whoſe white horſe, as we have before noticed, was taken for a ghoſt by David Morgan. Mrs. Watkin was one of thoſe good kind of women who are not to be met with every day. Her education and underſtanding were on the ordinary level of thoſe of her rank; her temper was good, and her diſpoſition meek and ſubmitting: and happy was it for her that it was ſo, for ſhe was yoked to a very imperious and ſevere huſband. Watkin was a man between fifty and ſixty years of age, of a large perſon and auſtere countenance; his temper was anſwerable; ſevere and unaccommodating; yet, on ſome occaſions, he appeared not wholly diveſted of good nature. He had the reputation of being ſcrupulouſly honeſt, and of profeſſing great ſkill in his buſineſs. His greateſt fault was the love of money, to which he ſacrificed every thing except integrity; and as he had long been in poſſeſſion of a lucrative farm, which he managed with ſuperior ſkill, it was univerſally ſuppoſed that he was worth a round ſum His wife however, and his daughter, were for the preſent but little benefited by it. His pride indeed always furniſhed them with decent clothes to appear in when they went abroad; but this was a pleaſure

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he ſeldom allowed them, as he hated company himſelf, or whatever elſe was in the ſmalleſt degree expenſive. He had indeed a reſpect for Evans, as every body had who knew him, and he would ſometimes relax ſo far as to drink a can of ale at his houſe, and give him one in return; but this was very ſeldom; and for the moſt part he ſtaid at home, minding his own concerns, and never troubling himſelf about other people's. The daughter was a ſenſible and a good-humoured girl, but rather plain in her perſon; her education was confined to reading and writing, plain needle-work, and above all, domeſtic concerns. She had, however, a ſenſible and a feeling heart, with great ſweetneſs and openneſs of temper; was about twenty years of age; and as ſhe was an only child, and her father rich, ſhe was thought to be a deſirable wife for almoſt any young man in the neighbourhood.

As ſoon as Mr. Evans ſaw them, he welcomed them in the kindeſt manner; he laid by his ſpectacles and his book, and he ſtirred the fire, while Ned handed them chairs, and aſſiſted them in taking off their cloaks and laying them by. Mr. Evans enquired after his good friend Mr. Watkin, and then told the ladies he was afraid his wife would not be able to quit the poor lady's apartment, which ſhe conſtantly attended both day and night; " but if you can endure me, ſays he, " I will endeavour to be as agreeable as I can: or, if you like a young man better, as may poſſibly be the caſe, I can anſwer for Ned's doing every thing he can to entertain you." Ned ſaid he was never ſo happy as when employed in the ſervice of the ladies; that he would ſtep up and tell his mother; and if ſhe could not come down, he would endeavour

deavour to ſupply her place himſelf, provided Miſs Watkin would make tea. Miſs Watkin bowed conſent; and Ned immediately went up ſtairs.

Mrs. Evans told him that the lady was then quiet, and had been ſo ſome time; that ſhe would go down and ſee Mrs. Watkin and her daughter; and leave the maid in the room till her return, with directions to come to her if the lady ſhould want any thing. Ned ſent the maid up ſtairs, and returned to the parlour, whither he was ſoon after followed by Mrs. Evans, who had a great regard both for Mrs. Watkin and her daughter, and was always very glad to ſee them.

Mrs. Watkin told Mrs. Evans, that her viſit was not altogether intended as a viſit of mere ceremony or curioſity; "nor indeed," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould I have come at all, at this time, knowing how much you muſt be engaged, but with the hope of giving you ſome relief. I hear that you watch continually in the poor lady's apartment, and that you have not been in bed theſe two nights. My daughter and I have been exceedingly anxious for your own health, and ſhe made me come here this evening to offer you her aſſiſtance as far as ſhe is able."!—"Yes, indeed, Madam," ſaid Miſs Watkin, "you cannot oblige me more than by allowing me to ſtay with you for a little time, and relieve you with ſitting up with the lady; and my father too was very willing I ſhould come, and do any thing for you that I could." Mrs. Evans ſaid ſhe had been extremely obliged to them all upon many occaſions, but upon none more than the preſent;—ſhe thanked her in the warmeſt manner for her kind attention, and accepted the offer with the greateſt gratitude. Evans too was heartily rejoiced, who, by this means, would ſometimes ſee his wife again,

again, whoſe company he never liked to be long without; and Ned too was not diſpleaſed to have a third perſon, to enliven thoſe ſerious *tête à têtes* he had with his father. All parties were pleaſed; and the introduction of tea, and an enormous plate of toaſt ſwimming in butter, contributed to make this evening much more agreeable than the two laſt, particularly as they were now rid of the awful ſpectacle which before occupied great part of the room, and the poor lady above having been more compoſed than ſhe had hitherto been, they gave way to the pleaſing hope that ſhe was on the mending hand.

They ſpent a couple of hours together, cheerfully and innocently, without being interrupted by any meſſage from above ſtairs; and then Mrs. Watkin riſing to go home, Ned ſaid he would attend her. She had a boy and horſes with her; but this did not prevent Ned from ſeeing her to her own houſe. He rode the horſe which carried Miſs Watkin, who remained at his father's; and having delivered Mrs. Watkin ſafe into the hands of her huſband, he left the horſe and returned home on foot.

Mr. Evans always concluded Sunday evening with family prayer. Miſs Watkin and Mrs. Evans went up as ſoon as it was over; and he retired with his ſon to bed, where in a few minutes they were both ſound aſleep.

CHAP. V.

THERE is a great affinity between the chapters of a novel and the acts of a play—they are so many pauses in the narration, which should always be determined by similar pauses in the story they relate or represent. I do not, indeed, think it necessary, as some great critics, and particularly the French, pretend, that the whole story of a play should be confined, with respect to the possibility of its happening, to the exact space and time of the representation; at the same time I confess, that the liberties which the immortal Shakespear often takes, of crowding years into minutes, and hurrying us from one country to another, are equally unnatural and disgusting.

I could admit almost of any liberty in this respect, provided there is a pause in the representation. The judicious distribution of plays into five separate acts, and the music which intervenes, relieves the attention, and enables the poet to take advantage of that circumstance to carry the audience where he will, without shocking probability, because I can allow any time to pass while the representation is suspended; and, at the beginning of a new act, it is equal to me whether I am set down in England or in France.—It is the same way in novels, which indeed, being read and not represented, admit of greater latitude as to the unities of place and time

time than plays, yet are not wholly free from reſtraint, but to be agreeable muſt be natural, and never ſhock the mind by any thing highly improbable, nor diſtract it by too often ſhifting the ſtory from one country to another;—and wherever it is neceſſary to be done, it ſhould be contrived in ſeparate books or chapters, where the narration naturally pauſes, and ſuffers nothing by the interruption.

I have been led into this digreſſion by reflecting on the concluſion of my three laſt chapters or acts, wherein I have judiciouſly laid all my actors faſt aſleep; and if the events I am relating have not ſufficient merit to intereſt the attention of my readers, I heartily and ſincerely wiſh they may have the power to lay them in the ſame condition; ſince, next to being uſefully employed, or agreeably entertained, I know no ſtate more delightful than ſound ſleep—and, indeed, I have heard ſome, who very ſeldom could prcoure it, ſay they preferred it to any entertainment whatſoever. If any of my readers, therefore, ſhould experience this benefit, let them not on that account decry the work—but, with due gratitude to the author, recommend it to others as an opiate, full as effectual, and far more ſafe than laudanum or poppies.

It is now time for Mr. Edward to ſhake off his poppies, and accordingly we muſt now behold him riſing early in the morning, and carefully getting out of bed, leſt he ſhould diſturb his good father, who was ſtill ſnoring. As ſoon as he was dreſſed, he went out to the ſtable, to get the horſe ready to go to Conway. Ned loved horſes, and was as fond of handling them himſelf, and as ſkilful in every thing that belonged to them, as if he had been bred a groom. He combed and curried old Blackbird, till

till he made him look as ſpruce and as gloſſy as the bird whoſe name he bore: and having got Morgan to black his boots, and to clean his plated ſpurs, he ſeemed as neatly equipped for the ſaddle as any young man need to be. He then returned to the houſe in order to enquire about the lady, and, if his father was awake, to aſk if he had any commands to Conway. He went up to his mother's room, and tapping at the door, it was opened by Mrs. Evans. From her he learned that the lady had been compoſed moſt of the night, and ſhe hoped had got ſome ſleep; but that ſhe never ſpoke except when once or twice ſhe had aſked for a little drink. He now went down with the intention of ſeeing his father; but before he approached the door, he was informed by the muſic of his noſe that he was ſtill aſleep; wherefore, unwilling to diſturb him, he went to the ſtable; and taking out old Blackbird, who had juſt finiſhed a good feed of oats, he patted him awhile on the neck, and then vaulting into the ſaddle, rode off.

When he came to Conway, he found the doctor and his wife ready to receive him; the tea-things were ſpread upon the table, and they only waited his arrival to bring the kettle, which was followed by a large plate of toaſt and butter, and another with boiled eggs. After mutual compliments and enquiries about the lady, they ſat down to breakfaſt, where Ned, whoſe appetite was increaſed by his ride, did due honour to what was provided for him: he demoliſhed, indeed, more than half the toaſt, together with four of the eggs, and waſhed them down with a proportionable quantity of tea.

When breakfaſt was finiſhed, the doctor and Ned proceeded to the jail, to ſee the unfortunate man who was confined there, and to try to diſcover

cover if he was one of the villains who were the authors of the tragical event that happened a few evenings before. This was the firſt time in his life that Edward had ever been within the doors of a priſon; and though he had nothing to apprehend from it for himſelf, yet his feelings were too delicate, his heart too tender, to ſuffer him to enter it without concern. This was much increaſed when he was introduced into the room where the man was confined. The wretched and gloomy look of this receptacle of guilt and miſery ſtruck him with a univerſal horror. It was a ſmall room dimly illuminated by a diminutive and dirty window, raiſed high from the ground, and ſecured by an iron grating within and without. The few gleams of light which were able to penetrate through the cruſt of filth with which the glaſs was covered, ſerved only to diſcover ſights of woe. The walls were bare plaſter, which, in moſt places, was mouldering away; they had once been white-waſhed, but ſmoke and damp had every where ſo diſcoloured them that nothing like white could be ſeen. There was, indeed, a fire-place in the room, with ſmall ruſty bars by way of a grate; but not a ſpark of fire, nor any appearance of there having been any for years, though the ſeaſon of the year and the dampneſs greatly required one. An old and broken truckle bed, with ſome ſtraw in it, lay in a dark corner; and on this was the miſerable object whom they came to ſee ſtretched, ſhivering under a tattered blanket, when they entered the room. "Good God!" thought Ned in his own mind, "ſhould this man be innocent, what amends can be made to him for placing him in this miſerable ſituation?" Again the ſuppoſition that he fired the guilty ſhot, by which an innocent lady was already

ready dead, and another in imminent hazard of her life, ſuppreſſed theſe tender emotions, and raiſed a conflict in his mind, which was ſtrongly pictured in his countenance, but which would be extremely difficult either to paint or to deſcribe. The doctor, to whom ſcenes of horror were more familiar, approached the bed, and calling to the priſoner, told him there was a young gentleman that wiſhed to ſee him. The man raiſed himſelf on his arm, and diſcovered a face on which calamity was deeply engraven. His appearance was ſordid and filthy, for he had not been waſhed ſince he was committed: he had on a black wig, that ſeemed not to fit him, and to be much the worſe for the wear; and then rolling his gloomy eye-ball upon Edward, he aſked, in an indignant and ſurly tone, what buſineſs he had with him?

Ned was ſomewhat ſtaggered with the queſtion;—but ſoon recovering himſelf, replied, that perhaps he might have no buſineſs at all with him, and he ſincerely wiſhed it might be ſo; but that depended on his own innocence or guilt:—that a few evenings before, a moſt barbarous and atrocious murder had been committed on an unhappy lady by two highwaymen; and that another lady, who had been with her, was then in great danger of her life:—that Providence had brought him to their aſſiſtance, and that he had himſelf given one of the villains ſuch a blow on the head as brought him to the ground, though he afterwards eſcaped; and that hearing a ſuſpicious perſon had been taken up, he had deſired to ſee him, to know whether he could recollect him. "Well," ſaid the fellow, "what do you know of me, now you ſee me?" "Why I confeſs," ſaid Ned, "I cannot ſay that I know any thing of you." "Then by

by what right is it that I am kept here ſtarving with hunger and with cold? Since you know nothing about me, you ſhould go to the man that put me up here, and deſire him to releaſe me, and pay me beſides for the injury I have ſuffered in being put here :—but damn you and him together! you are both of you greater rogues than I am, or you could not have done ſo to an innocent man." "Friend," ſaid Evans, "I have nothing to do either with your commitment or releaſe :—if you are indeed an innocent man, you have nothing to apprehend, and doubtleſs a ſatisfaction will be made you; but let me tell you, that the intemperance of your tongue does not look like innocence, which, ſhielded by its own rectitude, diſdains ſo weak and ſo indecent a defence: the magiſtrate who committed you is a man of equal integrity and humanity, infinitely above the reach of any aſperſion that ſuch a tongue as yours can level at him; he ſhall be ſent for to examine you further while I am here, and he is the only perſon authoriſed to decide on the propriety of releaſing or detaining you.

Whilſt Ned was thus haranguing the priſoner, the doctor had ſlipped out of the room, and now returned with the jailor. They then queſtioned the jailor reſpecting the want of food and other comforts, which the priſoner had complained of. The jailor replied, that as for fire there was no proviſion made for it by the county, and that the man had refuſed to pay for any, and therefore he wanted it; but that for food he had ſent him ſome of his own dinner, which the other, in a fit of ſullenneſs, had alſo refuſed, and damned the perſon that carried it to him; ſo that if he wanted neceſſaries, it was entirely his own fault. To all this the priſoner made no reply, but ſat

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ſullen on the bed ſide; the jailor approaching him, ſaid he had better waſh and ſhave himſelf. "You ſhall have a ſhirt of my own," he ſaid, "while yours is waſhed; and if you will give "me your wig here," continued he, "I will get "it combed." This he ſaid by agreement with the doctor, and at the ſame time attempted to take it off his head; but it was tied under his chin. The fellow, upon feeling the attempt upon his wig, got up in a rage, and, clapping both his hands to it, "Damn you!" ſaid he, "have you a mind to rob me of the little I have left? There's ne'er a one of you, by G—, ſhall take my wig, without taking my life firſt." The jailor was not at all diſcomfited by this declaration: "As for your wig" ſays he, "I care nothing about it: but, by G—, I'll ſee what colour your hair is of." And ſo ſaying he pulled harder at the bob, which, however, was too well faſtened to give way; which the doctor obſerving, he, in an inſtant, cut the ſtring with a pair of his anatomical ſciſſars, and transferred the wig from the head of the priſoner to the fiſt of the jailor; and then, indeed, was diſcovered what was ſuſpected before—the large and very viſible marks of a recent contuſion. "Hey!" ſaid the doctor, "what's the matter here? Why, here's a large wound. How have you got this deſperate bruiſe, and why have not you applied for aſſiſtance?" The fellow ſeemed a good deal confounded; but replied, that he had got it by a fall from his horſe; and as for doctors, he never applied to them, for he hated them, and every thing that belonged to them. "They are obliged to you," replied Jones;" "nevertheleſs I will mend this broken head for you, and it ſhall coſt you nothing neither." He then offered to examine it; but the fellow poſitively refuſed, and deſired him

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to ſtand off, for he ſhould not lay a finger near it. "Well," ſaid Jones, "you may do as you pleaſe juſt now; but the juſtice who committed you will ſoon be here, and then, in his preſence, and in the preſence of all his attendants, I will examine it whether you will or no." The doctor and Ned then left the room, and adjourned to the jailor's apartment, when they ſent for the juſtice, and told him all the circumſtances that have been related; as well thoſe reſpecting the robbery, as thoſe relative to the ſuſpicious conduct of the priſoner. After about an hour's converſation, they agreed to go in and re-examine the priſoner, attended by ſome of the inferior officers of juſtice, in caſe any aſſiſtance of theirs might be neceſſary. This precaution, though prudent, was now unneceſſary; for whether awed by the conſciouſneſs of guilt, the new circumſtance againſt him that had been diſcovered, the ſolemnity of the appearance of the magiſtrate, or the natural depreſſion of his ſpirits, the priſoner had now loſt every appearance of oppoſition, and ſat on the bed-ſide in a ſtate of utter deſpondence. The juſtice obſerved his weakneſs; and, being a man of the tendereſt humanity, he aſked him if he was ill? The priſoner ſaid, he was ill indeed; for he had not taſted food for two days. The juſtice told him that no advantage ſhould be taken of him; and though he came to examine him, he would wait till he was more compoſed." He then withdrew again to the room he had left, and ordered the jailor to carry to the unfortunate priſoner ſome bread and a pint of warm wine. After he had taken this refreſhment, and ſome time had been allowed him to recollect himſelf, the juſtice (attended as before) and the gentlemen went in to him.

I ſhall not now trouble the reader with his examination, or his anſwers, which were evaſive and unſatisfactory. The doctor, after examining the wound, pronounced that it could not have been got by a fall from a horſe, as it was on a part of the head on which it was next to an impoſſibility to pitch by ſuch an accident. but it might very well have been got by a blow of a ſtick, which it reſembled much more; and as ſuch a blow had been given to one of the perſons concerned in the robbery, there was the greateſt reaſon to believe the priſoner was that perſon. The juſtice ſummed up the incongruities in his account of himſelf; and further added, that his horſe was in cuſtody as well as himſelf, and that, in all probability, ſuch further evidence would in a ſhort time appear as would effectually condemn him if he was guilty; and it was already ſo ſtrong as to make it impoſſible for him to releaſe him from priſon. He therefore ſeriouſly and earneſtly exhorted him, if he knew himſelf guilty, not to deprive himſelf of the merit of making a full and voluntary confeſſion; which would turn out greatly to his advantage, and which, he pledged himſelf, he ſhould not loſe the benefit of. "If," ſays he, "you are the perſon who was knocked down, it is evident you are not the perſon who fired the ſhot, and if you will give ſuch information as can bring that murderer to juſtice, you ſhall be admitted evidence for the crown, and obtain his majeſty's pardon."

This laſt promiſe had the deſired effect. The unhappy man, whoſe heart was now ſoftened, and who had ſeemed infinitely touched by the tenderneſs and the humanity of the juſtice, now burſt into a flood of tears; and, with a tremulous

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and broken voice, confeſſed he was the perſon who was knocked down. "You have done well to confeſs it," replied the juſtice, "and now remember that you tell fairly and fully who you are, and who the wretch is that was confederated with you, that he may be brought to juſtice; for on the faithfulneſs of this confeſſion, and the truth of your report concerning your accomplice, depends your own life, and my power of making good the promiſe I have given you.

CHAP. VI.

"MY name," ſaid the unfortunate man, "is Andrew Collins; I am the only child of my mother, and ſhe is a widow. I was born at Cheſter, and am, or rather lately was, ſervant to Mr. Nicholſon, an eminent cloth-merchant there. Mr. Nicholſon is an Iriſhman by birth, but is ſettled at Cheſter, and is at preſent in London. When he firſt came to live at Cheſter, about ten years ago, he brought with him a young lad from his own country, to live with him as a ſervant, and he did every thing he could to make him a faithful and ſkilful one. For ſome years he did pretty well; but as he grew up to be a man, he became idle and negligent, then drunken and extravagant, and at laſt wicked and abandoned in every reſpect.

"His maſter bore with him till it was not poſſible to bear with him any longer; and at laſt, about ſix months ago, he turned him out of his houſe, and would have nothing more to ſay to him. I happened to be hired in his place; and if I had had any grace or fear of God, I might have been happy; but, alas! I have been ſeduced to ruin—ſeduced againſt my ſenſe, nay almoſt againſt my will, and all by that wicked ſervant, for he it is that was my tempter and my accomplice. His name is Patrick Reilly; but he ſometimes calls himſelf Maguire, and ſometimes Flanagan, but his real name is Reilly.

He is of a very ſtrong make, a very daring courage, and of a fierce and bloody temper: though he will do any thing to get money, yet he cares little about it when he has it, but ſpends it in idleneſs and debauchery, with a ſhow of generoſity: and, alas! it was this ſhow that has undone me.

"I never knew any thing about him till I unfortunately ſucceeded him in his place: he ſoon after contrived to get acquainted with me, and, inſtead of hating me as I expected, he ſeemed to be fond of me, and uſed to praiſe my maſter, and own his own faults; and he often gave me good advice how to pleaſe him, and how to get about him, as he called it, which I always found ſucceſsful, and I thought him the beſt friend I had;—but all this was to ſerve his own end, and his revenge.

"When he had got me to love him and think well of him, he would often, when there was an opportunity, treat me to liquor, and ſometimes he would introduce me to ſome of his female acquaintances, and even give me money to pay for the favours thoſe deſpicable wretches were to grant; in ſhort, he won me to his purpoſes, firſt by affection, and then by fear:—for twice or thrice I ſaw him give very ſtout men, who had offended him, ſuch deſperate beatings, that I own I felt myſelf like nothing before him, and did not dare to contradict whatever he might propoſe. I obſerved he was always fluſh of money, though I could not tell how he came by it, nor did I ever dare to aſk him; but he had from time to time given me ſo much, that I began to think, if he ſhould happen to aſk me for it, that my whole wages would not be ſufficient to repay it. This gave me great uneaſineſs; and, from the moment that I felt myſelf

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in his power, I loſt my peace, my happineſs, and at laſt my innocence.

"I reſolved to diſentangle myſelf from him as ſoon as I could, but I did not know how to do it; and once that he began to grow angry at my refuſing to go with him, he terrified me into inſtant obedience, and obliged me to aſk his pardon, though I knew not for what. From that moment I was loſt. He ſaw my condition, and did not fail to take advantage of it.

"About a week ago my maſter went up in the coach to London, and left the two maids and me to take care of the houſe; he is not expected back this fortnight to come. The day after he went, Reilly called upon me, and aſked me if I could let him have the money he lent me, for he had a ſum to pay, and was in great want. I was thunderſtruck at his demand; and aſſured him I had not half-a-guinea in my poſſeſſion; but I told him that, as ſoon as my maſter came back, I would aſk him for ſome, and that I would give him every ſhilling I got. 'Oh, damn your maſter! ſaid he, 'that won't do for me; he mayn't come this month!—I want my money to-night! Don't think to put me off with that flam; but get me the money, or the money's worth, by eight o'clock to-night, for by G— I muſt have it! and you may expect to ſee me then for it.' So ſaying, he went off, and left me in a condition that if the earth had opened and ſwallowed me up, it would have rejoiced me. I knew it was impoſſible to get the money, or any thing like it—and indeed I never went about it; but I paſſed all the reſt of the day in a ſtate of ſtupid terror and diſtreſs that it is impoſſible to deſcribe. At length eight o'clock came, and ſoon after I heard a knock at the door, which I knew to be Reilly's; and I went to open it with

 a heart

a heart beating againſt my breaſt, ſo that I could hardly breathe.

"When I let him in, and he ſaw the condition I was in, he burſt out a-laughing—'What is the matter with you, man?' ſaid he. 'You look as if you ſaw a ghoſt!' I was not able to give him an anſwer. 'Is it becauſe I aſked you for the money,' ſaid he, that you are ſo frighted?" 'Why yes,' ſaid I, in a faltering voice; 'I have it not, nor do I know where to get it; but if you leave me the clothes on my back, which are my maſter's, you may take every thing elſe I have in the world.' 'No, damn it!' ſaid Reilly, 'I'll not be ſo hard-hearted as that neither; you are an honeſt fellow, and I love you as my friend; and as for the money, you will pay me when you can. I have got a ſupply for the preſent, I did not expect; and I came to tell you the good news, and to aſk you to come to my lodging and to drink a bowl of punch with me, where if you are an honeſt cock, and my friend, I'll ſhew you how to make us both happy all our days.' It is not poſſible for words to expreſs what I felt at this ſpeech. The ſuddenneſs of the relief, the ſurpriſe and joy that flowed in upon me, was more than I was able to bear; and I ſhould have fallen to the floor, if Reilly had not caught me in his arms. As I hung upon his neck in a tranſport of joy and gratitude, I told him I would ſerve him with my life, and go with him to the end of the earth.

"Oh, fatal folly! Oh, dreadful and irremediable guilt! It is not yet a week ſince I ſlept in innocence and peace!—a little week ſince my hands were pure, and my character unſtained! Alas! my mother! my aged, my helpleſs, my widowed mother! It is not yet a week ſince you ſaw your child in freedom, in guiltleſs freedom, and

and gave him your blessing. What will you do when you hear that in one hour he is become a robber and a murderer? a disgraced and a deserv- outcast from all society?"

This affecting apostrophe brought tears into the eyes of the humane justice, and seemed to make some impression even on the stony hearts of those subaltern myrmidons of the law, by whom he was surrounded. The unhappy man himself seemed to be in an agony not to be described; and Ned stood with his hands folded together, contemplating him with a silent and sorrowful eye.

The justice first broke silence.—"Your guilt and your misfortunes, said he, "unhappy man, are great: but if I can judge of others by myself, they will not be thought unworthy of compassion. It is your happiness that your career in wickedness has been cut short by an early detection; and if you have the grace to be sorry for your sin, and to forsake it, you may be yet restored to some degree of comfort even in this life. In the mean time, it is your duty, as well as your interest, to proceed faithfully in your narrative, which is the best atonement you can make to your country, and which, as far as I have heard, seems candid and deserves credit."

The prisoner then continued his narrative:—"In an evil hour I consented to go with him: he soon got a good supper, with plenty of spirits and wine, and plied me with both till he had got me well warmed for any business he had to propose. At length he ventured to break the affair: he told me his father and mother lived in Ireland, where they had a good farm; and that he had a sister who was a great beauty; that my master was a great rogue, and was worth a deal of money, which he made by wronging other

other people; that he knew very well where he kept a large ſum; and that if I would only keep out of the way, and give him the key of the iron box in which the plate was kept, and of which he knew I had the charge, he would contrive to carry off the whole; and that it could never appear that I had any hand in it whatever; and that then he would carry me to Ireland, where I ſhould marry his ſiſter, and he would give me half of the ſpoils to ſet me up with.

"Had this been propoſed to me in my ſober ſenſes, I believe I ſhould have had virtue enough to withſtand it: even as it was, it both terrified and ſhocked me. I told him I could not think of joining to rob a man who had never done me wrong; and though I might be ſo lucky as to eſcape the gallows, yet I could not conceal my wickedneſs from God, who would ſurely judge me for it in the next world, if not in this. He laughed at the idea of the next world, and ſaid he did not believe there was any ſuch place; 'but if there is,' ſaid he, ''tis eaſy enough to make peace there. God knows your maſter is a great rogue, ſo do I; and perhaps he may put this into my head to be a means of puniſhing him, and then we are only his inſtruments;— and beſides, your maſter is a Proteſtant and a heretic, and it is no ſin to rob a heretic: and indeed I might be afraid myſelf, but I know, if there is any truth in religion at all, that the church has power to forgive ſins—not your church, which is a heretic church—but the old and true church, the church of Rome; and I know that Father Dogherty, as good a prieſt as ever lived, will give me abſolution for half-a-crown; and he will do the ſame for you if you will be a good catholic, ſo that you will not only make your fortune, but ſave your ſoul too.'

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"I was not ſo drunk, nor yet ſo ignorant, but that I could ſee the weakneſs and the wickedneſs of this argument. Reilly perceived too that I was not ſatisfied: 'I'll tell you what,' ſaid he, 'to cut the matter ſhort, I am determined to do the thing. I love you, therefore I offered to give you ſhare of the booty; and as an earneſt of it, I forgive you what you owe me, and here are ten guineas more for you in your fiſt. But remember that you do as I deſire you; for I have truſted you with my ſecret; and if you don't do as I bid you, by the living G— I will take care of you, and put you where you can tell no tales; and I ſhall get abſolution for that too.'

"This laſt threat, which I fully underſtood, harrowed up my ſoul. I ſaw myſelf wholly in his power, and do not make the ſmalleſt doubt but that he would really have murdered me as he threatened, if I had any longer refuſed him; ſo with an aching and an unwilling heart I conſented. He was too cunning to let me cool upon it: he detained me with him the whole night, and at length put me into his own bed in a ſtate of complete intoxication.

"In the morning he did not fail to make me renew my promiſe, as he did his threat in caſe I failed: and I went to my maſter's, ſick both in body and mind. The eldeſt of the maids ſaw I had been drinking, and chid me ſeverely for ſtaying out; and ſaid ſhe would tell my maſter if ever I did ſo any more. I promiſed I would not; but I ſaid I was ſo ſick I was afraid I was going to have a fever, and that I would go home to my mother, and if I was better, I would return the next day. They both endeavoured to diſſuade me from this; but it being

my

my purpoſe to be out of the way, I perſiſted, and went.

"I called on Reilly, gave him the key, and told him where to find me. I then went to my mother, and ſtaid there all night.—How I paſſed that night I cannot deſcribe, nor ever ſhall forget. Every time I looked at my mother, the conſciouſneſs of my guilt ſtung me to the ſoul. Her tender aſſiduities wrung me to the heart, when I thought of the ſorrow and the ſhame I was preparing for her grey hairs! When the hour came in which I knew the miſchief would be doing, my agony was inexpreſſible, and ſuch as I can never again ſuffer, though I ſhould be executed for the crime.

"Early in the morning I called on Reilly, but he was not at his lodging. I then went home to my maſter's, where I found all in confuſion. The two maids were at their wit's end —they told me all that had happened, and upbraided me with being out of the way, and the eldeſt did not ſcruple to ſay that ſhe was ſure the villain Reilly was the author of it; and that, as I was his companion of late, ſhe did not doubt but I had gone out of the way on purpoſe. This laſt accuſation, ſo juſt and ſo direct, ſhocked me like a ſtroke of lightning. I ſaw my folly to its full extent, and felt it to my ſoul. I curſed and ſwore, indeed, and denied it; but my guilt was in my face, and might be diſcerned by a leſs penetrating eye than hers. I knew indeed ſhe could not prove it, but the ſuſpicion was too juſt not to ſet me on providing for my ſafety.

"I ſoon after went to Reilly's again; and having informed him of what was ſaid, and my fears about it, he agreed with me that it was not ſafe to remain, and that we ſhould both ſet off

off that very day for Ireland. I did not hear a word of dividing the ſpoil; I don't know what he got; and I never received a ſhilling more. He went out, deſiring me to remain where I was till he came back. In about an hour he returned, and told me he had two horſes ready ſaddled and bridled, and deſired me to go off with him directly. I had now no other choice left; ſo off we went together, intending to go acroſs the country, and by round-about ways, till we came to the Head; and there to embark for Ireland.

"Nothing remarkable happened to us till laſt Friday evening. The day was very bad, and we had ſtopped at Conway to refreſh ourſelves and our horſes. Looking out at the window, we ſaw a poſt-chaiſe ſtop with two ladies in it, and no ſervants attending. We ſoon found they were going on for the Head, notwithſtanding the ſtormy night; and their defenceleſs ſituation firſt put it into Reilly's head to rob them. I was abſolutely at his diſpoſal; he ordered me therefore to get ready, and that we ſhould ride on before to meet them, as it were, when it was dark. He deſired me to attack the women, and as I had no arms, he gave me a pen-caſe, which he ſaid was juſt as good for them; and as for himſelf, who had a blunderbuſs, he ſaid he would take care of the poſtillions, that they ſhould be no interruption. All that happened in conſequence you know. I found myſelf knocked down, and I heard the ſhot go off; but murder was no part of my plan. I got nothing. In the darkneſs and confuſion I eſcaped for that time; and recovering the horſe, I returned to Conway in ſearch of Reilly: but I have never ſeen nor heard of him ſince; nor

do I know whoſe the horſes are, nor any thing about them.

" This, gentlemen, is my whole ſtory, and I will ſeal it with my dying words. I am thankful that I have been early detected, and that I am reſcued from the tyranny of Reilly, even by the gallows. But if his majeſty ſhould vouchſafe to extend mercy to me, the reſt of my life ſhall be ſpent in prayers for him, and in endeavours to atone to my country for my great tranſgreſſion."

The juſtice told him, he was glad to ſee that his misfortunes ſeemed to have made a proper impreſſion on him: that it was neceſſary for him to be detained in cuſtody, but that he ſhould not want either for compaſſion or neceſſaries while he was there. He applauded the candour of his confeſſion, and deſired him to commit it to writing, and to ſign it; and that he himſelf would take care it ſhould redound to his advantage. He then returned to his own houſe, and Edward went with the doctor to his; from whence they ſoon after ſet forward together on horſeback for Mr. Evans's.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN they arrived at the gate, that worthy man went out to meet them with his accuſtomed hoſpitality: he welcomed the doctor, but with a chaſtiſed pleaſure, and ſo viſible a diſcompoſure of countenance as greatly alarmed both him and Ned. "Has any thing happened?" ſaid the doctor; "and how is my unfortunate patient?" "She is alive," ſaid Evans, "but I fear, faſt approaching to her diſſolution." The doctor ſaid no more, but went up immediately to her chamber; whilſt Ned, with an aching heart and trembling ſteps, followed his father into the parlour. "What," ſaid he, "my dear Sir," (after ſitting a little while,) "what new ſymptom has ariſen ſince I went away, that makes you deſpair of the poor lady's recovery?" "Alas, my child!" ſaid he, "ſhe is, I fear, paſt all recovery. God is going to take her to himſelf, and to reward her ſufferings in a better world. I have ſeen her," continued he—"ſeen her lie all ſenſeleſs and forlorn, wholly unconſcious even of exiſtence; ſhe has been in this ſtate the whole day, and could not be rouſed to the ſmalleſt ſenſibility even for a moment. I am glad the doctor is come; for though I have no hope that his ſkill can avail any thing, yet it will be a conſolation to have him in the houſe, and I do not mean to let him go till all is over."

Ned's

Ned's eyes witneſſed to his feelings by ſome ſilent drops which trickled on his cheeks. He then gave his father a particular account of all that has been already related reſpecting the priſoner at Conway; which Mr. Evans heard with much ſatisfaction, particularly Collins's contrition, and truſting that it would be the means of bringing the arch-villain Reilly to condign puniſhment. "In all my time," ſaid he, "I never knew nor heard of, murder eſcaping unpuniſhed. God ſeems to have marked this dreadful crime for particular vengeance even in this life; and let it be perpetrated ever ſo cunningly or ſecretly, it always is diſcovered. Should other means be wanting to find it out, there have been inſtances where the wretched perpetrators themſelves, unable to bear the ſtings of conſcience, and the horrors of remorſe, have voluntarily ſurrendered themſelves to juſtice; and fled to death itſelf, and a public execution, as a refuge from the terrors of their guilty minds. How gracious is God! and what a proof of his wiſdom and mercy does it afford, when we conſider that this unerring monitor is implanted in every breaſt! that we cannot deviate in the ſmalleſt degree from our duty, without feeling its checks, and being ſenſible of the divinity within us! While you live then, my dear boy, liſten to this ſacred advice; it is the voice of God ſpeaking to your ſoul, which, if you will obey will always ſpeak to you peace and comfort, and, in the end, conduct you to ineffable happineſs and glory."

Whilſt Evans was thus moralizing with his ſon, Miſs Watkin came down ſtairs to get ſomething the doctor wanted. Neither of the gentlemen could muſter up courage enough to aſk about the unfortunate lady; but Ned, whoſe tenderneſs was extreme, and who could no lon-

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ger bear the ſuſpenſe he was in, ſtole after her up ſtairs, and went with her into the room. He ſtood for a whole motionleſs at the foot of the bed, ſilently contemplating its pale inhabitant. Her eyes were half open, but they ſaw nothing; the paleneſs of death ſat upon her countenance, which nevertheleſs was ſtill beautiful; and a ſoft complacency was diffuſed over all her features, as if ſhe was happy in the proſpect of being ſoon in heaven. "Whoever thou art," ſaid he, "unfortunate young lady! earth never bred a fairer form, nor ſent to heaven a more unpolluted ſoul than thine." He took one look at her, which he firmly believed to be the laſt; and, without ſaying a word to any perſon in the room, retired to his own chamber, to give vent to that ſorrow which was viſible in his eyes, and which a much leſs feeling heart than his could not ſuppreſs.

Here he remained fixed in meditation, till the maid came to ſummon him to dinner. He would gladly have been excuſed going; but, thinking it would look particular, he went into the parlour, and partook of a chearleſs meal, at which little was ſaid and leſs was eaten. When the cloth was removed, and a glaſs or two of ale had gone round, Ned ventured to aſk the doctor if it was poſſible for the lady to recovery. He replied, that nothing was impoſſible to God; and that while there was life he would continue to do every thing in his power for her; but he confeſſed he had very little hopes, for, in all his practice, he had never ſeen any one in a more alarming ſituation. Mr. Evans then requeſted the doctor would not leave the lady till all was determined on eway or other. The doctor ſaid he would not; and that he would ſit up with her himſelf this night, to watch the operation

of

of bliſters which he had put on ſeveral parts of her body.

When night came, the doctor and the ladies retired to the ſick apartment; and Mr. Evans and Ned continued ſitting in the parlour. The anxiety of their minds had baniſhed all thoughts of ſleep; and though Mr. Evans preſſed Ned to go to his bed, yet that amiable youth would not quit his father, but choſe to ſit up with him to endeavour to cheer him through the ſilence of the night, and to receive in his turn the conſolation and inſtruction which he knew he ſhould find in the converſation of his father on this ſolemn occaſion. For ſeveral hours they ſat without hearing the ſmalleſt ſtir; their converſation turned, as might be expected, on the ſublime truths of Chriſtianity, the nature of death, the immortality of the ſoul, and the ſeveral proofs of it that might be drawn from reaſon, excluſive of revelation. In this ſerious and inſtructive manner did they paſs the greateſt part of the night, without any interruption: the clock ſtruck four, and ſoon after they heard the room-door open, and the doctor's foot upon the ſtairs.

All their apprehenſions were now awakened; they longed, though they dreaded, to ſee him enter the parlour; and in this awful moment of ſuſpence, a by-ſtander might have ſeen, that neither philoſophy, nor even religion itſeif, could wholly ſubdue the feelings of nature. Notwithſtanding their ſublime converſation, and their thorough belief of the great gain that death is to the virtuous, they were ſtruck with terror when the door opened, and were unable for a while even to ſpeak. At length Evans found his tongue: "Is all over?" ſaid he. "I hope all is over," replied the doctor. "The lady lives—and I can pronounce her better. The bliſters have riſen;

and

and ſhe has recovered ſenſe—ſhe has juſt aſked for drink, and taken ſome wine whey, and I could not delay communicating to you theſe happy tidings."

The joy that now flowed in upon them, was equal to the deſpondence with which they were before oppreſſed. Ned's eyes which were always the ready interpreters of his heart, bore witneſs to his ſatisfaction; whilſt the venerable Evans, referring this bleſſing to the Beſtower of all bleſſings, poured out his thankſgivings on his knees. And, indeed, it was the conſtant cuſtom of this truly pious and excellent man to betake himſelf to his Maker on every occaſion of importance, whether of joy or ſorrow. He had a thorough faith, that all the events of this life were guided by an all-diſpoſing Providence, though not abſolutely predetermined ſo as to ſuperſede the freedom of the will: but he believed that the Lord of nature, who at one view could comprehend the whole univerſe, and direct all the movements in it, did often, if not always, interpoſe his providence, although in doing ſo he made uſe of ſecond and natural cauſes; and where men where ſtudious to recommend themſelves to him, and faithful enough ſincerely to rely on him, he did further believe that all events were directed for their real intereſt: and though they might appear ever ſo untoward, yet in the end they would be conducive to laſting happineſs. And indeed it would not be eaſy for the moſt acute philoſopher to diſprove this doctrine; for it muſt be allowed that the comfort and ſatisfaction which good men would derive from this belief, would diffuſe over their whole lives ſuch contentment and tranquillity as all the ſtorms of adverſity could never deſtroy. And ſuch indeed was the influence it had on the mind of Evans,

who,

who according to the common opinions of the world, might well be reckoned a man of sorrows and acquainted wtih grief, but whose internal comforts arising from integrity of heart and purity of faith were so great, that they were ever visible both in his countenance and temper; and it may well be doubted if there was really a man in the kingdom more truly happy than himself. Certain it is, he was completely so at this moment: his satisfaction arose from the purest source, the most open and unbounded benevolence; and now being relieved from the great anxiety which depressed them in the beginning of the night, he and Ned retired for the remainder of it to rest, and the doctor returned to his attendance on the lady.

CHAP. VIII.

I HOPE my readers, if they have had patience to come to the beginning of this chapter, are by this time ſomewhat intereſted in the ſtory, and that they are longing to know who the unfortunate lady is, that I have endeavoured to recommend to their attention, and for whoſe recovery all that where about her ſeem ſo much concerned. She is as yet unknown even at Mr. Evans's, and perhaps it may be her deſire to continue for ſome time longer in obſcurity; though certainly no young lady whatever has leſs reaſon to ſhun the public eye, as none could ſurpaſs her either in beauty or virtue. The only motive ſhe can have for wiſhing to be ſome time longer concealed, ariſes from the very cauſe that would make a lady leſs delicate and conſiderate ambitious of declaring herſelf, namely, her rank. But though this might be a reaſon to a mind like her to keep Evans in the dark, becauſe ſhe hated to give trouble, or to oppreſs her inferiors with the ſplendour of her title, yet it can be none with me to deny that ſatisfaction to the reader;—and I ſhall therefore take this opportunity, while the venerable curate and his family are aſleep, and are therefore in no danger of overhearing us, to diſcloſe the ſecret.

Lady Cecilia Rivers was the only daughter of the Earl of Ravenſdale, in Ireland, and had at this time nearly completed her eighteenth year.

To

To nature ſhe was indebted for a form abſolutely perfect, and for a mind every way ſuited to ſuch a form. To her father ſhe was obliged for a moſt finiſhed education. His lordſhip was born a younger brother, and, having married early in life, was once bleſſed with a numerous family of children. He ſucceeded to the title on the death of his elder brother, about fourteen years before the commencement of this hiſtory.

The late lord had an only ſon, who had the misfortune to diſpleaſe his father by marrying contrary to his conſent; on which account he never would ſee him afterwards. He died, as his wife did alſo, about five years before his father, leaving a new-born ſon, who was ſaid to have alſo died at nurſe; and, on the demiſe of the late lord, Lady Cecilia's father ſucceeded of courſe. He had a clear landed eſtate of 16,000l. a year, which he enjoyed with dignity and œconomy, and was univerſally ſuppoſed to poſſeſs as much honour, humanity, and virtue, as any nobleman in the kingdom. He had the misfortune to loſe his lady ſoon after his acceſſion to the title, when Lady Cecilia, who was his youngeſt child, was yet an infant; and of all his numerous family there now remained only her ladyſhip and two brothers. Her eldeſt brother, Lord Rivers, who was heir to the title and eſtate, was at this time about twenty-five years of age; and her ſecond brother, about twenty-two, was a captain in the army.

The death of Lady Ravenſdale, when her daughter Lady Cecilia was little more than four years of age, was a great blow to her lord, who tenderly loved her, and would have been ſeverely felt by the children, had it not been for the tender and parental care of Mrs. Melville,

the

the unfortunate conclufion of whofe life we have already related.

This lady was a near relation of Lady Ravenfdale, to whom fhe was extremely attached: fhe had been married to a gentleman of fmall fortune, but great accomplifhments, and whilft they lived together, they were univerfally confidered to be one of the happieft as well as the moft elegant pairs that ever love had united in matrimony. But alas! this happinefs was of too fhort duration, and Mr. Melville, at an early period of his life, fell a facrifice to his affection for his wife. It happened that they were one night at the theatre, when towards the end of the entertainment, where was an alarm in the houfe, of fire! In a fhort time the flames were feen burfting out among the fcenes; and the dreadful confufion that enfued by every body crowding to get out, was the occafion of many lives being loft which might otherwife have been faved. They happened to be in the ftage box, and Mr. Melville, whofe prefence of mind never forfook him in danger, was well aware that it was impoffible to efcape by the ordinary paffages to the boxes; he took therefore the defperate refolution of jumping on the ftage with his wife in his arms, and bore her through the flames to the back of the houfe, which he knew communicated with the manager's dwelling, and was fortunate enough to difpofit her in a place of fafety without any material injury from the fire. But the terror, the heat, and the hurry of his fpirits, together with being obliged to walk home in the night, neither his own nor any other carriage being to be got in the confufion, threw him into a fever, of which he died, to the inexpreffible affliction of his difconfolate widow, who it was thought for a long time

time would not be able to ſurvive him. At length however ſhe recovered, and poſſeſſed a jointure from her huſband of 300l. a-year, which as ſhe had no child, was in Ireland a ſufficient income for a ſingle woman of faſhion to live tolerably comfortably on, eſpecially as ſhe had many friends to whoſe houſes ſhe was ever a moſt welcome gueſt.

Her ſummers ſhe uſually ſpent with Lord and Lady Ravenſdale, at their ſeat in the country; but the winters ſhe paſſed in Dublin, where ſhe had a ſmall but very neat houſe in one of the new ſtreets in the neighbourhood of Merrion-ſquare.

Some time after Lady Ravenſdale's death, ſhe was prevailed upon by my Lord to ſupply her place to her infant children; and Lady Cecilia, the youngeſt, coming more particularly under her care, ſhe transferred the affection ſhe had for the mother to the daughter, and really felt for her a parental tenderneſs: under her forming hand ſhe grew perfect in every polite attainment, whilſt the excellence of her underſtanding, and the native ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, gave additional luſtre to the ſurpaſſing beauties of her perſon.

Lord Ravenſdale had a ſiſter, Lady Elizabeth Belmont, who was married to an Engliſh gentleman of large fortune, and who lived wholly in that kingdom. This lady had not ſeen her niece ſince ſhe was a child; but hearing much of her beauty and accompliſhments, ſhe wiſhed exceedingly for that pleaſure, and to introduce her into the firſt circles, and to all the ſplendid amuſements of the metropolis of the empire. She had therefore, in the autumn, written preſſingly to Lord Ravenſdale, and alſo to Lady Cecilia, inviting her to ſpend the winter with her

her in London; and ſhe wrote at the ſame time to Mrs. Melville, requeſting her to accompany her. Lord Ravenſdale could not refuſe this requeſt, ſo proper in itſelf, and which promiſed to be ſo agreeable to Lady Cecilia alſo. The two ladies therefore had accepted the invitation, and gone over in the month of September. Lord Rivers, Lady Cecilia's brother, had eſcorted them all the way, and delivered them ſafe to Lady Elizabeth Belmont, at her houſe in Berkeley-ſquare; but his attendance in the Iriſh parliament (where he was a commoner) being neceſſary, he was obliged to return ſoon after to Dublin.

Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Melville were received by Mr. Belmont and Lady Elizabeth with all the affection and politeneſs they could deſire; and perhaps if Lady Cecilia had had leſs beauty, or her aunt had lived in a leſs ſplendid circle of gaiety and faſhion, they might have paſſed a very agreeable winter, and the amiable Mrs. Melville been ſtill living. But Providence, who from cauſes the moſt common, and ſeemingly the moſt trivial, often deduces the moſt important conſequences, thonght fit to determine otherwiſe. For ſome time, indeed, the novelty of the ſcenes amuſed; and Lady Cecilia, who was the very ſoul of elegance, could not fail to find in London whatever could delight her fancy, or improve her taſte. Had ſhe been in her own houſe, or her amuſements left to her own choice, this would undoubtedly have been the caſe; but in her aunt's houſe ſhe was under the neceſſity of conforming to her mode of living, and of chooſing her amuſements and her company by her direction, which, as their education and ſentiments were widely different, were not always entirely ſuch as Lady Cecilia approved.

approved. She could not all at once diveſt herſelf of her love ef tranquillity, and of thoſe calm and ſoothing pleaſures which an elegant and refined mind ſeeks within itſelf, and enjoys moſt when it is alone, or in the company of a few and ſelect friends. The eternal round of diſſipation, however faſhionable, and the perpetual return of the ſame amuſements, however ſplendid, though they pleaſed at firſt, ſoon loſt their charm, and at length grew fatiguing:—like the inſipid amuſement of Ranelagh, where all are aſtoniſhed at the ſplendour and magnitude of the room on their firſt entrance; but after paſſing a few hours, they find it little better than an enormous cock-pit, and are as much amuſed with the dull round of the circle as a horſe in a mill. Even the theatres, where ſhe might reaſonably hope for entertainment, miſerably deceived her; not indeed from any fault in them or the managers, but ſolely from the faſhion; for ſhe ſoon found that fine ladies go to the theatres not to ſee, but to be ſeen; that the ſide-boxes, where they are condemned to ſit, though favourable for the exhibition of themſelves, are not ſo for ſeeing the play; that the company talk as much there as at any other aſſembly, and, except in a few inſtances, return home as ignorant of the entertainment as thoſe who had never been at it.

After a few weeks therefore of faſhionable diſſipation, her curioſity was ſatisfied; the pleaſures of London ceaſed to be agreeable when they were no longer new. She was not formed for the thoughtleſs hurry of what is called high-life: ſhe was bred in retirement notwithſtanding her rank, and ſhe longed to return to the elegant but tranquil amuſements which uſed to employ her at her father's houſe.

But

But it was not the being ſatiated with London alone, which induced her ſo earneſtly to long for the time of her return: ſhe dreaded the addreſſes of a young nobleman, to whom her aunt had introduced her, and whoſe praiſes ſhe was perpetually ſounding in her ears; yet in whom ſhe could never ſee any thing to admire, but, on the contrary, had conceived a contempt for his perſon, his manners, and his ſentiments.

As this nobleman was become a conſtant party in all Lady Elizabeth's entertainments, and as all his attentions which he did not beſtow on himſelf were directed to Lady Cecilia, ſhe found herſelf under the moſt diſagreeable reſtraint; while her reſpect for her aunt, and for the rank of her gueſt, obliged her to endure the ſociety of a man whom ſhe deſpiſed, and even to feign complacence in his company, that ſhe might not diſcover her contempt. Her mind was of that generous openneſs, and her ſenſe of honour and truth ſo delicate, that ſhe could not bear any thing like diſſimulation, even where the intent was praiſe-worthy; and her ſituation would probably in a ſhort time have become very diſagreeable, had not a fit of a gout in the ſtomach, with which her father was attacked, furniſhed her with an excuſe for quitting London long before the time ſhe had originally intended. Her aunt preſſed her to ſtay, and would have perſuaded her that the fit would go off in a few days, as it had often done before: ſhe was really ſorry to part with her ſo ſoon, for ſhe was juſtly proud of the ſenſe, the beauty, and the virtues of her niece; but Lady Cecilia would nor hear of any delay, the reaſons already mentioned co-operating with her filial affection to make her long to thrown herſelf into the boſom of her father.

It was in purſuance of this intention that ſhe left London, after taking an affectionate leave of Mr. Belmont and Lady Elizabeth; and Mrs. Melville returning with her, they purſued their journey without any moleſtation, till that unhappy evening when that amiable woman loſt her life, and the tender and affectionate Lady Cecilia, overwhelmed with grief and conſternation, was conducted, by Ned's courage and activity, to the poor but friendly manſion of his father.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

IN the morning the family aſſembled together to breakfaſt; and a viſible joy was expreſſed in every countenance, when the doctor aſſured them that his patient was out of danger. As their anxiety for her life was now over, their next curioſity was to diſcover who ſhe was. Various were their conjectures on this head; ſome of them wide, and ſome not very remote from the truth: they all however agreed that, let her be who ſhe would, ſhe was an angel both in form and diſpoſition; and Evans, whoſe joy for her recovery knew no bounds, thanked Heaven for the accident that brought her to his houſe, and made him any ways inſtrumental to her comfort and ſatisfaction. The doctor told them that nothing would be now neceſſary for her, but nouriſhing food and exerciſe: that her mind muſt be made as cheerful as poſſible; and for this reaſon, all enquiries about her family or ſituation, or any thing that could agitate her ſpirits, muſt be wholly let alone. "It is perfectly immaterial who ſhe is," ſaid he; "ſhe is in diſtreſs, and moreover ſhe is certainly a gentlewoman, and in every reſpect entitled to all that can be done for her. I would, therefore, aſk her no queſtions, but leave it to herſelf to diſcloſe her ſituation or not as ſhe thinks proper." Mr. Evans entirely agreed with the doctor in all theſe ſentiments; and the women were obliged to ac-

quiesce, though it must be owned their curiosity was not a bit abated.

After breakfast the doctor took his leave, as his attendance was no longer necessary; but he promised to come frequently to see her, and to be ready at a moment if he should be wanted.—Ned saddled his horse, and rode a part of the way with him, and the worthy Evans betook himself to his garden, which he had not visited before since this disastrous event took place. A garden, to an elegant and philosophical mind, is one of the greatest amusements in the world; every beneficent and amiable passion is gratified in it; and it also answers the noblest moral purpose, when it lifts up the heart in gratitude and admiration to that great and benevolent Being, who there so profusely gratifies the senses of his creatures. Our Saviour himself suggests this to us, when he desires us to consider the lilies of the field; which though they neither toil nor spin, yet surpass Solomon himself in the beauty of their raiment. Mr. Evans was extremely sensible of this beauty, and had from his earliest years addicted himself to the study of Nature, and to the pleasing and rational amusement of cultivating and adorning her wherever he had opportunity. Next to the improvement of the mind, he thought nothing more becoming than that of his garden, which he considered as the primitive employment of mankind, prescribed to our first parents by God himself, and therefore every way suitable to our nature, and to pure unadulterated taste. His skill in the science was consummate; not only in the theory but practice, for he wrought in it himself, which he considered as a wholesome and pleasant exercise, in which his son often joined him when not employed in more important concerns.

The ſpot which he now poſſeſſed was beautifully ſituated for the purpoſe: it contained only about three acres, but was ſo agreeably diverſified by the inequality of the ground, and by the winding walks which he had formed through it, as to appear of much greater extent; and you might walk miles in it without being tired, and even without being conſcious that you were treading the ſame ground. All the flowers which our climates produce to perfection were here profuſely ſcattered, and in ſuch a manner as to appear the work of Nature, though in fact they were attended with the niceſt care, and diſpoſed by the moſt artful management, ſo as to contraſt their colours, and ſet off their beauties to the beſt advantage. There were no walls to this garden; for Mr. Evans did not go to the unneceſſary expence of raiſing foreign fruits: he was contented with thoſe which could bear the climate, without artificial heat; and he had abundance of theſe of all kinds and in the greateſt perfection. His garden was nevertheleſs well fenced; for it had high and cloſe hedges, where holly formed a verdant and impenetrable wall, and where ſweet briar and woodbine ſpread their delicious odours all around. His eſculent herbs, ſuch as cabbages and the like, which, though of moſt uſe, are the leaſt ornamental, he diſpoſed in ſuch a manner as not to be ſeen unleſs purpoſely viſited; they were concealed in large and irregular plots, ſurrounded by flowering ſhrubs, and various kinds of fruit-trees, both ſtandards and eſpaliers, among which the walks were formed; which were perpetually covered with a ſhort and verdant graſs, kept cloſely mowed and rolled, where not a weed was to be ſeen. A large wood of foreſt trees

ſheltered it from the rigours of the north and eaſtern wind; and from among theſe trees iſſued the river we have already ſpoken of, which murmured through the bottom of the garden, the banks of which Mr. Evans had every where adorned with violets, cowſlips, primroſes, and lilies of the valley, which thriving under the ſhade of ſome weeping willows, that he had alſo planted there, formed a delicious and elegant ſeat, not to be equalled by the moſt pompous and elaborate work of the moſt ſkilful architect. To this place he now came; and though it was a ſeaſon in the year the leaſt favourable to rural pleaſures, yet the fineneſs of the day conſpiring with the tranquillity of his mind, and with the recent joy which the recovery of his fair lodger had created, he fell into a train of rapturous ſenſations, which at length broke forth into the following ſoliloquy:

"How happy are theſe ſhades! How beautiful is Nature! 'Tis now the depth of winter; yet the luxuriant verdure of yon laureſtinus, the rich crimſon of the fruit of yon arbutus glowing through the deep green of its ſurrounding leaves, ſeems to take from ſummer the proud boaſt of vegetation, ſince it cannot produce any thing more beautiful. Hark! the ſweet note of yon robin redbreaſt—he ſits upon that naked currant buſh, and warbles his ſong from amidſt its leafleſs branches. Do you remember, little rogue, how often you regaled upon its fruit? Do you expect to find the like entertainment now? Or rather, do you come, in the generoſity of your little heart, to viſit it in its diſtreſs, and, thankful for the delicious meals it has afforded you, to cheer it with your ſong, and comfort it for its departed verdure? Yes! ſweet warbler, you follow the voice of Nature, and

raiſe

raiſe your tuneful ſong in gratitude to him that feeds you. Shall man then be ſilent? Shall he to whom moſt is given be the laſt to acknowledge?—O! thou ſovereign and almighty Goodneſs, whoſe care is over all thy works: Thou who kindleſt the ſun, and directeſt the planets in their orbs; who findeſt food for the young ravens, and protecteſt the embryo of a worm: Thou who art above all things, and before all things, who nevertheleſs careſt and provideſt for the meaneſt of thy creatures: Oh! grant me a heart to feel and to adore thy goodneſs, who haſt made me what I am, and ſo much happier than I deſerve to be!—Oh! give me gratitude to acknowledge thy ſpontaneous mercy, and let it produce in me a like feeling to my fellow creatures, that, humbly imitating thy great example, I may impart to them ſome of that good which thou haſt ſo liberally beſtowed on me!"

Such was the train of thinking which the ſight of a robin redbreaſt on a currant buſh excited in the mind of the humble and the virtuous Evans: and where a mind is formed like his to virtue, and trained up in the exerciſe of piety and devotion, there is ſcarce an object in nature that is not productive of improvement, no ſenſation of pleaſure that does not at the ſame time abound with virtue. O happy and enviable feeling! O exalted and ſublime ſentiment! This is true religion, equally removed from enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition—this is that ſmall ſtill voice which follows us into our inmoſt retirement, which ſpeaks in ſecret to our ſoul—the gentle key by which the affections of all virtuous hearts are tuned, and which affords them on earth no mean reſemblance of the eternal harmony of heaven.

In this train of soothing and sacred meditation did Mr. Evans remain until Ned returned from his ride. As soon as he had put his horse in the stable and set a good lock of hay before him, which he never neglected, he went into the garden to his father, in order to assist him with any work in which he might happen to be engaged—a pious duty, which was always agreeable to Ned, who loved him at once with all the affection of a child, and all the manly warmth of a friend. He revered him for his virtues, loved him for the sweetness of his temper, admired him even in his weaknesses, and felt for him every thing that the most dutiful affection or the most impassioned friendship could suggest. Evans again felt all these sentiments for Ned, with four-fold force; so that perhaps in the whole circuit of nature there was not another father and another son so linked together by every tie of reciprocal duty and affection. The sight of Ned soon roused Mr. Evans from his meditations, and they both went seriously to work for some hours, in correcting all that had gone amiss since they had last wrought together, and in doing such other business as the season of the year allowed. Let not my readers think this detail uninteresting, or smile with contempt on the humble labours of Evans and his son. If they can inspire one breast with a taste for those pure pleasures, if they can induce one pair of idle hands to occupy themselves in the same innocent and delightful employment, these pages have not been written in vain.

The hour of dinner gave respite to their labour, and their labour gave them an appetite; a sauce more luxurious than is to be found in the whole system of cookery, and which indeed it is not in the power of any thing but labour to bestow.

beſtow. Their meal to-day was particularly enlivened by the preſence of Mrs. Evans and Miſs Watkin, who indulged their native gaiety and good humour without reſtraint, ſince the happy change in their fair patient's complaint; and Lady Cecilia herſelf had ſat up the greateſt part of the day, and had ſo far indulged their curioſity as to tell them her name was Cecilia Rivers, and that ſhe was the only daughter of a gentleman of diſtinction in Ireland: but ſhe did not tell them that her father was an earl, thinking the ſplendour of a title would embarraſs them; and beſides, while ſhe remained in Wales, ſhe wiſhed to be entirely at eaſe, without being known or viſited only by the good family ſhe was in, and their particular friends.—Every thing indeed conſpired to make retirement at this time as pleaſing to her as it was neceſſary; and ſhe only waited the return of a little ſtrength, to purſue her journey to Ireland, where her heart and her affections were now wholly centered. This was the firſt time that ſhe had ever been out of it; and it had ſo happened that ſhe had hardly ever paſſed a truly pleaſant day ſince ſhe left it. The dreadful event which deprived her of her deareſt female friend completely diſguſted her with travelling, and ſhe longed with impatience for the time that was to reſtore her to her country, her friends, and the endearing embraces of her father. Her impatience, however, did not get the better of her wiſdom; ſhe knew ſhe was in no condition to travel, and ſhe determined to wait the reſtoration of her health, before ſhe would attempt it: for the reſt, ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with her preſent ſituation; ſhe was pleaſed with the attention of Mrs. Evans and Miſs Watkin, and was fully ſenſible that, ſince the fatal accident

did

did happen, ſhe could no where have been placed more to her ſatisfaction. Mrs. Evans and Miſs Watkin, on the other hand, thought and ſpoke of her as if ſhe was more than human. Her elegance, her youth, her beauty, her diſtreſſes and above all her piety and reſignation, had raiſed in them ſentiments of the higheſt admiration; and as no object is more intereſting than beauty in diſtreſs, eſpecially where that beauty is heightened by virtue, it is no wonder if the amiable Mrs. Evans grew enamoured with Lady Cecilia, and if, next to her huſband and Ned, ſhe loved her better than any thing elſe in the world. This really was very ſoon the caſe; and if Lady Cecilia's affections, had not been ſo deeply and ſo recently wounded, by the loſs of Mrs. Melville (a loſs which ſhe will never ceaſe to deplore but with her life), it is highly probable ſhe would have felt an equal attachment to Mrs. Evans. As it was, ſhe felt all that gratitude could inſpire; which is every thing in a heart ſuſceptible like hers, formed both by nature and education to be the dwelling of every noble and exalted virtue. Being thus, therefore, equally ſatisfied with each other, Mrs. Evans did every thing in her power to contribute to the eaſe and amuſement of Lady Cecilia; and her ladyſhip ſupported by religion, ſubmitted to a calamity which could not be cured, and, daily recovering health and ſtrength, with them recovered her uſual cheerfulneſs and ſerenity of mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IN the neighbouring village, not far from Mr. Evans's houſe, there dwelt a poor man whoſe name was John Price: in his youthful days he addicted himſelf to poetry and muſic, talents not uncommon in Wales; but finding, like other poets, that the Muſes ſeldom could maintain their votaries, he liſtened to the noble trumpet of ambition, and enliſted in a marching regiment, in the twentieth year of his age. He ſerved his country with courage and fidelity for ſeveral years, though he found Mars a ſevere maſter, and almoſt as bad a patron as Apollo. At laſt having received a wound in the head at the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, which ended in a defluxion, by which he loſt his ſight; he was diſcharged the ſervice, and returned to his native ſoil, to ſubſiſt on a ſmall penſion which the bounty of his country allowed him.

Here he returned to his firſt miſtreſſes the Muſes, and compoſed ballads on his achievements and misfortunes, which he ſet to the ancient muſic of his country, and ſung, accompanied with the harp, on which he played with tolerable ſkill. The charms of his muſic and of his penſion got him a wife, and they between them got a daughter, who was now a roſy, buxom girl, with hazel eyes, and auburn hair, whoſe curling treſſes uſed to enſnare the hearts of all the young fellows who came to liſten to

her father's mufic and enjoy a pot of ale; for the good houfewifery of the wife brewed excellent ale, which, accompanied with their mufic, they retailed in the village, and, to fay the truth, it was an entertainment not altogether inelegant. Even Ned himfelf was charmed; and though he never defcended to fit with the company that ufually reforted there, yet he loved the old man, and ufed to go at times, when he knew the country people were otherwife engaged, to hear his tales, and his fongs, and to play himfelf upon the harp—on which he foon made fuch a proficiency as to touch it with far more delicacy and tafte than Price himfelf.

One evening when lady Cecilia had recovered fo far as to partake of the family meals below ftairs, after the tea-things had been taken away, and the company were chatting about the fire, Mifs Watkin afked her ladyfhip, if fhe was fond of mufic? "I love it paffionately," replied Lady Cecilia, "and think mufic well performed the moft rapturous entertainment upon earth." "It is indeed," faid Mr. Evans, "the moft affecting of all entertainments; but it is only rapturous when employed in its firft and nobleft deftination, the praifes of the great Creator." "Your obfervation is juft," replied Lady Cecilia, "and I will not contend for the propriety of my expreffion; though I confefs I have felt fuch pleafure at fome concerts, as I have no idea of being tranfcended by any thing on this fide of heaven:—but, to be fure, mufic when employed in religious worfhip, receives a grand addition of fublimity, nor can the feeble praifes of man be offered up in any way more fuitable to the inconceivable dignity of the great Being to whom they are addreffed." "I fully agree

agree with you in this ſentiment," ſaid Mr. Evans; "and I cannot but regret that cuſtom has baniſhed from our churches all inſtruments except the organ; which, though I allow it to be the grandeſt of all inſtruments, and the beſt ſuited to religious worſhip, is yet not the only one that might be ſo employed; and is beſides of ſuch cumbrous and expenſive ſtructure, as cannot be attained by any churches except cathedrals, or ſuch as have very large revenues annexed to them." "It is a pity, indeed," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "that organs large enough for a church are ſo very expenſive; but I know of no inſtrument that could ſupply its place. The harpſichord is too feeble; and though I greatly admire a violin in a room, yet I could not endure to ſee a fiddler's elbow ſhaking in an anthem, or a trumpeter puffing out his cheeks in the ſolemn praiſes of the Deity." Evans ſmiled—"I confeſs," ſaid he, "theſe objects would be rather ludicrous; but what think you of the harp? This is a ſolemn inſtrument, and not liable to thoſe objections." "It is an inſtrument I am not very well acquainted with," ſaid Lady Cecilia: "I have ſometimes heard it played upon in Ireland," ſaid ſhe "commonly by ſome blind woman; but either from its own defects, or the want of ſkill in the performer, I did not think it much preferable to a dulcimer." "You have never heard the Welſh harp, then?" ſaid Mr. Evans. She replied that ſhe had not.—"Would you like to hear it?" ſaid he. "Extremely," ſaid Lady Cecilia—"have you one in the houſe?" "No, madam," ſaid Mr. Evans, "but there is a poor old fellow in the neighbourhood, who was a ſoldier, and who loſt his ſight in the ſervice of his country, but who,

who, having ſome knowledge of playing on the harp, now follows it as a profeſſion; and if you have a mind to hear it, I will ſend for him, and order him to bring his harp with him." Lady Cecilia ſaid, "By all means; it would give me a great deal of pleaſure." So the maid was immediately diſpatched for honeſt John.

The poor fellow was however unable to come: he had got a fall two days before, by truſting too much to his knowledge of the way, and walking without his dog, who commonly was a faithful guide; and he was now lying in bed, unable to get out of it, from the bruiſe he had received. —Theſe tidings were a great diſappointment to the whole company, and Lady Cecilia could not conceal that ſhe was affected both by the loſs of the entertainment, and much more by the accident which occaſioned it." Ned perceived her emotion—"I am ſorry," ſaid he, "for poor John's miſchance; he is an honeſt and a good-natured old man; and deſerved a happier lot in life than has fallen to his ſhare; however, that Miſs Cecilia (as he called her) may not be wholly diſappointed, I will go and fetch the harp myſelf, and endeavour to ſtrum upon it a little for her entertainment." Lady Cecilia now recovered her ſpirits, and ſaid, he was always doing obliging things; but begged, if it was far to fetch, or troubleſome to carry, that he would not undertake it, as ſhe could wait with patience till another time. Ned ſaid it was neither far to fetch nor troubleſome to carry, at leaſt he ſhould think nothing troubleſome that could contribute to her entertainment, and he immediately went for it.

When he left the room, Lady Cecilia obſerved to Mrs. Evans, that her ſon had the moſt natural politeneſs of any young man ſhe ever ſaw.

saw. "My obligations to him are great," said she; "great indeed, never to be forgotten!—(here a tear trembled in her eye)—yet he is always contriving to add to them by those little attentions which are the test of good manners, and which receive additional grace by the way in which he performs them." Mrs. Evans replied, "You are very good, madam, to think so favourably of my son: he is indeed an excellent lad, with a kind and a tender heart; but you over-rate the services he has done to you, which are only those of duty, and which I know he thinks the happiest incident of his life."

Miss Watkin bore her testimony to the amiableness of Ned's manners and disposition; and assured Lady Cecilia, she would have no loss of the harper, for that Mr. Edward played upon that instrument with far greater delicacy of taste and power of execution.

Ned soon after returned with the harp upon his back; which when Lady Cecilia saw, she was confounded indeed at giving him so much trouble; for she had no idea of its size from the harps she had seen in Ireland. This was one of the best of its kind, and so tall, that when Ned had reared it, and placed it in its proper position, the top of it almost touched the cieling of the room. The Welch harps, besides the great difference in their size, are all strung with cat-gut, which gives them a vast advantage over those of Ireland, which are not only diminutive in comparison, but have fewer strings, and those of wire, which never have the softness nor expression of the cat-gut strings. Ned now called forth all its harmony—his fingers flew over the chords with rapid velocity, yet touched them with such lightness that the sound at first seemed like the breath of some solemn and melodious

voices

voices wafted by the air from a remote diſtance; then, ſwelling by degrees appeared to approach nearer, till, riſing to its higheſt pitch, it warbled for ſome minutes, like the ſweet notes of the ſky-lark ſinging at the gates of heaven; then all at once deſcended in a full ſtream of the richeſt melody, that overpowered the ſoul, and drowned the ſenſes in a rapturous elyſium.

Lady Cecilia liſtened to it with aſtoniſhment—her breath ſeemed to keep pace with the notes through all their variations; and when he came to the cloſe, ſhe was almoſt exhauſted, and, like Strada's nightingale, had well nigh expired on the ſtrings.

She was infinitely delighted with the entertainment, and confeſſed ſhe had never heard any ſtringed inſtrument like it, and for ſweetneſs of expreſſion ſhe thought it ſuperior even to the organ itſelf. Evans ſaid he was happy that ſhe was pleaſed, and that ſhe gave her ſanction to his judgment.

"This," ſaid he, "madam, is our national muſic, and perhaps I am partial to it on that account: I love it for another reaſon, and even hold it as ſomething ſacred; for this is the inſtrument in which we are told that holy David delighted, and for whoſe muſic he compoſed thoſe ſacred and divine hymns whoſe beauty and ſublimity excel all the poems in the world. He then made Ned play ſeveral anthems, and accompanied them with his voice; in which he himſelf joined with conſiderable grace and propriety.

When all was finiſhed, he aſked Lady Cecilia, if ſhe did not think that inſtrument might be admitted into a church? "Yes, Mr. Evans," ſaid ſhe, "I think it might be admitted into heaven;

heaven; and if any thing on earth can without profaneneſs be compared to heaven, it is ſuch an entertainment as you have this night given me.— A family linked in the cloſeſt bonds of unity and affection, dealing benevolence on all around them, and hymning the praiſes of their Creator to the moſt melodious of all inſtruments—I can conceive nothing on earth to exceed this, and it has made an impreſſion on my heart that I think I ſhall be the better for all the days of my life."

She then expreſſed a deſire to try if ſhe could make out a tune upon it. She was a perfect miſtreſs of the harpſichord and the guitar; but never having touched a harp before, ſhe could not be expected to do much on it at firſt. Ned Evans, however, ſhewed her the manner of touching the ſtrings, and, leaning over her chair, aſſiſted her in holding the harp. She very quickly accompliſhed ſeveral tunes, and accompanied one or two of them with her voice. Miſs Watkin whiſpered to Mrs. Evans, that Miſs Cecilia put her in mind of a beautiful print ſhe had once ſeen, where her celebrated nameſake, St. Cecilia, the patroneſs of muſic, was repreſented playing on a harp; and that Mr. Edward looked like the angel that had come down from heaven to liſten to her. This obſervation was made in the purity and innocence of her heart; but the elegance and aptneſs of the alluſion ſurpriſed Mrs. Evans, knowing that Miſs Watkin, tho' perfectly amiable in her diſpoſition, was, from her confined education, rather vulgar in her conceptions.

From that moment however ſhe ſuſpected that Ned had made an impreſſion on her heart; and as it would certainly be an advantageous alliance for him, ſhe was not at all diſpleaſed at it. Morgan was now called, to carry the harp back to its

its owner; and as he went out of the room, Lady Cecilia followed, and, ſlipping a guinea into his hand, deſired him to give it to the poor man, and to bid him bring his harp again as ſoon as he was able to come with it: and ſhe charged him not to ſay a word to any body elſe about the money. He promiſed faithfully to obey her; nevertheleſs, in two hours, it was known to the whole houſe. Though this action could not raiſe Lady Cecilia in the eſteem of the Evans's, where ſhe already held the higheſt place, yet it ſerved to confirm them in a juſt opinion of the goodneſs of her heart, and alſo in that of her being a lady of diſtinction.

CHAP. XI.

MISS Watkin's attendance not being now neceſſary, ſhe returned home to her father, who indeed could not do very conveniently without her, and who (conſidering his temper) had ſubmitted with wonderful patience and good humour to want her ſo long. She left Lady Cecilia with infinite regret; and though it was but a ſmall diſtance from Mr. Evans's to her father's, yet ſhe ſhed as many tears at parting as if they never were to meet again: but Lady Cecilia, who had a ſincere regard for her, and thought herſelf much indebted to her for her attendance, made her promiſe to come as often as ſhe could, while ſhe ſhould ſtill be obliged to remain in the country. Air and exerciſe being recommended to her as eſſential to her recovery, ſhe borrowed a little pony from Miſs Watkin, which had been well broke for her riding; and Ned Evans had the ſupreme felicity of attending her, ſometimes on foot, and ſometimes on his father's horſe, in all her little excurſions. He fed and dreſſed the little pony himſelf, cleaned the ſilver bit, and took care that all about him ſhould be completely neat, for the charming burthen he was to carry. He did not neglect his own dreſs, nor the appearance of the horſe which he was to ride; being ſolicitous, in every thing, to appear attentive to the amiable and elegant Cecilia.

Many

Many were the delightful rides they took in that beautiful and romantic country, whofe fweeteft fcenes were ftudioufly felected by Ned to conduct his fair companion to; and their converfation may be fuppofed to be fuch as would naturally flow from two virtuous and well-informed minds folicitous to pleafe each other, whofe taftes and whofe opinions were very nearly alike, although their rank and their education had been fo widely different. And indeed fo fuccefsful had Ned been in finding amufements for Lady Cecilia, that time flipped imperceptibly away; and near three weeks had now elapfed before her ladyfhip difcovered that fhe was reftored to the full poffeffion of beauty, health, and ftrength. Her glafs would never have made this difcovery; for though fhe looked in it every day, yet fhe did not know that fhe was handfome: but fome accidental queftion about Ireland, one day after dinner, brought it fully to her mind; and her father, her friends, and her country, rufhing at once upon her recollection, took full poffeffion of her foul, and abforbed all other defires. She that very evening fet about preparing for her journey, and her firft care was to fend a card to Dr. Jones, requefting his company the next day, and defiring him to bring his bill along with him.

The greateft part of the evening fhe fpent in her own apartment, adjufting her own trunks, and that of her dear departed friend Mrs. Melville. The fight of her clothes, and the ornaments fhe ufed to wear, and other little circumftances that could not fail to occur, brought the memory of that excellent woman frefh to her mind; fhe fpent hours in the tender and affecting contemplation of the various articles that had once been hers: and when Mrs. Evans came up

to

to ſummon her to ſupper, ſhe was under the neceſſity of entreating to be excuſed, and to be allowed to dedicate that night to tears, and to the beloved memory of her unfortunate friend.

At length the ſources of her ſorrow dried: ſhe retired to reſt, when a ſweet ſlumber refreſhed her wearied ſpirits, till the morning roſe with healing on its wings; and ſhe repaired to breakfaſt, in all the power of renovated health and beauty. Never did ſhe appear ſo lovely in the eyes of the Evans's, as at this inſtant. Whether it was that her returned health, and the complacency of her mind in the agreeable hope of ſpeedily being reſtored to her friends, did really kindle in her countenance a more than ordinary glow of beauty; or whether, rather, the knowledge how ſoon they were to loſe her, did not awaken in the hearts of the Evans's a more lively and impaſſioned tenderneſs: certain it is they were all of them more affected with her appearance this morning than ever they had been before; and Ned, in particular, could hardly take his eyes off her, except to conceal a riſing moiſture, which in ſpite of all his efforts would ſometimes become viſible. He was pleaſed however to hear her propoſe taking a laſt ride with him, the day being remarkably fine, and he haſtened with his uſual alacrity to ſaddle his own horſe and her little pony: neither had he been forgetful of himſelf on this occaſion; for thinking it might be the laſt time he ſhould have the happineſs to accompany her, and intending to propoſe a ride, if Lady Cecilia had not herſelf prevented him, he had taken more than ordinary care that morning of his dreſs, ſolicitous (perhaps without knowing it) to appear particularly amiable to her. He had on a pea-green frock, quite new, with ſilver buttons,

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a casimir waistcoat with a fancied pattern of silk embroidery round the button-holes, new doeskin breeches, and boots; his hat, which was also new, was adorned with a silver loop and band; his hair, which was always beautiful, was this day uncommonly glossy, and disposed in luxuriant curls round his neck; and his whole figure, animated with health, vigour, and activity, was certainly well calculated to make an impression on a female heart.

Lady Cecilia complimented him on the elegance of his dress, which she had not seen before: and he assured her he had made it up wholly with the view of being a more suitable attendant upon her in the excursions which he had the happiness to take with her. Lady Cecilia wore the same elegant travelling habit, in which she had first made her appearance on the unfortunate night of her arrival; and, thus equipped, they rode out together.

They visited in their tour all the places to which they had been accustomed to go in their former jaunts, her ladyship having a desire to see them for the last time; when turning her horse to go home, Ned told her he had one sequestered scene yet to shew her, which he had purposely reserved for the last, because he himself thought it the most beautiful, and that as he was in the custom of often visiting it, he wished it to be endeared to him by her presence and approbation. Lady Cecilia made no objection, and they proceeded, by a narrow road with high hedges, till they came to a valley between two mountains. This valley was not above one hundred yards wide; and the mountains, which rose to a prodigious height on each side, seemed to correspond so in their windings and appearance, as to make it probable that they once

were

were united, but torn asunder by some very remote and violent convulsion of nature. Their sides were clothed almost to the top with thick forests, among which there were so many hollies and other evergreens as gave them a rich verdure even in the depth of winter: here and there a naked rock, loftier than the tallest steeple, stood like a giant baring his breast to the tempest, and bidding defiance both to time and weather. Through the midst of the vale a clear stream ran murmuring over a bed of white pebbles, and brawled among the fragments of rocks, which the revolution of ages had separated from the lofty summits of the surrounding mountains. The bank, on either side, was covered with a short thick moss, and a profusion of mountain flowers and alpine plants, which were at once grateful to the eye and easy to the tread. Through this vale they rode by a gently-winding path, till they were stopped by a stupendous cavern, out of which the brook issued, and which was hollowed by nature in an enormous rock, that stretched quite across the valley and united the mountains on either side. Lady Cecilia was prodigiously struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene, and stood for a long time contemplating the awful entrance of the cavern with a mixture of terror and delight. Ned asked her to go into it; but she seemed more than half afraid, intimidated by its frowning horror, and the darkness in which it seemed involved: but Ned assured her there was no kind of danger, and if she could get the better of her apprehension, she would find her curiosity fully gratified.

Encouraged by his persuasion, and relying on his protection, she consented to go in; so, alighting from their horses, Ned fastened them

to the ſtump of an old tree, and led the lovely Cecilia to the mouth of the cavern. The entrance was overgrown with ivy and various kinds of ſhrubs and buſhes, which enriched the nakedneſs of the rocks, and contracted the mouth of the opening: within, it roſe to a vaſt height, like the aile of a Gothic cathedral, and was adorned with an infinite variety of beautiful petrifactions, which hung like icicles from the roof, and round all the ſides aſſumed a thouſand curious and fantaſtic forms, in which a lively imagination could diſcover a never ending variety of reſemblance to natural objects.

They walked through this wonderful cavern near a hundred yards, when they came to a large hole in the ſide of the rock, out of which came pouring the ſtream pūrer than chryſtal itſelf, which watered the valley, and which flowed with an unceaſing and unvarying ſpring.

The terror with which Lady Cecilia entered the cave was now diſſipated, for ſhe found it infinitely lighter within, than it appeared to be without; and taking advantage of a moſſy bank which was near, ſhe ſat down to contemplate at leiſure the wonderful beauties that ſurrounded her.

Ned ſat down beſide her, and removing a little ſtone which was at his back, he produced ſome oranges and dried fruits, which he had before provided for ſuch an occaſion as this, and agreeably ſurpriſed Lady Cecilia with this elegant refreſhment. Out of a deep ſcollop ſhell, which he had alſo brought on purpoſe, he preſented her ſome water, ſcooped up from the pure and tranſparent element that iſſued from the rock; which when ſhe had drunk, and expreſſed her ſatisfaction in its delicious and refreſhing coolneſs—" See," ſaid he, " how eaſily nature

is

is ſatisfied! and how bountifully even luxuriouſly ſhe provides for all who have purity of taſte ſufficient to reliſh her ſimple bleſſings!"

"Truly, Mr. Evans," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "I ſee it and acknowledge it. This cavern, of Nature's making, ſurpaſſes in magnificence the moſt ſplendid apartment that wealth and grandeur ever erected; nor can the moſt laboured cookery produce any flavour ſo grateful as your fruits, or the moſt coſtly wines be ſo refreſhing to a thirſty palate as the living ſtream which pours from this rock."

"'Twas thus," ſaid Evans, "that mankind was intended to fare, by his great Creator, in the days of primeval innocence; when Eve ſpread her fruits in the bower, and Adam and the angel ſhared them with her. Yet," ſaid he, "were this rock mine, and did the lovely Cecilia conſent to ſhare them with me, I ſhould not envy Eve her fruits, nor Adam his paradiſe, though honoured with the company of angels."

The aſtoniſhed Cecilia made no reply; a deep bluſh ſuffuſed her radiant countenance, and a univerſal tremor agitated her whole frame.—She caſt a look at Ned, in which he thought he ſaw ſeverity mingled with ſweetneſs; and riſing to quit the cave, he haſtened to atone for his preſumption, and threw himſelf at her feet.—"Oh! ſtay," he ſaid; "divine Cecilia, ſtay! and do not quit me in diſpleaſure. Oh! pardon an unguarded word, which, though the genuine ſentiment of my heart, ſhall yet never more offend you." "I beg of you to let me go, Mr. Evans," ſhe replied; "let me go into the air: I did not expect ſuch a ſpeech from you, and far leſs that you ſhould betray me into this horrid cavern to make me hear it." "Oh! beſt of women," ſaid Evans, "ſay not I have

betrayed

betrayed you. I never did, nor ever will betray you; I have indeed betrayed myſelf; betrayed a ſecret which I ought not to have revealed; which I ſhould have locked up in my heart, till that wretched heart was broke with keeping it." "Well, let me paſs, Mr. Evans," ſaid ſhe; "I did not deſire to hear your ſecret, and wiſh to God I never had; let me paſs, I deſire you; I will hear nothing while you detain me in this odious cavern."

Ned now riſing with the moſt reſpectful diffidence, led her out of the cave and then requeſting her to ſit down for a little, ſhe conſented. "Oh! Miſs Cecilia," ſaid he; "I entreat you pardon me; on my knees I implore your forgiveneſs. Pity a heart that cannot live under your diſpleaſure, and which never harboured a thought of you inconſiſtent with the pureſt honour and the profoundeſt reverence. If my unhappy paſſion has betrayed me into preſumption, impute it I beſeech you to my youth and inexperience, to my country manners, and confined education. That I love you with all the powers of my ſoul, I have ventured to declare, and never will deny; but this is my misfortune, and not my fault. It is impoſſible to behold you and not to love you, and ſurely it can never be criminal to admire excellence wherever it is found. To have dared to hint to you my paſſion, though in the moſt diſtant manner, was, I own preſumption; and for this preſumption I entreat your pardon." "Mr. Evans," replied her ladyſhip, "you have my pardon; but when I had accompanied you alone in riding round this country, when I came with you to this ſolitary valley, and even ventured againſt my inclination into this odious cavern, I thought myſelf entitled to your protection, and

little

little ſuſpected you would inſult me with a declaration of love." "Cruel, nay unjuſt Miſs Rivers," ſaid Ned, re-aſſuming ſome dignity, "when did I inſult you? Know that it is not in my nature, to inſult the meaneſt woman upon earth, far leſs the idol of my ſoul's affection. If to love you with an ardour little ſhort of adoration, with the tendereſt and moſt diſintereſted paſſion, inſpired indeed at firſt by your ſurpriſing beauty when I ſaw you in diſtreſs, and ſince confirmed by the ſurpaſſing excellence of your heart; if to know no happineſs but in your preſence, to deſire no bleſſing but your welfare, and to be ready to lay down my life for your ſake; if to expreſs theſe ſentiments in the humbleſt and moſt reſpectful terms, be to inſult you, then have I miſtaken the meaning of that word, and confeſs myſelf at a loſs in what language to addreſs you" "I am ſorry, Mr. Evans," replied Lady Cecilia, "that I ſhould have made uſe of a word w ich, I confeſs, is too ſevere, but which you have taken up in a much ſtronger manner than I had any intention of giving cauſe for. I muſt therefore in my turn ſue to you for pardon, for having uſed ſo unguarded an expreſſion." "But, oh! lovely Cecilia," interrupted Evans, "ſue not to me for pardon, nor for any thing elſe—you are formed to command me, and my greateſt pride ſhall be to be able to obey. It is now I fear that I have indeed inſulted you, and that I am debtor to your goodneſs for being forgiven. Oh! pardon me, Miſs Rivers, that I have preſumed to lift my aſpiring thoughts to your perfections. The happineſs that I have enjoyed in your company has intoxicated me, and made me to forget myſelf. Your native dignity has awoke me, and brought me to my ſenſes. Who you are I know not, nor

what is your rank or ſituation in life; I believe it, however, to be every thing that is noble and exalted. Pardon therefore, Miſs Rivers, a preſumption which your own condeſcenſion has given birth to. I know I am not worthy of you, and am aſtoniſhed at my folly that could prompt your poor, forlorn, deſtitute Evans, without family, without fortune, without friends, and even without hope, to dare to lift his eyes ſo far above him. Yet believe me, Miſs Cecilia, no unworthy motive, no ſordid view of intereſt or wealth, has driven me to this madneſs: it was yourſelf, your charming ſelf, that was alone the object of my contemplation. Ever ſince Heaven reſtored you to our prayers, and that I have had the honour to attend you in theſe excurſions, which were recommended for the re-eſtabliſhment of your health, I have been dancing on a ſea of pleaſure too tumultuous for my judgment, and have ſuffered my imagination to roam into a fanciful elyſium, which I now know can never have a real exiſtence; but I am now come home, Miſs Cecilia, I will return to reaſon and myſelf. Forgive me then, Miſs Rivers, this firſt, and this laſt tranſgreſſion; reſtore me to that place in your eſteem which my fooliſh preſumption has too juſtly forfeited; and though I can never ceaſe to adore you, yet truſt me I ſhall never more inſult you with the avowal of my flame, though it ſhould burn in ſecret till it conſumes me."—"Why, Mr. Evans," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "do you again uſe a word which never ſhould have paſſed between us? It is ungenerous thus to echo it upon me, when I have already apologized for it, and am ſincerely ſorry that it ever eſcaped me. I am abundantly ſenſible of your merits; infinitely grateful for the protection which your father has afforded me, and for the generous and

even heroic part which you yourſelf have acted towards me. You are therefore in full and ſecure poſſeſſion of my eſteem, and you may be aſſured that neither it, nor my gratitude, can ever ceaſe but with my life. But when you talk of love, you talk a language to which it does not become me to liſten; and even ſuppoſe I could be ſo weak as to ſuffer my heart to be ſurpriſed, what would be the conſequence but miſery to us both? I know my duty to my honoured and beloved father too well, ever to diſpoſe of myſelf without his concurrence; and I know that he would have inſuperable objections to our union, though I make no doubt but he will have a juſt and grateful ſenſe of the obligations you have laid us under."—"Oh! lovely Cecilia," replied Evans, "talk not of obligations, for you owe me none; it is I that am infinitely your debtor, for I owe to you the knowledge of myſelf. It is enough that you forgive me, that your charming lips have pronounced my pardon, and that you have again reinſtated me in your eſteem. To-morrow ſeparates us for ever. I ſhall never more ſee you, nor behold you, nor hear the heavenly muſic of your voice. Your poor forlorn friend will loſe the only happineſs he has on earth, and you will no more be troubled with his importunities, or his complaints. Grant me then but one requeſt. Grant it me, Miſs Rivers, as the ſeal of my pardon, and I ſhall never trouble you with any thing more. Say, divine Cecilia, will you grant it me?" "What am I to grant you, Mr. Evans?" ſaid Lady Cecilia; "and what requeſt can you make, conſiſtent with honour and prudence, that I can wiſh to refuſe you?" "O grant me!' he replied, "one lock of your lovely hair, to wear next my boſom, and to remind me in all my troubles, that

I have one angel friend to wiſh me well." "I know not," ſaid Lady Cecilia, "whether this requeſt be conſiſtent with prudence or not; but as the ſeal of your pardon I will give it you: and if you truly regard me as you ſay, remember, Mr. Evans, that ſhe who gave it you is ſincerely your friend; that your happineſs and your honour are very near her heart; and let the ſight of it remind you never to do any thing unworthy either of yourſelf or her." So ſaying, ſhe drew a pair of ſciſſars from her pocket-book, and preſented them to Evans to take the lock where he choſe. He received them with rapture, and ſevered one where it could not be miſſed, but which had played in a curling ringlet down her chaſte and ſnowy boſom.

He returned her the ſciſſars on his knees; and, preſſing her lovely hand to his lips, "What language can I find," ſaid he, "in which to thank you for this ineſtimable gift! I know not what thoſe ſtupid bigots feel who adore the filthy bones which the ſuperſtition of Rome has dignified with the name of relics: but I know, that as often as I look upon this hair, I ſhall feel my ſoul expand with every virtue; and I ſhall pray to him from whom alone come all good gifts, to make me worthy of the friendſhip of Miſs Cecilia Rivers."

Thus all was cleared, and peace and confidence fully re-eſtabliſhed between them. They now mounted their horſes to go home, when Lady Cecilia took one lingering and parting look at the ſpot where they had been ſitting—"Well really, Mr. Edward, ſaid ſhe, "this is a moſt charming ſcene, and the cavern the fineſt union of the ſublime and the beautiful that I believe nature ever produced; it is a ſubject for the pencil of Salvator Roſa, and has

made

made ſuch an impreſſion on my fancy that I think I could draw it myſelf."—" May it never be eraſed then from your memory," ſaid Evans, " as I aſſure you it never will from mine! and may my fooliſh preſumption be buried in oblivion, that no circumſtance may preſent itſelf to your remembrance to make the recollection of this ſcene unpleaſing to you!".

They now rode towards home; but Lady Cecilia propoſed calling on Miſs Watkin, to take leave, as it was the laſt time ſhe would have an opportunity of ſeeing her; and ſhe prevailed on her to accompany them to Mr. Evans's, to ſpend the evening there. They found Doctor Jones already arrived, according to the invitation that was ſent him. He was delighted to ſee Lady Cecilia ſo perfectly recovered, and was indeed aſtoniſhed to behold the blaze of beauty that now ſurrounded her; which he had no idea of from the tranſient views he had of her in her ſickneſs, and which received inexpreſſible addition from her native grace, her unaffected good humour, and from her ſeeming to be wholly unconſcious that ſhe excelled in any thing.

The day was paſſed with the utmoſt pleaſantneſs, except that on the part of the Evans's it was a little chaſtiſed by the recollection that it was the laſt in which they were to enjoy her company, in all probability for ever; which was in truth to them become a ſerious misfortune, as her many amiable qualities had ſo endeared her to the old man and his good woman, that they loved her with the affection of parents, and, next to Ned, conſidered her as the deareſt and neareſt friend they had.

Before Doctor Jones went away, ſhe took occaſion to aſk him apart for his bill; it amounted

to between three and four pounds: ſhe gave him a bank note of ten pounds, which with great difficulty ſhe obliged him to accept; and told him that ſhe ſtill conſidered herſelf as greatly his debtor, for his humanity and attention. This piece of generoſity he diſcloſed to Mr. Evans before he left the houſe, which more and more confirmed his affection and eſteem.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE morning now dawned ſerene, and the ſun faintly gilding the ſummits of the mountains, ſhot his tremulous rays into the chamber where the lovely Cecilia was ſleeping. A deep bluſh overſpread her glowing cheek; and her diſhevelled treſſes, curling over her ſnowy neck, roſe and fell reſpondent to the ſhort and interrupted heavings which marked ſome inward agitation of her heart. Her heart indeed was the temple of innocence and unſullied purity, and, whether ſleeping or waking, knew no thought, and owned no ſentiment, that could ruffle its repoſe; but fancy at that inſtant had preſented to her ſleeping ſenſes a deluſive dream, which cauſed her agitation. She imagined ſhe had been out riding with young Evans and that they had taken their courſe to the romantic valley which they had viſited the day before. The rocks and the trees glowed with an unuſual verdure, and all the harmony of the vernal groves was tuned to entertain her. The cavern which had yeſterday ſtruck her with awe, was now diveſted of terrors, and all its rocks were covered, as ſhe thought, with myrtles and roſes, and a variety of other charming flowers, which diffuſed delicious odours through the whole vault. While all her ſenſes were thus delighted, ſhe beheld the image of Ned proſtrate at her feet breathing the ardours of his paſſion,

and pleading his caufe with all the energy of native eloquence. She fancied that fhe heard him with complacency, and that fhe was even on the point of confenting to an union, when a dreadful tempeft rofe fuddenly in the cavern: the rofes and the myrtles died away—the unfortunate Edward vanifhed, no where to be found—and fhe was left alone in the cave, in Stygian darknefs, amidft the roar of waters, the bellowings of thunder, and the continual howl of raging and contending winds.

How charmed was fhe when fhe awoke and found it all delufion; when the foft beams of a mild and temperate fun, now wholly rifen above the horizon, difpelled the horrid vifion, and, like herfelf beamed with beneficent ray on all around! She rofe with joy from her bed; fhe bleffed the new-born day; and poured out on her knees the effufions of a grateful adoration to that greateft and beft of Beings, who in an inftant can break down and make whole again, can draw us from the depth of mifery, can illumine even the gloom of death—whofe ear is never clofed that it cannot hear, nor his hand fhortened that it cannot fave.

Eafed now of her terrors, and her heart reftored to its tranquillity, fhe equipped herfelf for her journey, and, frefh and fragrant as the mofs rofe which opens its dewy leaves to the fweet morning of the firft of June, fhe repaired to breakfaft to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Evans were already dreffed to receive her. A poft-chaife had been ordered from Conway the night before for her, by Doctor Jones when he returned there, and was newly arrived to carry her to Bangor ferry; and poor Ned who had been long rifen and dreffed to attend his lovely friend for the laft time, had gone out to fee that

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all was right, and his own horſe ready, that he might accompany her. If Lady Cecilia had had diſturbed repoſe, this affectionate youth had none. In the ſilence of night, when his thoughts where no longer amuſed by converſation, or the ſight of ſurrounding objects, they naturally turned inwards on himſelf, and he imagined the awful darkneſs of that hour no improper emblem of the gloom of his own ſituation. Now it was that he revolved in his ſoul all the tranſactions of the day; the image of the lovely Cecilia was ever preſent to his imagination; and her charming voice, enjoining him to love no more, ſtill vibrated in his ear; while the ſacred lock, which for the firſt time had been his nightly companion, reclined upon his breaſt and inſtilled into it new fuel to encreaſe his flame. Ah! hapleſs youth! you are yet a ſtranger to her exalted rank—to her princely fortune---to the elevated ſentiments of her family, which, deſcended from a long line of illuſtrious anceſtors, would ſhudder at the thoughts of ſo unequal an alliance. Even ſhe herſelf, the moſt virtuous of women and the moſt dutiful of children, too noble to conceive a paſſion which ſhould appear below her; too wiſe to yield to it if ſhe did conceive it; even ſhe herſelf is leagued againſt you, and forms the ſtrongeſt barrier to oppoſe your wiſhes. Summon then, ingenuous youth, your firmeſt reſolution. All worthy and all manly as thou art, exert thy nobleſt courage, ſubdue yourſelf—ſubdue this unhappy paſſion, whilſt yet it can be ſubdued, and do not cloud the golden morning of your life with hopeleſs love.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Lady Cecilia had begun breakfaſt before Ned came in. When he entered, her ladyſhip roſe, and wiſhed him a

good morning. His eyes thanked her with the warmest gratitude; but his heart was too full to put his looks into language, and his tongue would have faltered in expressing it if he had. The truth is that her ladyship herself was the only unembarrassed person in the company; and nothing but the pleasure she had in the hopes of so soon seeing her father and her friends, could have prevented her from being seized with the same soft infection. The moistened eyes which she beheld around her, were however pleasing testimonies of the sincere affection in which she was held; and the amiable manners of her kind hosts, joined to a just sense of her obligation to them, riveted them in her heart with the strongest attachment: she therefore hastened to cheer both them and herself, by giving a livelier turn to their thoughts---"My dear and ever beloved friends," said she, "my kind and generous protectors, I see by the suffusion in your countenances how much I am indebted to your affection; and if at this instant I appear less moved, trust me it is not owing to any deficiency in the warmth of my gratitude, or in the truth and tenderness of my inviolable attachment.---You love me, and it is my joy and my pride to see it. You think you are going to lose me, and that you will never see me more. If I thought so, you would not see me thus unmoved, nor do I know to what lengths I might carry my affliction. No, my beloved friends! be assured your Cecilia can never forget you---far less recollect you with indifference. How then should I apprehend that the narrow channel between Wales and Dublin should for ever separate me from your embraces, or that I should not have many opportunities of seeing my beloved friends, both in their country and my own? I am going to the

the arms of a beloved parent, who will refuſe me nothing; I cannot conceal the pleaſure of my ſoul in the proſpect of ſoon beholding the paternal ſmile with which he ever meets his children; and I anticipate the rapture with which he will hear of my eſcape, and the gratitude with which his noble and generous heart will overflow, when I recount to him the tenderneſs and affection I have experienced at your hands. Ceaſe then, my honoured friends, to grieve for my departure; for I foreſee many happy days for us all, and many pleaſing hours that I truſt we ſhall yet ſpend together."—"Excellent Miſs Rivers!" ſaid Mr. Evans, "I admire the grace and beauty of your ſentiments more than of your perſon; and I beſeech the Almighty, who has promiſed length of days to thoſe who honour their father and their mother, that he will be graciouſly pleaſed to make good that promiſe to you; extending your days to the longeſt period of human exiſtence, and making them as happy and as proſperous as long. For us, we ſhall rejoice in every good that can befall you; we truſt you will not deny us the pleaſure to hear often from you; and, whether we ever meet again, or this is the laſt time we are to have that happineſs, we ſhall never ceaſe to pray for your proſperity, and to think of you with the tendereſt affection and moſt profound reſpect."

Mrs. Evans joined in all theſe ſentiments of her huſband, and poor Ned looked a great deal more than he expreſſed. The carriage being at laſt ready, Mr. Evans conducted her to it, while Ned mounted his horſe to ſee her ſafe over the ferry. As ſhe was ſtepping into the chaiſe, ſhe put five guineas into Mr. Evans's hand, requeſting him to diſtribute it to ſuch poor people in his neighbourhood as he knew

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ſtood moſt in need of it; and, waving her hand to Mrs. Evans in a laſt and tender adieu, ſhe drove off.

Ned rode by the ſide of the chaiſe; and the day being fine, he pointed out to her the many beautiful objects with which that road abounds; and Lady Cecilia, wiſhing to cheer his ſpirits, which ſhe ſoon diſcerned were ebbed into his heart, endeavoured to give their converſation a lively turn, and talked of what ſhe would do when ſhe next viſited Wales. It this manner did they paſs the time till they came to Bangor Ferry, when a new chaiſe being to be got at the other ſide, Ned went over in the boat with her to ſee her ſafe in it, and that ſhe might have no trouble with her trunks or her poſtillions. The chaiſe was ſoon got, and the trying moment was juſt arrived when the faithful and affectionate Edward was to take his laſt adieu—when his heart was to be robbed of its beloved inhabitant, the deſire of his eyes to be withdrawn from his view; never, perhaps never to behold her more!

He bore this trial, however, as became a man—as one who knew how to feel, but who would not be overwhelmed. He conducted his adored Cecilia to the carriage, and, taking her hand (which ſhe did not withdraw,) two tender tears dropped on it as he placed her in her ſeat. Theſe he reſpectfully kiſſed off;—and as he ſtood leaning on the door, two others, which appeared in his eyes, fell on a white handkerchief which he then held in his hand. Her ladyſhip, who beheld his ſincere and ſilent ſorrow not without viſible emotion, was obliged, for the firſt time, to put her handkerchief alſo to her eyes—" Come," ſaid ſhe, " generous Edward!" as ſhe removed it, " I ſee the tenderneſs of your heart, and I reſpect

reſpect it. Give me that handkerchief, and take you mine; they are embalmed with the tears of friendſhip, and ought not to be put to any vulgar uſe." "O beloved Cecilia!" replied he, "how gracious is this gift! Yes, I will retain it as a ſacred treaſure—and when you ſee the two initials of my name, O remember your hapleſs Edward, and pray that I may be enabled to obey your laſt commands." The horſes now moved—the friends were ſeparated. She waved her hand from the window, and the forlorn Edward remained fixed till the turning of the road withdrew the carriage from his view. When he could no longer ſee it, he ſtill continued to liſten to its leſſening ſound, till the dying rumbling of the wheels was heard no more. At length he awoke from his trance. He repaſſed the ferry alone; and, mounting his horſe at Jackſon's, returned with ſlow and ſorrowing ſteps to his father's.

CHAP. XIII.

IT was almoſt dark by the time he got home. His firſt care was to put up his horſe in the ſtable, and to ſet before him a good feed of oats and a rack full of the beſt hay: for, though poor Ned himſelf had not taſted a morſel ſince the morning, nor did even feel the leaſt appetite, yet he very humanely conſidered that honeſt Blackbird, ſtrong as the friendſhip was between them, might not perhaps ſympathize with him in all his feelings. He did not, however, on that account, follow the example of too many, who, when unhappy themſelves, wiſh to make every one connected with them unhappy alſo; but he followed the natural bent of his inclination, which was to impart pleaſure to the utmoſt of his power to every being around him, rational or irrational; and he juſtly thought, that if the divine Being had condeſcended to order that the ox which treadeth out the corn ſhould not be muzzled, but ſhould have his ſhare of the corn for his wages, ſo it became him to provide a comfortable meal and lodging for the faithful beaſt who had carried him without ſtumbling for twenty miles. And indeed it were to be wiſhed that thoſe who call themſelves good-natured people, would endeavour to manifeſt that amiable quality in all their actions; for I have often ſeen inſtances where thoſe who were eſteemed the beſt-natured people in the world by their ſuperiors, were held in a very different

different light by their domeſtics—and he who was the delight of a whole company at a tavern, go home to be the terror of his wife and children. True good nature is the moſt exalted virtue of the ſoul. This is that virtue which St. Paul calls charity, and which, to be genuine, muſt be as extenſive as creation. It muſt not confine its feelings to its friends and benefactors, nor even to its ſpecies. It muſt deſire the happineſs of univerſal nature; as far as is in its power it muſt promote it; and it muſt not behold without commiſeration the ſufferings of the meaneſt worm. With this virtue was our Ned poſſeſſed, as much as ever it was poſſeſſed by any human being; and now having ſeen all things right in the ſtable, he went into the houſe to his father.

The good old man he found cheering himſelf with a pipe and a mug of ale, while Mrs. Evans was preparing to make tea for herſelf and Miſs Watkin, who had come to ſpend the evening with her, and to conſole her friends for the abſence of their late gueſt. And in truth this act of friendſhip was not unneceſſary; for if one uſually finds a want after parting with a common acquaintance, after having been any time together, much more did Evans and his wife regret the loſs of Lady Cecilia, whom they truly loved as if ſhe was their own daughter. The whole of the converſation turned upon her many virtues and engaging qualities, and the women would give ſcope to fanciful hopes of profit and advantage that might ariſe from her acquaintance. But theſe Mr. Evans checked, declaring that he deſired no profits or advantages further than the conſciouſneſs of having done his duty, and the pleaſure it give him to think he had been of any uſe to her; but as for any change in his worldly ſituation, he did not know that it could be changed

ed for the better, at leaſt not for any in which he could be more contended, "Well—but, my dear," ſaid Mrs Evans, "who knows but Miſs's father may be ſome great man, as indeed I am convinced from her appearance that he is?—and who knows but he may get you a living, or perhaps make you an Iriſh biſhop?" Evans looked at her with an eye of pity, not wholly free from contempt. "My dear," ſaid he, "I would adviſe you not to feed your fancy with ſuch romantic and abſured expectations, which will never produce any thing but diſappointment. My head does not ach for a mitre, which I am convinced would neither become it ſo well, nor ſit ſo eaſy upon it as the worſted night-cap you were ſo good as to knit for me laſt week. Miſs Rivers's father may, for aught I know, be a great man: but you know nothing of the great, if you think they are diſpoſed to give magnificient rewards for ſmall obligations; they rate the value of their favours at full as much as they are worth, and indeed ſeldom beſtow any thing for nothing except promiſes."

Ned ſat for the moſt part ſilent, wholly wrapped up in the contemplation of Ceillia herſelf, and altogether indifferent to the titles and mitres either of her father or his own. He longed for the hour of reſt, which was to free him from the embarraſſment of company; when he might indulge his thoughts without witneſſes or interruption---could claſp the ſacred ringlet to his boſom, and feed upon that fatal flame which delighted while it conſumed him.

Several days now paſſed over without any remarkable occurrence happening, except that both Mr. and Mrs. Evans were alarmed at the viſible change in Ned's diſpoſition. He was no longer the gay, the eaſy, cheerful laid, with joy

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laughing in his eyes, and health beaming on his cheek. He no longer roſe with the ſun to help his father in the garden, or follow the hounds with his favourite companions. He ſometimes rode out indeed, but it was always alone; and once or twice he was abſent from morning till night without any perſon's knowing where he had been. In company he appeared dull and inattentive, and at all times ſeemed immerſed in ſome profound contemplation. As his colour began viſibly to fade, and his fleſh to waſte, both Mr. and Mrs. Evans were greatly alarmed and not without reaſon, apprehending that he was going faſt into a decline. This, however, ſeemed ſo oppoſite to his conſtitution, that they could hardly imagine it; and the pious Evans began to fear that he might have ſome ſecret complaint which he was afraid to own, but which required the aid of phyſic. He determined therefore to watch him cloſe, and, if he found any confirmation of this ſuſpicion, to apply immediately to Doctor Jones. He thought unworthily, however of his boy, and had the great ſatisfaction to be ſoon convinced that he did ſo; for, going one morning into Ned's room when he was out riding, he there found his eſcritoir open, which he had forgot to lock; and as ſeveral papers were lying on it, he could not reſiſt a father's curioſity (which perhaps in his caſe was fully juſtifiable) to examine them.

Here were found ſeveral little landſcapes of places in the neighbourhood, ſome of them only ſketched, and ſome nearly finiſhed, in all of which were introduced two figures either riding or ſitting, which Mr. Evans imagined bore ſome reſemblance to the forms of Lady Cecilia and his ſon There were ſome attempts to take a likeneſs of her features; but theſe were very imper-

fect,

fect, though sufficiently like to indicate for whom they were designed. In one corner lay the sacred ringlet, carefully deposited in a small wafer box, and on a loose bit of paper were written the following unfinished lines:

Why sinks my soul beneath this leaden gloom?
What woe is this that steals my youth away?
Why wish I for thy cold embrace, my tomb,
Ere twenty suns have seen my natal day?

No youth whose gentle heart with mine was twin'd
In friendship's holy bond, hath prov'd untrue:
Nor to the grave has cruel death consign'd
One kindred name whose loss I need to rue.

No foul dishonour stains my youthful fame,
No secret guilt appalls my conscious soul;
I never ting'd my parent's cheeks with shame,
Nor wish'd to wander from their just controul.

Why sink I then beneath this leaden gloom?
What woe is this that steals my youth away?
O love! O cruel love! you write my doom,
You sign my death—and I, content, obey.

But if the angel maid for whom I die,
Who heard my vows, and yet ———

When Mr. Evans had read these lines, he was no longer at a loss to know the true cause of Ned's distemper; and great was his satisfaction to find his suspicions had been unjust, and that there was not the least reason to be apprehensive of his going into a decline. His being in love gave him no manner of uneasiness, as he thought it nothing but what was natural to his age and constitution, especially as the object of his affections was so supremely amiable. He saw indeed the folly of his passion, and the great improbability of its ever being gratified; but he could not condemn it: he therefore determined to treat it with jocularity,

jocularity, and to find out ſome employment for Ned that ſhould wean him from it by degrees.—As for the eſcritoir, he left it juſt as he found it, and haſtened to impart his diſcovery to his wife. That good woman was rejoiced to find it was nothing but love, which ſhe conſidered in the ſame light as a fit of the gripes, and almoſt as eaſy to be cured:—but it muſt be remembered that ſhe was fifty-ſix years of age, and that it is much to be doubted whether ſhe was ever poſſeſſed of the tender and exquiſite ſenſibility of the gentle and refined Edward.

A little before dinner he came home, and, going into his room was aſtoniſhed to ſee his eſcritoir open. When he ſaw, however, the key in it, and all his papers juſt as he had left them, he was ſatisfied that nobody had ſeen them; and, haſtily locking them up, he made a ſecret vow never to be ſo careleſs again.

At dinner he could hardly eat any thing, tho' he had taken a long ride, and though Mrs. Evans had provided ſomething that ſhe knew he liked. However, ſhe did not urge him; but when the cloth was removed Mr. Evans propoſed drinking one of the bottles of wine, which had been left by Lady Cecilia, to her health, and to the hopes of ſpeedily hearing ſome good account of her. Ned's eyes brightened a little at this propoſal; and the wine being brought, he turned over a full bumper to the toaſt, ſeemingly with great ſatisfaction. "Hah, hah! young man," ſaid Mr. Evans, "I ſee what ſauce it is that whets your appetite. Had it been the cuſtom to eat healths, as well as drink them, I fancy the hare we had to-day would not have gone away ſo whole." Ned was going to ſay ſomething in reply, when the old man interrupted him——— "Come, come," ſaid he, "I hate theſe leaden glooms;

glooms; 'tis time enough for an old fellow like me to be longing for the tomb. Youth is the ſeaſon of joy, and we ſhould never give up any of it to ſorrow, for which we ſhall find abundant leiſure afterwards. So come, my boy, drink another bumper to 'May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts!'

Poor Ned's face was now one univerſal glow of crimſon—he plainly ſaw his ſecret was diſcovered, and that his father had ſeen the verſes, and the hair, and all the reſt of it. He pledged the toaſt, however, which he drank with no leſs ſatisfaction than the firſt. And Mr. Evans, continuing his vein of humour, he at length brought Ned almoſt into the ſame tune, and they finiſhed their bottle very cordially between them. His ſpirits being ſomewhat raiſed by the wine, and his heart warmed by the engaging openneſs with which his father treated him, he diſcloſed to him his whole ſoul—related all the progreſs of his love, the adventure of the cave, the attainment of the lock of hair, the exchange of the handkerchiefs, and all the hopes and fears which were preying alternately on his mind.

Happy ſon! who, when the ſorrows of your heart required the comfort of a friend, whoſe wiſdom could adviſe, and whoſe gentleneſs could ſoothe—found that friend in a father!

Happy father! who uniting the candour and openneſs of youth to the wiſdom and experience of age, who ſeeking a friend to form to virtue, and to be the honour and the comfort of your declining years, found that friend in a ſon!

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

NED having thus unbosomed himself to his father, found an infinite load of anxiety moved from his breast, and a secret spring of comfort began to rise in his soul, that seemed to promise the return of peace, though he knew not from what quarter she was to come. Sleep too, who like a false friend had forsaken him the moment he was in adversity, was pleased this night to revisit him, and sealed his eyelids in such profound repose as steeped all his senses in forgetfulness.—Not so the worthy curate, who, notwithstanding the pleasantry with which he treated Ned's passion to himself, was yet sincerely alarmed for its consequences. He knew the irresistible fury with which love blazes in some bosoms, and he more than suspected that Ned's was stored with whatever is supposed to add fuel to that flame.

When therefore he considered the innumerable beauties both of mind and body which centred in Lady Cecilia, he did not wonder at his son's attachment, nor doubt but that it would be lasting; but when he reflected on his humble fortune, and the probable situation of the lady, he trembled for the unhappy youth, and saw nothing before him but sorrow and disappointment. He determined therefore, the very next morning, to set his danger full in his view; and as he wisely considered that idleness was the food of love, so he determined, without longer de-

lay,

lay, to engage Ned in ſome active buſineſs, that ſhould engroſs both his time and his attention. But here was the difficulty—what that buſineſs was to be, was the great queſtion, and really it was a queſtion that could not eaſily be determined—Not that it was at all difficult to find out what Ned was fit for; for there was nothing ſo great but what he had both capacity and induſtry to attain—but, alas! the means were wanting,—for who can attain any thing now-a-days without money? and where could our poor curate procure it, with a family and an income of only forty pounds a year! And yet, out of this pittance, he had the prudence always to have a whole year's income lying by him, in caſe of any ſudden emergency, and he had the great and ſingular felicity not to owe a ſhilling in the world.

Theſe advantages however could avail but little in procuring for Ned any reputable employment; and neither his ſpirit nor his education could brook a ſituation, however profitable, that ſhould throw him out of the rank in which he had always lived. He had now juſt completed his nineteenth year, and under the tuition of his father, who was an excellent ſcholar, had attained as great a ſtock both of claſſical and ſcientifical knowledge as any young man of his years could do in any ſituation whatſoever. It was the deſign of Mr. Evans to ſend him to the univerſity if poſſible—and to educate him for his own profeſſion—but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances would not allow it. And why he ſhould think of the church, in which he himſelf, and even his father before him, had ſuch ill ſucceſs, can only be accounted for from the extreme reverence in which he held every thing belonging to religion, and that both his father's

experience

experience and his own had convinced him that it is poſſible to be happy in the humbleſt ſituation which the church affords—for old Mr. Evans had lived a contented curate to the eighty-fifth year of his age, and now he himſelf was approaching the ſixtieth of his, without ever being able to get a ſtep higher, though poſſeſſed of virtues and abilities to adorn the higheſt. But here let us not blame too haſtily the right reverend prelates, to whom the care of the church is entruſted.

Their lordſhips conſider chriſtianity as a glorious edifice, of which they for a time have the care, and which it is their duty to tranſmit to poſterity in all its ſtrength and beauty. Men therefore of conſummate virtue and abilities, they rightly eſteem its ſtrongeſt ſupport, which, like foundation ſtones, ſhould always be placed in the loweſt part of the building, whilſt the more ſhewy qualifications of courtly manners, ſplendid names, fine fortunes, great connections, &c. &c. reſemble the cornices and corinthian capitals, which, though entirely uſeleſs in themſelves, and unneceſſary, yet always occupy the higheſt ſtations, being well calculated to ſurpriſe the vulgar and make the people ſtare.

As the church is now ſettled in its glory (from which may it never fall!) its learned and moſt reverend biſhops, who boaſt themſelves to be the ſucceſſors of the apoſtles, have no manner of reſemblance to the ignorant and barefooted fiſhermen who went by that name in primitive times; their lordſhips therefore cannot be too much praiſed for putting into conſpicuous ſtations, thoſe whoſe qualifications reſemble their own, becauſe this prevents ſchiſm, and becauſe it was truly the apoſtolic method; whilſt thoſe who in their morals and con-

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duct imitate the manners of the firſt apoſtles, ſhould, like them, be expoſed to hunger and thirſt, to cold and nakedneſs, to faſtings and wearineſs, to journeyings often, and perils from their own countrymen.

This to be ſure is the reaſon why we ſee ſo many wiſe and virtuous characters among the loweſt order of inferior clergy, who, like the dogs in the parable, are fed with the crumbs that fall from their maſter's table; and who may think themſelves very well off that they are not, like other dogs, kicked out of the room.

Theſe anxieties and contemplations kept our venerable curate from cloſing his eyes this night. In the morning he met Ned, who, refreſhed with ſleep, to which he had been ſo long a ſtranger, and diſencumbered of a great part of the load which hung upon his ſpirits, had recovered a good deal of his uſual looks, and ſeemed quite a different man from what he had been for ſome time paſt. Mr. Evans led him into the garden, and, ſeating themſelves on that bank which the charming Cecilia had ſo often preſſed, he began ſeriouſly to unfold to Ned the probable conſequences of his paſſion if indulged, the abſolute neceſſity he was under of ſubduing it, and to conſult his inclinations on what mode of life he would purſue, that was compatible with their circumſtances and ſituation. I will not tire my readers with a repetition of the arguments and eloquence which he made uſe of, becauſe I hope that very few of them, if any at all, may be in a ſimilar ſituation to our unhappy Edward; but I will beg of them to imagine every thing that wiſdom, prudence, generoſity, friendſhip, tenderneſs, and parental affection could ſuggeſt, and then perhaps they may form ſome faint reſemblance of Evans's oratory on this occaſion,

which was not ſpoken to a dull or unliſtening ear, but which ſunk deep into the mind, and into the heart of his ſon. Ned ſaw the precipice on which he ſtood, as clearly as his father could ſhew it to him; but he ſtood in need of his ſupporting hand to ſave him from growing giddy, and tumbling headlong down. The arguments therefore of his father had with him the weight of commands, and he declared himſelf ready inſtantly to adopt any occupation which he ſhould recommend.

The next point to be conſidered was what occupation—and here indeed lay the difficulty. The church was out of the queſtion; for, even had it been agreeable to Ned, he was not yet of age to enter into it, and his diſorder required an immediate remedy. The army was his paſſion—and indeed this would have been moſt eligible,—but, alas! where were the means? The curate had no intereſt---and, what was worſe, no money. This profeſſion therefore was obliged to be relinquiſhed with a ſigh. They next turned their thoughts to Dr. Jones. Medicine was honourable, even in its inferior departments; and if it is true that apothecaries gain eleven pence halfpenny in every ſhilling's worth they ſell, the profeſſion muſt be allowed to be lucrative. But Jones had two apprentices already; and Ned confeſſed that though the buſineſs was lucrative, yet it did not charm him much; as it ſubjected the practitioner always to diſtreſſing, and often to diſguſting ſcenes; and that for his part he thought a fiddler's life much happier, at leaſt much merrier, than a phyſician's; and Ned was fond of mirth.---This profeſſion was alſo laid aſide. At length Mr. Evans recollected an old acquaintance of his, who had owed his education to his father, and who, it was ſaid, had made a large fortune by his practice as an attorney. Now, if

thofe who win may laugh, as the proverb fays, here was a profeffion in which Ned might be as merry as he pleafed ; and Mr. Evans did not make the leaft doubt but his old friend and playfellow, Mr. Muckworm, would repay the obligations which he owed to the family, by taking Ned as his apprentice without a fee, and by giving him his diet and lodging for the ufe his pen could be of to him. As Ned made no objection to this fcheme, Mr. Evans declared he would fet about it that very day, and go and vifit his old friend, whom he had not feen for forty years.---He anticipated the joy with which he fhould renew his acquaintance with the companion of his childhood---the pleafure with which they fhould talk over their boyifh days--- and the fupreme delight which it muft give to Muckworm thus to repay the great obligations which he owed to the family of Evans.

CHAP. XV.

MR. Josiah Muckworm, the gentleman to whose house Mr. Evans was now going, was the son of Mr. Jeremiah Muckworm, who for forty years had served the office of parish clerk, in the church where Mr. Evans's father was curate. His salary as clerk was about five pounds a year, which never could have maintained his family if he had not also kept a little day school, where children were taught their catechism, and to read and write, for half a-crown a quarter, which brought him in as much more, kept body and soul together, and put a decent suit of clothes on his back on Sunday; on which he always got his dinner at old Mr. Evans's after he and his wife had done, and little Josiah used to come often to get a piece of pudding and play with our worthy curate, who was then a boy much about his own age. As Josiah was a shrewd-looking boy, and behaved with great decency and humility, Old Mr. Evans was well pleased to have him for a companion to his son; and when the latter was old enough to begin Latin, he thought it would be a good action to give the other some education, of which he seemed extremely susceptible; and that it might be of advantage to his son to have him for a competitor, from that time he took him home to his own house, and treated him in every respect like his own son. The two boys ate together, read to-

gether, and ſlept together, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Evans made any difference between them; or, if they did, it ſeemed in favour of Muckworm, who was of a puny and timid diſpoſition, but extremely ſhrewd and cunning, and ſo humble and ſubmiſſive that he would clean any body's ſhoes for a halfpenny—whilſt, on the contrary, young Evans was a ſturdy boy, full of life and ſpirit, and would have knocked any perſon down, or at leaſt attempted it, who ſhould propoſe ſuch an office to him. He was alſo full of generoſity and good nature; a remarkable inſtance of which he gave even at thoſe tender years.

There was a little garden at the back of his father's houſe, and in that garden a ſtandard apple tree of an excellent kind, and a very great bearer. There happened to be a great ſcarcity of fruit one year, and apples were very dear; but on this tree there was a tolerable crop, and old Evans intended to ſell the fruit of it, which in that year would have been worth ſomething, and to have laid out the produce in a new gown for his wife, and a new ſuit of clothes for little Evans---but, alas! juſt as they were ripening, they were all carried off in one night, and ſold nobody knows where. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were very much mortified at it, and the old gentleman was determined to find out the thief. He was indeed nearer home than he expected; for it was no other than little Muckworm himſelf, who could not reſiſt the temptation of the price they would fetch, and who, in conjunction with another imp in the pariſh, who had the charge of ſelling them in a neighbouring town, ſtripped them all off one night after the family was gone to bed, and whilſt little Evan, his bed-fellow, was faſt aſleep. As Mr. Evans, however continued

tinued his ſearch, Muckworm began to be terribly frightened, and, relying on the goodneſs and love which he knew young Evan had for him, he conſeſſed it all to him, and ſaid he would run away, for he was ſure his father would whip him to death when it was found out. Poor little Evan, who could not bear to part with his playfellow, whom he loved much better than he deſerved, bade him ſtay and not be afraid, and that he would take the blame on himſelf.

The next day finding his father ſtill buſy in his enquiries, and determined to ſift the matter, he went to his mother, and, falling on his knees, told her that he had ſtolen the apples himſelf with an intent to ſell them, and had hid them for that purpoſe, but that ſomebody elſe had ſmelled them where they lay together, and that he had loſt them all except a few that he had eaten. Mrs. Evans was very much ſurpriſed at this confeſſion, and gave him a long lecture upon honeſty; and his father was ſo inconſiderate as to give him a good whipping, which he received, however, without flinching, horſed upon the back of Muckworm, who laughed in himſelf at the ſucceſs of his cunning, and had afterwards the meanneſs to boaſt of it.

The two lads lived on together till old Mr. Evans died, when a diſtant relation had the goodneſs to finiſh young Evans's education at the college, and Muckworm got to be clerk to an attorney of eminence, under whom he profited ſo much as to ſucceed him in his buſineſs; by an indefatigable attention to which, joined to a great appearance of ſanctity, and a moſt rigid œconomy, he in a ſhort time amaſſed a conſiderable ſum. He then turned methodiſt, a religion which he found extremely well

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ſuited to his diſpoſition, as it conſiders all good works to be like filthy rags, and the pureſt virtue to be nothing but ſplendid ſin, unpleaſing to God, by whom faith only is accepted. As he now became rich, and held all good works in abhorrence, he became a ſaint with that party, which recommended him to a vaſt increaſe of buſineſs, and to ſeveral executorſhips, by which his coffers ſoon became full. He was now the univerſal banker of the county, and, by timely loans, on good ſecurity, with a ſmall premium, &c. &c. he was at this time one of the richeſt men in it. As it was a matter of twenty miles from his houſe to that of Mr. Evans, and their line of life was ſo different, they had never ſeen one another from their firſt ſeparation; Mr. Evans not having any eſtate to give a mortgage on, and Mr. Muckworm being ſo immerſed in buſineſs that he had not a ſingle moment to beſtow on any other conſideration.

As he approached the houſe he was ſtruck with the lonelineſs of the ſituation, and a want of neatneſs in the fences, gates, and offices, which gave it a look of poverty and ruin, rather than the dwelling of a man of opulence. Being arrived at the outer gate, a huge and hungry maſtiff attacked the horſe, who would certainly have thrown Mr. Evans, if a country fellow who was in the yard had not come to his aſſiſtance, and driven the dog away. He then aſked if Mr. Muckworm was at home? and the man ſaid he would go and ſee.

Evans waited near a quarter of an hour with his horſe in his hand before the man came back, when telling him he was, he took the horſe, and led him away to the ſtable. A boy with a ragged livery conducted Mr. Evans to his maſter's room. The room was of a moderate ſize,

but

but ſo crowded with book-caſes, deſks, and a large writing table, that there was but little room to ſtir in it. The duſt lay ſo thick on the books as made it evident it was never ſwept; and the windows being ſecured both within and without with iron bars, gave it more the air of a priſon than a parlour. Muckworm was ſitting in an arm chair, dreſſed in an old brown damaſk nightgown, much the worſe for the wear, and which ſeemed to be of the ſame piece with the covering of the elbow chair; he had a night-cap of the ſame on his head, with a linen one under it; while his wig, with long grey curls, was ſuſpended on a fire ſcreen in the corner. He had his ſpectacles on, and a pen in his mouth; in one hand was a pair of money ſcales, and on the table was a large green velvet bag, which ſeemed almoſt full of guineas, ſeveral piles of which, that he had been weighing, were ſtanding round it. When Mr. Evans entered the room, Muckworm made a ſlight inclination of his head; and the good curate going to ſhake hands with him, Muckworm begged him to ſit down, for he was in the midſt of an important calculation, which when he had finiſhed he would hear his buſineſs.

Evans was a little diſappointed at this reception; but concluding, as was indeed true, that Muckworm did not know him, he was not much diſconcerted. The other continued counting and weighing and piling up light guineas, which he ſeparated from thoſe that were weight, for near a quarter of an hour without ſpeaking a word, or even once raiſing his eyes, while Evans ſurveyed him with a mixture of pity, aſtoniſhment, and contempt. He ſaw with pity the alteration which time had made on that countenance, which in their boyiſh days he had

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ſo often beheld with tranſport. He ſaw with aſtoniſhment how much deeper the furrows of care were impreſſed upon his features, than thoſe of time; and he could not behold without contempt, a wretch waſted by avarice to a ſhadow, and graſping in his feeble hands that gold which he never had ſpirit to enjoy, and which his wan and meagre aſpect ſeemed to threaten that he ſoon muſt leave. At length Muckworm pulled off his ſpectacles; and wiping his pen, which he carefully laid by, he aſked Mr. Evans what were his commands with him?" "Is it poſſible Mr. Muckworm," ſaid Mr. Evans, "that you ſhould forget your old friend?" —"I proteſt, Sir," ſaid Muckworm, "you have the advantage of me, and I do not recollect ever ſeeing you before." "Did you ever know any one of the name of Evans?" ſaid the curate. "Evans!" replied Muckworm, "I know Sir Hugh Evans of Montgomeryſhire, and Capt. Evans of the navy, his nephew." "I thought in the earlier part of your life," ſaid the parſon, "there were ſome others of the name to whom you owed ſome obligation." "Obligation!" ſaid Muckworm, "what obligation? I remember indeed one Evans, an old man, who was curate of the pariſh where I was born: I believe he might have chriſtened me, if that is an obligation; but he died before I was of age to enter into any legal obligation."—"Alas! Mr. Muckworm," ſaid Evans, "I find I have miſtaken you. I have ſeen the days when you thought otherwiſe of my father, and when you conſidered me as the deareſt friend you had." "Why, Sir, is your name Evans?" rejoined Muckworm. "Yes, Sir," ſaid the other; "my name is Evan Evans, whom in the days of innocence and childhood you knew well; though now you ſeem to have

forgotten

forgotten me." "Really, Mr. Evans," replied Muckworm, "it is ſo long ſince I have ſeen you, I think near forty years, that it is no wonder that I had forgotten you---But how has the world gone with you, Mr. Evans? Have the biſhops been as mindful of you as of your father?" "I have no reaſon to complain of the world," ſaid Mr. Evans, "and I hope it has none to complam of me. I enjoy what is to me a competence, with health and a quiet conſcience, without obligations to biſhops, or indeed to any except him that made me." "I am glad to hear you are ſo independent," replied Muckworm; "I ſuppoſe then, by this unexpected viſit, you have a purchaſe to make, or ſome money to lend on a good mortgage---is it ſo?" "I am neither a money-lender nor a money-borrower," replied Evans. "You are then a moſt extraordinary character," ſaid Muckworm; "for I have hardly ſeen a face theſe twenty years at my houſe that did not come to borrow---Why now I am juſt making up a ſum of 5000l. to lend to Sir Thomas Spendall my neighbour here; who with an eſtate of 10,000l. a year is always in want of caſh: this is the fourth ſum to the ſame amount I have lent him within theſe ſix months." "Bleſs me! ſaid Evans, "20,000l. in ſix months! And have you ſuch prodigious ſums by you as that, Mr. Muckworm?" "Why yes, Mr. Evans, I thank God, Heaven has proſpered my induſtry. Whoever, comes after me will find I did not hide my talent in a napkin." "No, I dare ſay," replied Mr. Evans; "I fancy you have made good intereſt on it." "Pretty well, pretty well; the Lord has been favourable to me---he entruſted me with a little, and I have doubled it a hundred fold. Between you and me, if I live a few years longer, I ſhall have all Sir Thomas's eſtate: he has not been five years

in poſſeſſion of it, and he has ſpent above 100,000l. Oh! if his father ſaw how his ſavings melted away, it would make him feſter in his ſhrowd." "Pray," ſaid Mr. Evans, "how does Sir Thomas ſpend theſe monſtrous ſums? I have not the pleaſure to know him, but I have always heard he had a moſt excellent character, and his tenants ſay he is the beſt landlord in the world." "Ay, they ſay---because they eat his beef, and guzzle his ale; but I ſay he is the worſt of landlords, for he does nothing but encourage idleneſs and profligacy. His houſe is a palace where the great are entertained like princes, and his ſervants' hall a rendezvous where all the beggars in the country, and their brats, may fill their bellies every day; and he is ſuch a fool, that if they tell him of their wants and their diſtreſſes, he will give them his money into the bargain; nay, he will part with the clothes off his back. Why there was one of his tenants died laſt year above 300l. in his debt. He was in poſſeſſion of a good farm, that was worth a great deal more than he gave for it; and I myſelf offered fifty pounds a year advance, in order to let it to another for double that ſum; when (would you think it?) Sir Thomas would not hear of it, becauſe forſooth the man's widow had been his nurſe's daughter, and ſhe had five children to provide for; and ſo the fool not only continued her in the farm, but alſo forgave her the debt. Such a man, Mr. Evans, will always be in want of money." "God forbid," ſaid Evans; "'tis a great pity he ſhould want it."---"I'll tell you another exploit of his," ſaid Muckworm. "You muſt know he has lately erected a temple to the devil."---"God bleſs us!" interrupted Evans, "a temple to the devil! I never heard of ſuch a thing in a chriſtian country." "Hav'n't you?" ſaid Muckworm: "There is not a town in England

ſcarce

ſcarce but has one." "What do you mean?" ſaid Evans: "I never heard the like before." "Why I mean a play-houſe," ſaid Muckworm; "a private theatre, in imitation of thoſe vile temples of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane; where he and his company act ſtage-plays, and all manner of wickedneſs and profaneneſs; and where he has even muſic upon the Lord's day. But now for the exploit.—You muſt know Sir Thomas is a great lover of muſic; and ſome time ago he got one of thoſe Italian fellows from London, one Squallini, to come down to live with him, and to ſing upon his theatre; and he had given him a deed for an annuity of no leſs a ſum than 500l. a year for his life." "A great ſum indeed," ſaid Mr. Evans, "for a few ſongs!" "Nay, but you ſhall hear," ſaid Muckworm; "he did not get the ſongs neither. When he came down to the country, Signor Squallini came with him; and a vaſt deal of company, as uſual, came to pay their compliments, and to hear this famous Italian ſing. After ſupper Sir Thomas aſked Squallini to favour the company with a ſong. Squallini ſaid he was hoarſe, and could not ſing; but being preſſed hard, he ſaid to Sir Thomas—'What, Sir Thomas, do you think me come here to be de buffoon?—Me ſing for you, Sir Thomas, when alone; and me vil ſing upon your theatre: but me vil not be made de buffoon for any company in Europe.' In ſhort, nothing could prevail on him to ſing. The company, who knew the ſalary he had, were amazed. Sir Thomas was ſo chagrined, that in a few days he turned Squallini out of his houſe; but he could not reverſe his deed. The fellow came to me—I gave him 1000l. for it; and Sir Thomas muſt pay me 500l. a year as long as Squallini lives." "And can you think it honourable," ſaid Evans, "to be

concerned

concerned in ſuch an affair ?" "Why not ?" replied Muckworm : "I look upon every thing to be honourable that is lawful." "All things that are lawful, however," ſaid Evans, "are not expedient; and I ſhould have thought it more honourable, if the Italian would ſell his annuity, to have let the poor gentleman who gave it to him have had the advantage of it." "You think very differently from me," replied Muckworm ; "and ſince you have quoted the great apoſtle, I muſt alſo tell you that he ſays, 'He who doth not provide for his own is worſe than an infidel ;' in which great truth I fully agree with him. And now, Mr. Evans, give me leave to aſk if you have any particular buſineſs with me ?"

Evans, who was long ere this, completely diſguſted and diſappointed, replied, "Not every particular. I thought indeed it might have been agreeable to you to meet on old friend whom you had not ſeen for forty years ; and if it had been ſo, I propoſed conſulting you about putting my ſon to your buſineſs, who is an exceeding good young man, and has now juſt completed his nineteenth year." "That's rather too old, rather too old," ſaid Muckworm : "pray what education has your ſon got, Mr. Evans ?" "He has got the beſt that I could give him," replied our curate. "He is well grounded in Greek and Latin, an excellent Engliſh ſcholar; can read Homer and Virgil ad unguem, and is well verſed in hiſtory both ancient and modern." "A fig for Homer and Virgil," ſaid Muckworm, "and all ſuch heatheniſh nonſenſe ; they fill a man's head with romantic notions about virtue, and honour, and heroiſm, and ſtuff, which ſerves no purpoſe but to mar his fortune." "What !" ſaid Mr. Evans, "are virtue and honour only names, and is there any thing on earth

earth of equal value?" "I tell you," ſaid Muckworm, "I would not give my old ſhoe for all the virtue and honour upon earth. Theſe are inventions of the devil to diſparage the only virtue, which is faith. All human actions are ſinful, and whoever relies on good works relies on the rubbiſh. Your poets, therefore, and your hiſtorians, your orators and your philoſophers, are all agents of the devil, and enemies to Chriſt. For my part, I would burn all their books together, with thoſe that wrote them, and ſuffer no books to remain but law-books and the goſpel. If I had had the training of your boy myſelf," ſaid Muckworm, "perhaps I might have made ſomething of him; but as it is, I can be of no ſort of ſervice to you." "God be praiſed you had not," ſaid Evans; and ſo riſing up to go away, Mr. Muckworm pulled the bell, and the ragged livery boy, whom we mentioned before, appearing, he deſired him to get Mr. Evans's horſe. The honeſt curate haſtily mounted him, and turned his back for ever on Muckworm and his inhoſpitable doors.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

IT was near two o'clock in the afternoon, in the middle of December, when Mr. Evans left Mr. Muckworm's. He had rode thither twenty miles from his own houſe that morning, and the hoſpitality of Muckworm, had not, as we have ſeen, offered him the refreſhment even of a glaſs of wine. And poor Blackbird had fared no better; for though he was admitted into what they called the ſtable, yet for any good he got there he might as well have been in a pound. He had not carried his maſter above five miles in his way home, when the night began to approach, and, what was worſe, it brought with it a violent tempeſt of wind and ſleet. Poor Evans, who had not taſted a morſel ſince he left home, began to droop under the uneaſy ſenſations both of cold and hunger. He was a ſtranger in that part of the country, and long looked out for ſome friendly roof, that might at leaſt afford him ſhelter; but nothing appeared before him but a waſte and dreary common.—At length, as it was growing almoſt quite dark, he eſpied a light which ſeemed to glimmer through the window of ſome little cottage; and honeſt Blackbird making an effort to go down the lane which led to it, the worthy curate took his advice, and in a few minutes arrived at a human dwelling.—Though it was but

a cottage, and that too of the meaneſt kind, yet the finding it was now a comfort; and Evans gently tapping at the door, it was opened by an old woman ſeemingly about ſixty years of age. "Honeſt woman," ſaid Evans, "can you give ſhelter to a poor benighted old man, who will heartily thank you for the liberty of your roof and fire?" "Yes, name of God, can I," ſaid the old woman, "and a thouſand welcomes; and to your horſe too --Johnny, come here, boy, and take the gentleman's horſe, and put him up beſide the cow, and give him a lock of hay." "God bleſs you, my good woman!" ſaid Evans, "and you too, my pretty boy!" ſaid he to the child, who was about ten years old. "I do not know what I ſhould have done if I had not met with you." "The night is parlous cold," ſaid the dame; "but walk in, ſir, and warm yourſelf at the fire: the cottage is ſmall, but it is clean, and you are kindly welcome to all it can afford."---Evans gladly accepted this friendly invitation, and, walking in, found a clear fire on a clean hearth; and ſitting down in a ſtraw chair which was at hand, he felt himſelf a thouſand times more confortable than he could have been in the beſt room in Muckworm's houſe. The good woman, who now ſaw by his dreſs that he was a clergyman, redoubled her attention; for notwithſtanding the poverty of the Welch clergy, which is known even to a proverb, yet there is no country in which the miniſterial character meets more reſpect. "Lord bleſs your reverence," ſaid ſhe, "what brings you out ſuch an evening as this, and where have you dined?"— "Indeed, my good woman," ſaid Evans, "I have hardly taſted food to-day." "Name of God," ſaid ſhe, "not taſted food!—I'ſe warrant you've been at Mr. Muckworm's" "You have juſt hit it,"

ſaid

ſaid Evans, "I have come from there indeed." "Aye, name of God! I thought ſo: he's a parlous rich man, but he would ſkin a louſe for the hide. Well, God forgive him! but if it had not been for him, I need not have been here to-day." "Why, did he ever injure you?" ſaid Evans. "No, name of God, I muſt not ſay that---he ſought but his own, to be ſure; though it killed my poor huſband, and brought me to ruin." "How is that, my poor woman?" ſaid Evans; "how is that?" "I'll tell your reverence all by and by," ſaid the good woman; "but firſt I will get you ſomething to eat, for I am ſure you ſtand in need of it."

She now ſpread a clean napkin on a little table, and, putting a ſaucepan on the fire, boiled half a dozen new-laid eggs. She laid down ſome butter and cheeſe of her own make, which with new-churned butter-milk, and ſome freſh oaten bread, afforded Evans the moſt delicious repaſt he had ever made;---not that the materials where better than what he had been accuſtomed to at home, but her generous hoſpitality, contraſted with the churliſhneſs of Muckworm, touched his heart, and gave an inconceivable reliſh to his entertainment. Often did he wiſh for the power of Elijah, that her meaſure of corn ſhould not waſte, nor her cruſe of oil be diminiſhed. When he had finiſhed his comfortable, meal, and given thanks firſt to his Maker, and then to his entertainer, hebegged of the good woman to ſit down, and gratify the curioſity ſhe had excited.

"Alas, ſir!" ſaid ſhe, "my ſtory is very ſimple, and your reverence will hardly think it worth the hearing; yet for want of better I will tell it you, to amuſe you till you go to ſleep. My maiden name was Jane Williams, and my father was a farmer in Den-

Denbighſhire; he was well to live, and was ſaid to have plenty of money beſide his ſtock. But it was my misfortune to diſoblige him, by marrying without his conſent. There was a young man came to live with him whoſe name was Edward Maurice; as handſome a lad to look to, as you would ſee in a ſummer's day—well, reſt his ſoul! —I truſt he is with God.

"This lad was not long at the houſe before he eyed me with particular regard—and to ſay the truth, I looked on him with equal affection; but as the poor lad had nothing but his labour to depend on, I knew my father and mother would never conſent to our being married: we therefore determined not to aſk them; but going once together to a fair, we took advantage of that opportunity, and were married for half a crown by a gentleman who was preaching in a field to a great congregation. Well, we kept all ſecret for ſome time, till at length it became neceſſary to tell it, or a little one would do it for us; and then my parents were ſo enraged, that they turned us both out of doors, and gave me nothing but the clothes on my back; nor would they ever afterwards be reconciled. My poor Edward however did not make the worſe huſband for that, but carried me to another part of the country, to his mother, who received me kindly; and there I lay in, and lived ſome years as happy as the day was long. At laſt the good old woman died, and then my huſband, who by his induſtry had ſcraped together a little matter of money, reſolved to take a farm himſelf. We rented one of about 20l. a year from the late Lord Squanderfield, and for three-and-twenty years that we were his lordſhip's tenants, we did very well, and always paid our rent. I had ſeveral children in that time; but none of them grew to be men, except my oldeſt

ſon—

ſon—and alas! he too is now gone." "When did he die?" ſaid Mr. Evans. "He was killed fighting for his country," ſaid the poor woman. "Alas! the pity," ſaid Evans, and wiped a tear from his eyes. "Come hither Johnny, ſaid ſhe; "go ſhew yourſelf to that gentleman. This, ſir, is my grandſon, my ſon's ſon—the only comfort I have left." "He is a fine boy," ſaid Evans, clapping him on the head; "God bleſs him, and make him a comfort to you!" "I thank your reverence," ſaid ſhe, "and ſay amen to that ſweet prayer.

"Well, ſir, as I was telling you, we did very well all the time my late lord lived; but when my young lord came the times were altered. He has a great eſtate in England, and never comes down to this country as his father did; ſo that we never ſaw him; and his agent is always preſſing for money, and diſtraining the moment it is due; for he ſays it is my lord's order, and he will not ſuffer any of his tenants to be a farthing in arrear. The lands too are greatly advanced ſince the young lord's time; and ſo it happened ſome years ago, after two very bad harveſts, that my poor huſband was not able to pay at the time appointed; and the agent threatening immediately to diſtrain, he had recourſe to Mr. Muckworm, who, after he ſigned ſome papers, advanced him twenty guineas, with which he paid his rent. Well, ſir, this did for that time:—but the next year he was again deficient; and Mr. Muckworm came upon him too for his debt, which by ſome means or other he contrived to make thirty pounds; and when my poor huſband could not pay it, he arreſted him and ſent him gaol. Meantime the agent ejected us for my lord, and ſeized on all our things, which were ſold to pay his rent, and did not fetch more than

would do it, though they coſt four times as much. My poor ſon, who with his wife lived with us, when he ſaw his father in gaol, and the farm gone, determined to go to ſea, and try if he could earn any thing to relieve him. He carried his wife and child home to her father and mother, and entered on board a king's ſhip, where he had not been three months till he was killed in an engagement with the French. His poor wife who was with child when he left her, took his death ſo much to heart that it haſtened her labour, and ſhe and her infant expired together.

"My poor huſband lay two years in Denbigh gaol: at laſt ſome kind hearted perſon told Sir Thomas Spendall of our diſtreſſes, and that generous and charitable gentleman ſent for me; and when he heard the whole account, and enquired into its truth, he not only releaſed my huſband out of priſon, but promiſed to ſet him up in a little farm under himſelf; and had God ſpared my poor Edward, he certainly would have done ſo, for he never breaks his word. But it did not pleaſe the Almighty that I ſhould be ſo happy; for the cold and damps of the priſon had ſo broke my poor huſband's health, that he died of the rheumatiſm in leſs than half a year.

"However, Sir Thomas did not leave me in my diſtreſs; he gave me this little cottage with a garden, and graſs plat for my cow, rent free;—and, God bleſs him! he gave me ten guineas to buy myſelf neceſſaries, and ſaid I never ſhould want that ſum every year; and indeed he is as good as his word, and better too."

"Where is Sir Thomas now?" ſaid Mr. Evans. "Indeed I don't know, ſir," ſaid the poor woman, "but I believe he is gone to London; it is but laſt week he went from his houſe in this neighbourhood."

hood." "I am ſorry he is gone," ſaid Evans: "I would walk fifty miles to kiſs the hand that could do ſuch noble things." "Oh, ſir," replied ſhe, "he is the beſt natured man in the world. There would not be an aching heart in Wales, if he could help it."

Evans now thanked the good woman for her ſtory, which, he ſaid, was extremely affecting; but he hoped to live to ſee the day when her little grandſon would repay her trouble, and be a new ſpring of comfort to her. And now expreſſing a deſire to ſleep, ſhe ſhewed him into a little inner apartment, where was a bedſtead with ſome freſh ſtraw and clean blankets, and where our worthy curate enjoyed a ſweeter and more profound repoſe, than was perhaps experienced on the ſofteſt down in any palace in Europe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

THE morning now glittered through the hedges, on whoſe naked boughs the night had ſhed her tears, which the keen air had frozen into gems more pure and tranſparent than ever adorned the treſſes of an Indian queen. Thouſands of larks now gathered near the doors, where the ſound of the early flail gave them hopes of a breakfaſt. Now goody Maurice ſwept her cleanly cottage, and heaped her hoſpitable hearth with kindled peats; the ſmoke of which roſe through her humble thatch, till, meeting with the new-riſen ſun, it aſcended in a golden column to the cloudleſs ſkies, and, like the pious offering of Abel, ſeemed to be a ſacrifice acceptable to heaven. Now had the ſweet-breathed cow yielded her treaſure of morning's milk; whilſt her new companion Blackbird, by the attention of little Johnny, was regaling on ſome clover hay, collected for her winter's food. And now had little Johnny himſelf well greaſed the parſon's boots, who was ſtill ſnoring in his firſt nap, and then had gone to waſh his face and comb his hair againſt his reverence aroſe—which probably would not have been for an hour to come, had not the cock, who had been long in vain ſoliciting the favour of one of his ſtrutting dames, at length

length fucceeded; when mounting on the thatch, exactly over Evans's head, he clapped his wings and proclaimed his triumph aloud.

This clarion waked him; and furprifed to fee the day fo far advanced, he haftily arofe, convinced by experience, how refrefhing is the bed of ftraw, and how fweet the flumbers of the labouring man. Well was he pleafed, as he walked through the outer room, to fee the attention of his kind hoftefs, who had fpread her little table as the night before, and prepared new milk and a hot oat-cake for his breakfaft. Advancing to the door, he faw a bright and cloudlefs fky, and, clearing his voice, as was his cuftom in a morning, he made the woods re-echo with a loud hem. "God blefs your reverence!" faid goody Maurice, who now came forward from the cow-houfe; "I fee your reverence has got good lungs, and I hope will live this many a year. How did your reverence fleep?" faid fhe, "I fear you found the ftraw too hard?" "Not at all, dame," faid Evans: "I never flept better in my life, nor ever had more thorough fatisfaction in my entertainment." "It is your goodnefs, fir, that fays fo," replied the old woman, "for I am fure it is what your reverence is not accuftomed to; but will your reverence walk in and take fome breakfaft?" "Yes, my good woman, and thank you heartily." And now, little Johnny, with clean hands and face attending with his boots, he feemed greatly pleafed with his neatnefs and the innocence of his looks. During breakfaft he afked him many queftions in his catechifm, and about other fuch matters as he might be fuppofed to know; to all which he anfwered to his fatisfaction, which greatly

delighted

delighted Evans, and did not fail to draw from him much commendation.

And now having finiſhed his meal, and Blackbird being ready, he went to mount; but he firſt took out half-a-crown to reward the trouble of his kind landlady: but great was his aſtoniſhment when ſhe peremptorily refuſed to take a farthing. She ſaid the bounty of Sir Thomas had given her plenty, and God forbid ſhe ſhould make a traffic of it, or take ſuch a ſum for the pitiful morſel that his reverence had been ſo good as to accept! "Good woman," ſaid Evans, "I know not which to admire moſt, your virtue or your good manners; but I know they are both ſuch as may often put the higheſt ſtations to the bluſh." Then calling little Johnny, he forced the half-crown into his hand; and telling them both who he was, and where he lived, he gave them an invitation to his houſe, and rode away.

All the way as he went he amuſed himſelf with contraſting his reception at Muckworm's and the poor widow's. This led him into many refined ſpeculations on the nature of the human heart; its natural tendency to virtue, and the power of gold to corrupt it: though in the inſtance of Sir Thomas he had the moſt ſatisfactory proof that there were ſome hearts ſo pure that riches could not corrupt them. With this pleaſing contemplation did he ſolace himſelf till he beheld at a diſtance the delightful proſpect of the evening ſun gliſtening on his windows; and honeſt Blackbird quickening his pace, and ſetting up a loud whinny, he ſoon ſaw Ned (who had been long expecting him) running to meet him, and with his uſual cheerful and roſy countenance welcome him home; where he found

a blazing

a blazing fire, a comfortable meal, and a good-humoured wife ready to receive him.

To thoſe who live in ſplendid palaces, and are occupied in the buſineſs of the great world, the ſoothing tranſports of domeſtic happineſs are ſeldom known. Their vitiated appetites, ſated by perpetual indulgence, can taſte no pleaſures but what intoxicate, and therefore cannot reliſh the ſimple draught drawn from the pure fountain of connubial bliſs, whoſe unſullied ſpring flows with ever new delight for thoſe who can enjoy it. Such therefore cannot conceive the ſatisfaction which now glowed in the countenances of this happy and united little family on its head's return, nor what an addition of reliſh the abſence even of one day gives to ſuch a meeting. To have viewed the placid face of Evans as he ate his mutton, and the lively eye with which he beheld his amber ale ſparkling in the glaſs, one would have imagined he had returned to his little family full freighted with ſome news of their advancement, ſome important ſucceſs that was to eſtabliſh them in future beyond the reach of fortune. Nor, when he told them his reception with Muckworm, did it in the leaſt abate their enjoyment, but rather added to it; for they made it a ſubject of much laughter all the evening, and drew from it beſides this comfortable concluſion, that happineſs did not lie in wealth; and that their own ſituation, humble as it was, was beyond all compariſon more eligible than his. They did not withhold due praiſe from the behaviour of the poor widow, to whom Mrs. Evans declared herſelf infinitely obliged, and that ſhe would never be at reſt till ſhe found out ſome way of repaying her kindneſs.

Ned urged his father to take home the little boy, and teach him to read and write, in doing which

which he promiſed to aſſiſt him; and that he might be put to do ſuch work in the garden as was ſuited to his ſtrength and years, where alſo he might learn the whole art of common gardening, which would be a help to them, and might turn out of the greateſt advantage to the boy. Mrs. Evans did not at all object to this little addition to their houſehold, but ſeemed extremely deſirous to do whatever lay in her power both for the child and the old woman: and the good curate ſaid he would think of it; but for the preſent there was no hurry, as the boy was very young; and beſides, he thought it improper to do any thing without firſt aſking permiſſion of Sir Thomas, who had been extremely generous to them, and might conſider it impertinent in him to interfere with any body whom he had taken under his protection:—but he declared his reſolution to wait upon Sir Thomas as ſoon as he returned to the country, for he longed to be acquainted with a gentleman of whoſe heart and whoſe humanity he had conceived the higheſt opinion. Mrs. Evans and Ned acquieſced in this determination, the propriety of which ſtruck them now, though in the warmth of their gratitude they had overlooked it before.

Thus did our good curate conclude his fruitleſs embaſſy to Mr. Muckworm. Perhaps it may be thought an argument of his ſimplicity ever to have undertaken it, and I will not deny but it does look as if he was not thoroughly acquainted with the manners of the modern world: but that worthy man judged of other men's hearts by his own; and feeling in himſelf how infinitely it would have rejoiced him to have ſuch an opportunity of obliging an old friend, we may excuſe his error

in ſuppoſing it would be equally agreeable to Mr. Muckworm. As it was, though greatly diſappointed, yet he was not dejected, but reſolved to truſt to Providence and time for ſome fortunate event in Ned's favour, and to divert him at home as much as poſſible, by engaging him in ſome employment that might at once afford amuſement to the mind and exerciſe to the body.

An accident happened about this time which greatly forwarded this plan. Mr. Watkin had gone one morning to a fair, nine or ten miles from his own houſe. It has been before obſerved, that he was of a moroſe diſpoſition, and though in very affluent circumſtances, yet ſo extremely narrow as to allow himſelf little more than the bare neceſſaries of life: he was beſides exceſſively proud, and too apt to aſſume a ſuperiority over his neighbours, who, excepting the article of caſh, were in every other reſpect his equals. This conduct created him many enemies, and prevented his having any friends: and accordingly at this fair he got into a diſpute with a young fellow about buying ſome cattle, in which he gave the young man ſome harſh language, which provoked him to retaliate:—from words it came to blows; and as he had nobody to eſpouſe his cauſe, or reſcue him from his antagoniſt, he got a moſt ſevere beating, without being either pitied or relieved. At laſt the young fellow quitted him, moved either by returning pity, or fearing he had given a blow too much, for the laſt ſtroke had laid him ſenſeleſs on the ground; and ſome people more humane than the reſt, coming by at that time, laid him in a cart, and carried him home to his own houſe, in a very doubtful ſituation as to life.

His

His poor wife and daughter, who wanted neither duty nor affection, forgot all that was disagreeable in his manners when they saw him in distress, and, fancying him already dead, vented their sorrow in shrieks and tears. Having washed away the blood and dirt with which his face was clotted; they put him into bed, unable to speak, and seemingly almost senseless;—his eyes were so swelled and black, that they could not tell whether he would ever see again or not; and the only signs of life he gave were that he still breathed and now and then drank a little water which they put to his lips. In this distressing situation they sent for Mr. Evans, who was the usual refuge of all his parishioners when any calamity befel them; and that good man, attended by Ned, went immediately to the house, to give them what comfort and what assistance he could. By his advice they dispatched a messenger for Doctor Jones; and having sat a while with Mrs. Watkin, he returned home, leaving Ned to take care of the women, and to be otherwise assisting as far as was in his power.

This amiable young man never was so happy as when employed in any work of kindness or good nature; he soothed the terrors of Mrs. Watkin, by assuring her that her husband had received no material injury, and that his apparent insensibility probably arose from fatigue, after an unusual exertion of passion, added to his bruises, and perhaps to his having taken a cup of ale too much; for his usual abstinence was so great, that a very small quantity of liquor might affect him. He summoned all his cheerfulness (of which indeed till lately he had a very large stock) to entertain them; and in this he succeeded so well, that Miss Watkin at least thought it one of the pleasantest evenings she had

paſſed for a great while; and indeed an indifferent ſpectator might have diſcovered that that poor girl was all the while drinking delicious poiſon from the eyes of Ned, which were intending to beam nothing but good nature, and which were wholly unconſcious of the miſchief they were doing; for poor Ned's heart was already ſtruck by the divine Cecilia, and was ſo ſaturated with love that it was incapable of imbibing more from any object whatſoever. As vanity too had no ſhare in his compoſition, the gentle Harriet might long have gazed on him, without awakening a ſuſpicion that ſhe viewed him with any other eyes but thoſe of friendſhip;—the poor girl did not even know it herſelf; but while ſhe was doting on his beauty, ſhe fancied ſhe was admiring only his wit, his courage, his virtue, and his good nature. 'Tis thus that love inſinuates himſelf into the heart—the ſubtle deceiver aſſumes ſome flattering diſguiſe to recommend himſelf to our notice; we admit him into our boſoms under the name of honour, generoſity, friendſhip, or ſome other ſplendid appellation, which ſooths our vanity, and reconciles us to our new gueſt. But ſoon we lament our eaſy faith—the falſe intruder ſooths no more—he ſaps our ſenſes, undermines our reaſon, wrings our heart; he becomes the tyrant, and, alas! too often, the deſtroyer of our ſouls. Oh fly then, ye incautious fair! fly, fly whilſt yet you may!—liſten not to his ſyren ſong; ſhun, ſhun his firſt approach,—leſt, like the dreadful whirlpool of Maelſtrom, you play around him for a time in circles, till, by inſenſible though ſure degrees, you are drawn into his irreſiſtible vortex, and ſwallowed up for ever.

It now grew very late, and, neither the doctor nor the meſſenger returning, Ned was ſhewn to his apartment,

apartment, where we will leave him to his repoſe, and to thoſe happy dreams which ſometimes are indulged to innocent and faithful lovers. Mrs. Watkin ſat up with her huſband, and the poor Harriet retired to her bed, where ſhe ſlept but little, and began to feel how dangerous a lodger ſhe had admitted into her breaſt.

CHAP. XVIII.

DOCTOR Jones made his appearance in the morning, and was immediately conducted to Mr. Watkin's apartment. That poor man had recovered his ſenſes and the uſe of his tongue, but was ſo ſore from his bruiſes that he was unable to move without pain. The doctor examined the wounds and cuts he had received: but not finding any fracture or external bruiſe that was alarming, he quieted the fears of the family in that reſpect. He obſerved, however, ſome feveriſh ſymptoms in Mr. Watkin; and in relating the circumſtances of what had befallen him, he had been rouſed anew into ſo violent a paſſion that he thought it neceſſary to warn Mrs. Watkin on that head; and, as there was reaſon to apprehend he might have a fever, that he ſhould be kept as compoſed as poſſible.

When Mr. Watkin was informed that Ned Evans was in the houſe, he deſired to ſee him; when, thanking him for the kindneſs of his viſit, he requeſted that he would ſtay there for a few days and ſuperintend the management of his buſineſs, which Ned promiſed to do in the beſt manner he was able; and thus the tyrant Love was contriving to rivet the chains which he had forged for the heart of poor Harriet. That innocent girl was rejoiced when ſhe heard of the invitation, and thought of nothing but the happineſs ſhe ſhould enjoy in ſeeing the beloved

loved of her ſoul every hour of the day. Mrs. Watkin too was pleaſed, for ſhe loved Ned with an unaffected friendſhip; and though ſhe did not dream of her daughter's attachment, yet it is more than probable that, had ſhe known it, ſhe would not have diſapproved of it.

The delighted Harriet ſat down to breakfaſt with unuſual vivacity; yet before that meal was over did cruel Love introduce a new fiend, his never-failing companion, into her gentle heart. This fiend was Jealouſy. Who that has ever felt love, is ignorant of this deteſted name? Doctor Jones ſeeing Ned at breakfaſt, very naturally enquired if he had heard from Miſs Cecilia? At the name of Cecilia a deep bluſh ſuffuſed the artleſs youth's cheeks—and, with a ſigh that could not be ſuppreſſed, he replied, they had received no word as yet. As Eve when ſhe had eaten the forbidden fruit became inſtantly quick-ſighted to diſcern evil as well as good, ſo did love open the eyes of the innocent and unſuſpecting Harriet, and in one moment diſcovered to her the fatal truth that Ned's heart was already engaged, and by whom.

The friendſhip and admiration with which ſhe had ſo lately and ſo ſincerely beheld the charming Cecilia, were in one moment blaſted to the roots; and the baneful paſſion of envy riſing in that boſom which had ever hitherto been ſerene, reſembled thoſe peſtilential winds, which are ſaid to be formed in the deſarts of Arabia, and which, paſſing over the cultivated fields, deface in an inſtant all the beauties of nature. Oh Love! thou who art called the offspring of heaven—the ſoother and refiner of the human ſoul! ſurely thou returnedſt to thy native ſkies when thy firſt poſſeſſors loſt their innocence; and he who now uſurps thy name is

one

one of those deceitful fiends to whom their fatal transgression first gave admission—else why should you torment? or why be accompanied with all those pangs and sorrows which flatter first and then destroy?

The fever which the doctor expected soon made its appearance, and Mr. Watkin was for near three weeks closely confined: at one time indeed there were great apprehensions for his life; but the strength of his constitution got the better of his disease, and at the end of the time above mentioned he was able to walk about. During all this time Ned staid at his house, and only went home now and then for an hour or so to see his father and mother. Mrs. Watkin had been as attentive to him as if he had been the first personage in the country; it need not be doubted but that Harriet, who loved him with all her soul, would go hand in hand with her mother in shewing him every kindness. And indeed the indefatigable attention that he bestowed on Mr. Watkin's affairs demanded this respect, exclusive of his native amiableness, which won it irresistibly from all hearts. So that we cannot blame Miss Watkin, nor think her the least deficient in delicacy, if hers felt the impression so natural to her sex and years; but rather lament that there should be any impediment likely to prevent her meeting that return which it is but justice to say she every day deserved. The poor girl herself was not insensible of this impediment; yet would she sometimes indulge the hope that the lovely object of his affections was of a rank too high for him to aspire to with any prospect of success—and in this hope she was not deceived;—and then she flattered herself that the fidelity of her own attachment would at last meet its reward, especially as it was more than probable his father and mother

mother would be her friends, ſince they always expreſſed for her the warmeſt affection, and they well knew how advantageous her alliance would be in point of intereſt. Indeed this generous girl valued the proſpect of her fortune for nothing ſo much as the uſe it might be of to Ned, on whom ſhe would gladly confer the Indies if ſhe had them to beſtow. She did not doubt either of getting her own father to deſire this union, for he had conceived as warm an affection for Ned as it was poſſible for him to have for any body beſides himſelf; and he was ſo well ſatisfied with his care during his illneſs, that he declared if Mr Evans would take a farm for his ſon, he would immediately advance him money to ſtock it, and only require common intereſt; which was a great deal from one of his diſpoſition, who literally loved money better than he did himſelf.

All theſe favourable proſpects ſoothed Miſs Watkin into ſome hopes of ſucceſs, which were the more reaſonable, as it was now near ſix weeks ſince Lady Cecilia had left Mr. Evans's, and in all that time they had not received the leaſt account from her; and indeed the Evans's themſelves began to think that, like other great folk, ſhe had forgot her country acquaintance, and that the memory of the Welſh cottage was loſt in the ſplendour of her father's palace. But Ned would never give into this ſuſpicion; his terrors were, that ſhe had met with ſome new diſaſter, or that ſhe was dead; for he ſaid he would pawn his ſoul upon it, that ſhe would not live and be well, and neglect them altogether. In this ſentiment he was not miſtaken; for ſhe was of a mind infinitely too noble to forget her friends becauſe they were her inferiors—of a heart infinitely too juſt to forget the obligations which ſhe owed to the gallant and the tender Edward. The truth

is, that when ſhe arrived in Dublin, ſhe found her father in a ſituation that abſorbed all her attention. It has been before obſerved, that Lord Ravenſdale was in the gout when Lady Cecilia left her aunt, Lady Elizabeth Belmont.

The reader is already acquainted with the unfortunate interruption to her journey; and as Lady Elizabeth had written to her brother by her niece, his lordſhip had not received that letter and conſequently knew nothing of Lady Cecilia's having quitted London. Her ladyſhip's ſevere illneſs in Wales, occaſioned by her terror, and her ſubſequent deſire to be unknown, prevented her from writing, thinking every day to go over herſelf; but Lady Elizabeth Belmont, wondering at not hearing from Ireland, wrote again to Lord Ravenſdale by poſt, and encloſed a letter in it for Lady Cecilia, which was the firſt intelligence he had received of her having quitted London; and the agony this threw him into, of not knowing what was become of her, threw the gout into his head and put his life in the moſt imminent danger. Such was his ſituation when Lady Cecilia arrived; and as at that time he was not capable of ſeeing her, or of knowing her if he had ſeen her, the affliction of Lady Cecilia was inexpreſſible, aggravated as it muſt be by the reflection how great a ſhare ſhe herſelf had in his illneſs. At laſt it pleaſed Heaven to abate his diſorder, and the ſight of Lady Cecilia herſelf perfected the cure; for no parent ever loved his children better than Lord Ravenſdale, and his lovely daughter was his peculiar care. The joy he felt in folding her again to his boſom. diſſipated all remains of his complaint, and ſoothed the ſorrow with which he heard of the death of his amiable friend Mrs. Melville; and he expreſſed the utmoſt gratitude for the Evans's, particularly for

Ned,

Ned, whose gallantry he was determined to reward.

It was a few days after Ned had returned home to his father's, and that Mr. Watkin was entirely restored to his usual health, that our venerable curate was consulting with his son on the subject of the farm which Watkin had suggested; and the propriety of being obliged to him for the sum necessary to stock it. Ned expressed a horror of beginning the world with a debt, which he said would encumber his spirits, and be a clog on all his operations. And Mr. Evans highly applauded his prudence, and the delicacy of his feeling on that head. "He who runs in debt," said he, "parts with just so much of his liberty and peace of mind as he borrows, and must for ever feel inferior to his creditor till he is paid: whereas he who owes nothing is always independent, and, though ever so poor, must feel and rejoice in the dignity of his situation. Yet, my dear boy," continued he, "there are sometimes occasions upon which a man may contract a debt without any imputation on his prudence, or danger in its consequence; and I think this is one of them: wherefore, if you wish to try your hand in the farming business, you may begin with a small one, which will not require much to set it up, and I shall take care that what you may want from Mr. Watkin shall not much encumber you."

Ned acknowledged with all gratitude the generosity and affection of his father; but absolutely refused his bearing any part of the burthen, or joining in the security. "God knows," said he, "how I might succeed; and if I come to any loss, how much will it be imbittered by involving you!" It is probable indeed, had Ned engaged in farming, and accepted Mr. Watkin's offer, that neither

he

he nor his father would have come to any loſs; for his prudence, activity, and ſkill were equal to any thing that he ſhould undertake. But fortune had a different ſcene of life in view for him, which was more adapted to his genius and inclinations; for a day or two after this, as they were ſitting at breakfaſt, Morgan came into the room in a great hurry, and told Mr. Evans that there was a gentleman in a poſt-chaiſe at the gate who wanted to ſpeak to him, but that he ſaid he had no time to alight. When he went out to the chaiſe, the gentleman aſked him if he was acquainted with the Earl of Ravenſdale? He aſſured him he had never heard of that nobleman. "Are you then the reverend Mr. Evans of Llanrhwſcoedd?" He anſwered, that was indeed his deſignation. "Then Sir," ſaid the gentleman, "I have orders from his lordſhip to deliver this package to you (handing a large bundle out of the chaiſe) and I ſuppoſe the contents will explain themſelves." Mr. Evans then preſſed the gentleman to alight and take ſome refreſhment; but he ſaid he could not poſſibly wait, for he muſt be in London the following day:—ſo wiſhing him a good morning he drove off.

Mr. Evans now returned into the houſe bearing the bundle in his hand; which when Mrs Evans ſaw, "I will lay my mode cloak to a braſs pin," ſaid ſhe, "that here is ſome news from Miſs Cecilia." "I aſſure you," replied her huſband, "this packet comes from an Earl; but what the contents are I cannot ſay." "Open it and ſee," ſaid ſhe. Ned, who was all breathleſs expectation, cut the ſtring which tied it, when out came——nothing but another bundle within the former. When this was opened, the firſt things that preſented themſelves were three letters; one in a man's hand to Mr. Evans; another in a lady's directed to him alſo;

ſo; and a third in the firſt hand larger than the two former, directed to Ned.

The lady's letter was firſt opened, which contained the following words:

Dublin, Feb. 8th, 1780.

"MY DEAR AND VALUABLE FRIENDS,

"I fear you will begin to think that your ungrateful Cecilia has been baſe enough to forget the generous protection and kind hoſpitality which you afforded her in Wales. Yet can I aſſure you, that though my heart is not a rock, the impreſſion of your kindneſs is more durably engraved on it, than it could be on any ſtone. Inſcriptions on marble are effaced long before the marble itſelf is conſumed, on which they are engraved; but my heart muſt periſh before it can forget the friendſhip of my kind protectors.

"When I arrived in Dublin, I found my father in ſuch a ſituation as called forth all my care and abſorbed all other attention. For many days did I expect the moſt afflicting ſtroke with which Providence could have chaſtened me; but it has pleaſed Heaven to avert the blow, and to reſtore my father to his uſual health. He writes himſelf by this conveyance, to expreſs his gratitude to you both, and to Mr. Edward, for all your kindneſs to me; and I hope his manner of doing it will be agreeable. You will pardon me, my dear friends, if I concealed from you before, the rank which my father holds in this kingdom. Titles oftner embarraſs friendſhips than promote them; and if hiding my own was a deceit, it was the firſt and the laſt that I ſhall ever practiſe with you. I beg you will give the incloſed with my beſt affection to

Miſs

Miſs Watkin. I hope my dear Mrs. Evans will accept of the few things ſent herewith as a token of friendſhip, and that you will both of you continue to think of me and to love me.

"It would be unpardonable in me to conclude this letter, without offering my kindeſt and moſt grateful compliments to Mr Edward, and hoping that we may all live to meet again,

I remain

Your much obliged

And ſincerely affectionate

CECILIA RIVERS."

The Earl's letter to Mr. Evans, which was next opened, was as follows:

Merrion Square, Feb. 8th, 1780.

"REV. SIR,

"I take the firſt opportunity in my power, of expreſſing to you the grateful ſenſe I entertain of your extreme civility and attention to my daughter, Lady Cecilia Rivers, during her reſidence at your houſe; and I congratulate you upon having a ſon, who, by his conduct to her ladyſhip in the hour of her diſtreſs, is an honour not only to you but to his country. I ſhould not have been ſo long in making this acknowledgment, had I not been confined by a moſt ſevere illneſs; which had well nigh brought me to the grave; but from which I am now pretty well recovered. The firſt uſe I made of my returning health, was to wait upon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, who has enabled me

to

to present your son with a pair of colours in a regiment now raising here, and in which my second son is to have a company. I write to the young gentleman himself, and send him his commission enclosed, which I hope will be acceptable to you both.

" I take the liberty of enclosing to you a bank bill for one hundred guineas, which I entreat of you to accept, to reimburse you any extraordinary expence that you must have been at while my daughter was with you; and I conclude with assuring you that at all times it will give me the highest pleasure if I should be able in any way to promote either your interest or your son's.

" I remain, Sir,

With great gratitude and respect,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

RAVENSDALE."

Ned's letter was the next to be opened; when the first thing that presented itself was his commission, written on parchment, and already signed by his Majesty. Lord Ravensdale's words were as follow:

Merrion Square, Feb. 8th, 1780.

" SIR,

" Your gallant and generous behaviour on the unhappy occasion which first introduced my daughter, Lady Cecilia Rivers, to your acquaintance, has laid me under so great an obligation, that I really want words to express my thanks, or the high sense I entertain of your merit. I should have acknowledged this sooner, but for a severe illness

illneſs from which I have but lately recovered, and that I wiſhed my expreſſions of gratitude might be accompanied with ſomething more ſubſtantial than mere words. I have therefore ſolicited, and been happy enough to obtain for you, from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, a commiſſion which has been ſigned by his Majeſty, and which I ſend you encloſed, whereby you are appointed eldeſt enſign in a regiment now raiſing for his ſervice in this kingdom, and in the company of which my ſon is to be the captain. I ſhould not have taken this ſtep without conſulting you, only that the applications were ſo numerous that there was no time to be loſt; and when I conſidered your ſpirit and your youth, I could not doubt but you would as gladly exert your courage in defence of your country, as you have already done in that of my daughter.

" The regiment is expected to be ordered to America in the ſummer. It will therefore be adviſable for you to come over to this kingdom as ſoon after the receipt of this as may be convenient to you; and while you ſtay in it, I ſhall be moſt happy if you will conſider my houſe as your home.

" I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient ſervant,

RAVENSDALE."

The ſurpriſe and tranſport of joy which now ſeized upon Edward, kept him ſilent for ſome time; yet were extremely viſible in his whole frame. His cheeks glowed with a deeper crimſon, and his eyes ſparkled with unuſual fire—not unlike thoſe of the generous ſteed, when he firſt hears the

ſound

found of the trumpet; when with erected ears he foams upon the bit, and, pawing the ground, devours with his eye the ſpace that ſeparates him from the foe. Such were the firſt looks of the gallant Edward, when he found himſelf an officer; but ſoon the ſoft idea of the lovely Cecilia roſe in his imagination, when his correſponding features put on equal ſoftneſs, and the lightning of his eye melted into the ſweet radiance of tenderneſs and love. His father watched the various turns of his countenance; he ſaw with pleaſure the emotions of his ſoul; and, claſping him to his boſom with an embrace inexpreſſibly affectionate, he wiſhed him joy of his promotion. Mrs. Evans too joined in the congratulation; yet ſhe could not ſuppreſs a riſing tear, which inſenſibly dropped upon her cheek, when ſhe reflected how ſoon he was to be torn from her, to what dangers he was to be expoſed, and how many dreadful chances there were that ſhe ſhould never behold him more.

We may indulge the mother in theſe tender anxieties, which are natural to her ſex, and ſuitable to her character: but the generous ſpirit of the curate diſdained theſe apprehenſions, and he heartily and ſincerely rejoiced in the new proſpect that was opened to his ſon, and in the glory with which his fond imagination already ſaw him covered. And now their firſt tranſports being over, they reſumed tranquillity enough to examine the other contents of the bundle:—and theſe were found to be two pieces of the fineſt Iriſh linen; two of damaſk table linen; twenty-two yards of a rich and grave coloured ſilk for a gown and petticoat, and ſixteen yards for a gown of the moſt beautiful Iriſh tabbinet. Theſe preſents gave great ſatisfaction to Mrs. Evans, who ſaid, when ſhe had done examining them, that ſhe had always been of opinion,

from

from the firſt view ſhe had had of her, that Lady Cecilia was a woman of the higheſt diſtinction. Mr. Evans joined in the eulogium on her ladyſhip, and in extolling the magnificent manner in which Lord Ravenſdale had rewarded them; and Ned took occaſion to remind them, that it had been ever his opinion that Lady Cecilia would not forget them.

And now Morgan was diſpatched to aſk Miſs Watkin to tea, that ſhe might ſhare in the general joy; and to carry to her the letter which was encloſed for her; and which they afterwards found was a letter of thanks for her attentions from Lady Cecilia, and contained a preſent of a very rich and valuable diamond pin.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

THE Evans's had hardly done dinner when Miſs Watkin made her appearance, ſo impatient was ſhe to know the particulars of their news from Lady Cecilia. She brought her diamond pin with her, which was extremely rich and elegant, and which had ſhe received a month before, ſhe would have valued ten times more for the ſake of the beſtower, than for the intrinſic worth of the jewel. Yet ſhe derived ſome hope from the elevated rank of the lady, which was now aſcertained; but when ſhe heard of the commiſſion, and the invitation to Lord Ravenſdale's, a ſudden paleneſs overſpread her countenance; and if there had not happened to be a glaſs of water ſtanding on a table, which ſhe drank off, ſhe would probably have fainted. She muſtered up reſolution enough, however, to wiſh Ned joy of his commiſſion; but could not ſuppreſs her tears when ſhe heard of his being ordered to America, and that he intended to go to Ireland in a week or ten days. What paſſed in her heart is not eaſy to deſcribe, nor can be conceived by any but thoſe who have tenderly loved; it may be compared to the ſenſation of ice freezing all the powers of the ſoul, whilſt hope, which had been lately planted there, died away to the roots, and all its ſweet bloſſoms withered away for ever.

Evans

Evans and Ned imputed her agitation to the terrors of friendſhip for the dangers he was to undergo; but Mrs. Evans was not ſo deceived—ſhe clearly ſaw the real cauſe; ſhe ſaw and pitied—for nothing could have been more agreeable to her than that alliance, which would not only have been an ample proviſion for Ned, but would have kept him at home and in ſafety. And indeed if her wiſhes were to determine, ſhe would gladly have returned the commiſſion, and kept her ſon. But this ſhe knew to be impoſſible—ſhe knew full well the ſtate of Ned's heart, which this commiſſion flattered; and were his love out of the queſtion, ſhe knew his paſſion for glory would never ſuffer him to forego a profeſſion which it had been the height of his ambition to aſpire to; and ſhe knew alſo that her huſband would be of the ſame ſentiments. So that pity was all the conſolation ſhe could give to poor Harriet, and this ſhe did give her from the bottom of her ſoul. Indeed ſhe ſoon afterwards took her up to her own bed-chamber under ſome pretence, where ſhe gave her an opportunity to unboſom herſelf, and where that poor girl had the conſolation to find in her all the tenderneſs of a mother, and the fidelity of a friend. This ſoothed her ſo much as to enable her to return to the parlour, and to paſs the evening without in the leaſt awakening the ſuſpicion of Mr. Evans or his ſon. And indeed from this evening Mrs. Evans did really look upon her with the affection of a mother, not thinking it at all improbable but that, If Edward lived, ſhe might one day become ſo; for ſhe conſidered his paſſion for Lady Cecilia as quite romantic, and that there was not the ſmalleſt probability of ever being ſucceſsful: and Mr. Evans himſelf coincided with her in this opinion; as he did alſo in his good wiſhes for Miſs

Watkin,

Watkin, when his wife afterwards apprifed him of the truth: fo that this poor girl found friends and advocates where fhe moft defired them; and was reftored, if not to the fweetnefs of hope, at leaft to fome degree of complacency and tranquillity of mind. Her regret indeed for his abfence, and her terrors for the dangers to which he muft be expofed, could not be alleviated except by the confcioufnefs how many partners fhe had in thefe anxieties; for there was not one of Ned's acquaintance who was not folicitous for his welfare.

And now as the time approached when Ned was to go, Mrs. Evans was hurried in preparing for his departure. The two pieces of Irifh linen which Lady Cecilia fent her, fhe cut up into fhirts for him, and poor Mifs Watkin affifted in the making them: this was a pleafant office to her, and would have recommended them perhaps to Ned, if the confideration of their being Lady Cecilia's prefent had not already ftamped a value on them that could receive no addition. All his friends in the neighbourhood came to congratulate him on his advancement, and to take their leave: and he fpent feveral days in returning thefe affectionate vifits, and in giving and receiving affurances of unalterable friendfhip.

On the evening before his departure, Mr. Evans had invited a few friends, and, to make it pafs more eafy and agreeably, Price was ordered to attend with his harp. Mr. Watkin who was now quite recovered, with his wife and Harriet, were of the company. They danced from tea till fupper; and though fome hearts among them were certainly heavy, yet it did not feem to affect their heels, which moved nimbly enough the whole evening.

After

After fupper, feveral jovial fongs were fung, and, a large bowl of the beft punch fmoking on the table, all melancholy feemed banifhed. Some of the company knowing the excellence of Ned's finger on the harp, and how charmingly his voice fuited with that inftrument, requefted him to play, and to accompany it. Though he fung in the moft mafterly manner, yet, contrary to the common cuftom of all who do, he feldom required a fecond bidding, but with the utmoft readinefs obliged the company. He took the harp, and, having put the ftrings into complete tune, began the fweet Scots air,

Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell my Jane.

Thofe who have any tafte for mufic, and who have ever heard this charming air well fung, need not be told how powerful the impreffion is it leaves upon the heart. When he came to that pathetic clofe,

May be to return to Lochaber no more!

the aptnefs of the words to his own fituation, and the enchanting fweetnefs of his voice, overpowered poor Harriet, and fhe burft into tears. His mother, whofe paffions were alfo wound up, wanted only this to fet hers a-flowing alfo, and fhe very opportunely kept poor Harriet company. Indeed Ned himfelf was the only perfon in the room unaffected, except Mr. Watkin, who, in the midft of the fweeteft and moft affecting part of the tune, was very calmly lighting his pipe at the candle; and hearing his daughter's voice, he thought fhe was joining in the fong, and cried out, "That's a fweet note, Harriet, do give it us again." This miftake reftored the

ſpirits of the company; for Ned, not being able to reſiſt the impulſe of laughter, gave way to it, in which he was joined by the whole table except Mr. Watkin, who could not be prevailed on either to laugh or cry.

The remainder of the evening was ſpent agreeable on all ſides till the hour of ſeparation came. Ned led Miſs Watkin to her horſe; when lifting her into her ſide-ſaddle he gave her a parting kiſs —the tender and unexpected ſalute thrilled to her fingers ends, which were reſting on his neck as he raiſed her on the horſe, and which, by an involuntary compreſſion, now ſtrained him to her boſom; whilſt her faltering voice could hardly articulate the words, "Dear Edward, farewell!" The darkneſs of the night befriended her delicacy, and concealed thoſe tears which now flowed in a torrent from her eyes, and from which they did not ceaſe to flow till ſorrow and fatigue at laſt cloſed them in ſleep.

Ned now went into the ſtable, to ſee that the horſes were all well fed; one of which had been borrowed for him from Mr. Watkin, that Mr. Evans might ride with him to Holyhead. Here he found David Morgan hard at work, preparing all things for the morning's journey. This poor lad, who had a ſincere attachment to Ned, had determined in his own mind never to ſtay behind him after he had once gone away. He had not, however, mentioned this reſolution to any body; but now finding Ned alone, he embraced this opportunity, and getting between him and the door, he begged of him not to go till he had granted him one requeſt. Ned, not expecting any ſuch matter, was ſurpriſed what he could deſire, and promiſed, if it was proper for him to do, he would gratify him. He then aſked him to take him as his ſervant. Ned told him

him he ſhould be very glad to have him, but that he did not think his income would enable him to keep a ſervant. Honeſt David replied, that if that was all his objection, he would make that matter eaſy; for he would go with him all the world over and ſerve him without fee or reward. Ned thanked him for his attachment, but blamed his imprudence; "for," ſaid he, "it may very poſſibly happen that it will not be in my power to ſupport you."—"Maſter," ſaid David, "leave that to me; I will not aſk any ſupport from you; I deſire only the honour to ſerve you, and the comfort to be with you; for by———(Here he ſwore on oath which I will not preſume to write) I never will ſtay in this country after you are out of it."—"Well but," ſaid Ned, "what will you do?"—"I will inliſt," ſaid David, "in the ſame regiment with you, and at once ſerve both you and my king."—"I applaud your zeal and your friendſhip," ſaid Ned; "and if you do, I will promiſe you all the favour that is in my power to ſhew you; neither will I accept your ſervices for nothing, but recompenſe you as it may be in my power." David's joy ran over at his eyes; and this point being ſettled, he went home to his father's to make known his reſolution, and Ned returned into the houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

AT length the morning dawned that was to ſeparate Edward from the only home he ever remembered to have had, and from the arms of thoſe tender parents who had hitherto held him in their fond embraces. Though his youthful boſom glowed with delight in the proſpect of his new profeſſion, and with the ſtill more tranſporting hope of ſoon being in the preſence of the beloved of his ſoul; yet he could not leave his little paternal dwelling, where the happy ſeaſon of childhood was paſſed, nor the protection of thoſe indulgent parents who had ſupplied all his wants and ſoothed all his cares, without being impreſſed with a tender ſorrow, which no proſpects of pleaſure could entirely diſpel, and which would have been a defect in his heart if they could. His father and mother were juſtly entitled to his moſt ardent affection, and they fully poſſeſſed it. The very ſtones that formed their habitation, and the trees that ſheltered it, were endeared to him by old acquaintance, and by their relation to them. He roſe therefore this morning at the very firſt peeping of the dawn, and went into the garden to ſee, for the laſt time, thoſe ſcenes where he had ſo often aſſiſted his father in his delightful taſk, and which were indebted for moſt of their beauty to their united labours. Here he came to the ſeat which he had lately raiſed and conſecrated to the memory

mory of Lady Cecilia; and, cutting two ſuckers, one from a white and the other from a purple lilac tree, he twiſted them together, and planted them in a ſequeſtered ſpot where he thought they would be moſt likely to thrive.

This was his laſt labour in the garden: his romantic imagination fancied theſe two ſuckers were emblems of Cecilia and himſelf—and he fondly wiſhed that their affections might be twined together like the twigs he had juſt planted. He thought, if he ever lived to return, his firſt viſit ſhould be to theſe ſhrubs, and that from their ſituation he would draw an omen of their future love. Poor youth! ſuch are the ſuperſtitions to which love bends the ſtrongeſt underſtandings, and ſuch the deluſions with which it alike flatters the hopes and entangles the hearts both of the ſimple and the wiſe!—As he returned to the ſeat, he was ſurpriſed to ſee at ſome diſtance a young woman advancing towards him. This was indeed Molly Price, the daughter of the poor harper; whoſe blooming cheeks and auburn locks had captivated ſo many hearts among the neighbouring ſwains (as we formerly mentioned), and who, alas! had been herſelf enthralled by the many graces of the manly Edward. Sorry am I to record, that this amiable youth was not in all things perfect; and that the paſſions of nature, which this poor girl's beauty was but too well calculated to enflame, had ſome months before been too violent for either his reaſon or religion to reſtrain, eſpecially when the feebleneſs of the reſiſtance ſeemed more like an invitation than a refuſal.

This girl was however the only perſon with whom he had ever ſo tranſgreſſed; and never ſince the matchleſs charms of Cecilia had inſpired his ſoul with the ſublime tranſports of an honourable

and chaste passion, did he suffer his thoughts to wander even for a moment from that pure object, or his heart to form a wish in which the severest virtue could find any thing to condemn. He met Molly therefore without embarrassment, and with that compassionate tenderness to which from him she was certainly entitled: her eyes discovered that she had been weeping, and he did not need her information to tell him it was for him. He made her therefore sit down; and in a long and pathetic harangue he lamented the situation in which their mutual indiscretions had involved them, and which, he now learned, could not long be concealed from his father and the public.

During a conversation of near an hour, he said every thing that reason, religion, virtue, and friendship could suggest to afford her consolation: he promised, that though he could not dare to see his father if he should know his guilt, yet he would take care, when he was gone from his presence, to confess it to him by letter, and to recommend her and the unfortunate infant that was to come into the world to his protection and forgiveness. He declared, that though he had made a firm resolution (which he trusted he should be able to keep) never to transgress so again, either with her or with any other woman, yet he should ever remember her with the truest kindness, and endeavour to supply her necessities, and those of her child, as far as he should be enabled to do. He then gave her five guineas as an earnest of future favours, which was almost five times as much as ever she had been mistress of before, and which contributed as much as any thing he had said to dry up her tears, and open her heart to consolation; and then, after an affectionate kiss, in which guilt

had no ſhare, he led her out of the garden, and he went into the houſe.

The reader may wonder perhaps how Ned came to have ſo much money about him, at leaſt to ſpare:—but he muſt remember that Lord Ravenſdale had ſent a bank-note for 100l to Mr. Evans, the whole of which that generous parent would have had him to take; but no entreaty, nor even command, could compel him to accept of more than half, which he ſaid would be abundant for his neceſſities, eſpecially as he had now an income ſuperior to his father's. The good curate was therefore obliged to acquieſce (at leaſt for that time), and had given him the day before fifty guineas preparatory to his journey to Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans were now riſen, and the breakfaſt things all laid upon the table, when Ned entered. His baggage had been entruſted to a carrier to take to the Head; and honeſt David Morgan, with a knapſack on his back and an oaken ſtick in his hand, was ready with a cheerful heart, and as cheerful a countenance, to follow his young maſter to the end of the world. Though David had a father and mother, and even a miſtreſs to forſake, as well as Edward, all of whom he had taken leave of that morning, yet the glory of being a ſoldier, and the pleaſure of attending Ned, had baniſhed all ſorrow from his heart, which indeed was not formed to be the reſidence of much thought or melancholy; and he looked forward to his campaigns in America, with as much eagerneſs as ever he had done to a fox-chaſe or a badger-hunt: yet he did not want good-nature; but the buſtle of war has charms for all young fellows of ſpirit; and he longed to match old Price the harper, whoſe glorious atchievements had been

ſet

ſet to muſic, and rewarded by a penſion of almoſt five pounds a year.

The good curate had ordered him a tankard of the beſt ale, and the remains of a piece of cold roaſt beef, on which he was regaling in the kitchen; and ſo well was he pleaſed with him for his attachment to Ned, that he had repleniſhed his pocket with a guinea, which honeſt David accepted with great pleaſure, as an omen of the immenſe wealth he ſhould acquire by plundering the rebels.

Meanwhile Ned finiſhed his laſt meal in the parlour, whilſt the ſtreaming eyes of Mrs. Evans fed on him with lingering looks, and her trembling hands were hardly able to fill out his tea. The horſes were now ready, and the trying moment now came that was to tear him from her arms. I am not able to deſcribe the unutterable tenderneſs with which ſhe folded him to her boſom, nor the devotion with which ſhe raiſed her trembling eyes to Heaven, when graſping his hand in hers, and dropping on her knees, ſhe poured out her ſoul in prayer, beſeeching God to bleſs and protect him.

If any one who may chance to read theſe pages ſhall know what it is to have had an only child—to have reared that child upon her breaſt, and ſeen him advance in every grace both of mind and body till he attained the bloom of opening manhood;—if at that ſeaſon ſhe has loſt him, or been obliged to part with him to a remote country, where dangers and difficulties were to ſurround him, and where a thouſand chances might ariſe to prevent her ever meeting him again—ſuch an one, and ſuch only can conceive what this poor woman felt on this occaſion. Her huſband was the firſt to comfort her; he raiſed her from her knees; he commended

her

her piety and her prayer; he exhorted her to have confidence in God, which he ſaid was the way to obtain what we aſked; and he ventured to predict, from an unaccountable gleam of comfort which gladdened his own heart, that their prayers were heard, and that they would all meet again.

Poor Ned himſelf had not a very ſoldier-like appearance—but, mingled his tears with hers, and joining with his father in his conſolations, he gave her a laſt kiſs, and haſtened to his horſe, to quit a ſcene which was become more affecting than he could bear. The good curate haſtened too; and Morgan aſſiſting him on his horſe, they both rode off together. When they had gone about half a quarter of a mile, they came to a turning on the road which afforded the laſt view of the parſon's little dwelling. Here Ned ſtopped his horſe (whilſt his father continued to ride on), to contemplate for a moment the little habitation, and take a laſt look of ſcenes ſo long endeared to him, and which perhaps he ſhould never ſee again. He was viewing the two old oaks that ſtood before the houſe, and the window of the parlour which appeared between them, when he ſaw his poor mother ſtanding near them, and following with her eyes his laſt footſteps. He could not reſiſt the inclination, which this tenderneſs inſpired, to ſpeak one word of comfort more to her, and throw himſelf once more upon her boſom. He rode back; he alighted—he hung for a minute on her neck; ſhe ſtrained him once more to her heart; once more he quitted her embrace; he mounted his horſe again—and was out of ſight in a moment. He ſoon came up with his father, who was jogging on in a very reverend trot, and ſo wrapped up in contemplation that he

he had never miſſed him. Their converſation now took a livelier turn, which the fineneſs of the day and the beauty of the country inſpired. The fragrance of the air and the exerciſe of the ride exhilarated their ſpirits ; and ſtill as their diſtance from home increaſed, Ned found the weight of parting from it diminiſh, till at laſt he reſumed his uſual gaiety. The new proſpects which were opening to him in life contributed to this, and to fill his breaſt with hope, which is the parent of joy ; and which the good-natured curate was ſo far from repreſſing, that he indulged in it himſelf, and promoted the ſenſation of it in his ſon.

Their journey paſſed on with pleaſure and ſatisfaction, and in the evening they arrived in ſafety at the Head, where they learned that the packet was not to ſail till about eleven o'clock the next day. This evening therefore they determined to paſs with as much cheerfulneſs as they could, and for that purpoſe ordered a good ſupper, and a bottle of the beſt wine. Over this liquor they ſat up till it was pretty late ; and their converſation turned upon the entrance of young men into life, and particularly in that profeſſion in which Ned was now engaged. I will not attempt to give a detail of this converſation, though he that had the happineſs to hear it made a vow never to forget it. But the precepts it inculcated were ſo oppoſite to the practice of moſt of the young officers with whom I have been acquainted, that I am afraid, if I was to relate it, it might bring my friend Evans into contempt with that reſpectable corps, or at leaſt diſcredit principles which were known to have reſided in the breaſt of a Welch curate, and which nevertheleſs would have done honour to the heart of the ableſt veteran in Europe. He did

did not indeed dwell much upon religion in this conversation, as might perhaps have been expected from one of his cloth But the reason was not because he thought religion unessential to the military character, but because he knew Ned to be so well grounded in it already, as to prefer his faith even to his commission, and that he had nothing new to learn on the subject; but what he chiefly descanted on to-night was *honour*, which he had often heard called the religion of a soldier, and indeed the only religion which a man of sense should possess. The futility of this pernicious sentiment he fully exposed, by shewing that honour was never genuine when separated from religion; and that it was in fact but a beautiful fruit engrafted on that stem. "Let us part it for a moment," said he, "from this great root whence every thing virtuous must spring, and behold what heterogeneous monsters it will produce! A man of honour without religion, may ruin himself and his innocent children in an avaricious attempt to bring that same ruin upon another. A man of honour, without religion, may defraud an industrious tradesman of a just demand, and involve his poor family in distress, to pay a debt of honour, as it is emphatically called, to a nobleman who does not want it, or to a sharper who perhaps won it unfairly—and this he must do, if he is unable to pay both debts, and is desirous of still maintaining the reputation of honour. A man of honour, without religion, may take advantage of the artless simplicity of some unsuspecting girl, to rob her of that honour which he prizes so much himself; and afterwards may run her father or her brother through the body, for presuming to call his honour in question. A man of honour, without religion,

religion, may traffic for a ſeat in parliament to keep him out of jail, and may ſucceed in a bargain for ſome venal borough; he may then declaim in that parliament againſt bribery and corruption, and ſell the intereſts of his conſtituents, to a worthleſs miniſter, with as little ceremony as he bought them.

Theſe, and a thouſand other characters ſuch as theſe, are the daily product of what the world calls honour. But let not my dear boy miſtake me, and think that I am decrying the nobleſt principle of the ſoul, or ſacrificing honour at the ſhrine of religion;—if honour without religion is bad,—religion without honour is a thouſand times worſe: '*Corruptio optimi eſt peſſima*?' Now, true religion being the beſt and moſt ſacred thing on earth, the corruption of it is the worſt of all corruptions. Accordingly the moſt flagitious characters that have ever appeared in the world have been hypocrites; and the moſt enormous wickedneſs that ever diſgraced mankind, or outraged the feelings of humanity, has been perpetrated under the name of religion:—but it was religion diveſted of honour. Cromwell and his ſaints may ſerve for a ſpecimen of the one.—The inquiſition and the jeſuits, the Sicilian veſpers, the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, nay the whole hiſtory of popery abounds with examples of the other. But true honour, and true religion, are not accountable for the corruptions which wicked men have introduced in either. Theſe are harmonious principles, wedded together, and which cannot exiſt aſunder. They are ſweet concords, whoſe uniſon charms the ſoul, and makes it fit for heaven. As for you, my boy, I have no fear either for your honour or your faith. I have not taught

 you

you to place religion in abſtract ſpeculations, or in a ſervile aſſent to unintelligible creeds—but in thoſe ſubſtantial duties which the great Author of ours came into the world to preach and to practiſe, and which, if we would believe himſelf, is the only thing of worth in any religion. For what does he require of thee, O man! but to abſtain from evil; to do juſtice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? But nothing ſhews more the neceſſity of religion to a man of true honour, than the opinion of the world concerning gratitude. Even in this profligate age, no man would be allowed to have honour, who could return an extraordinary kindneſs with ſcorn and contempt. Now God is the greateſt benefactor that any man ever had, or ever can have. I never can believe, therefore, that he who can be falſe to his God, will ever be true to his king or his country, to his miſtreſs or his friend. And now, Ned, that I have named the word miſtreſs, give me leave to point out to you the only rock on which I think your honour can ever be in danger. I know your attachment to Lady Cecilia Rivers; and I think, conſidering your adventure with her, and ſome other circumſtances that I ſhall not name, that it is more than poſſible ſhe may incline to wiſh you well. You are now going into her preſence; and are invited even to dwell with her, by her father. But, Oh remember, Edward, what that father has done for you! and do not abuſe his generous friendſhip, by ſeducing the affections of his child. You know the immenſe diſtance of your rank; and that if ſhe could be weak enough to conſent to marry you, the conſequence would, to her, be nothing leſs than ruin. Let your honour then be triumphant over

your paſſion; let the ſpirit of a ſoldier teach you to conquer, and let your firſt victory be over yourſelf. Leave fiddlers and dancing-maſters to abuſe the hoſpitality of their patrons by robbing them of their daughters; but let my generous Edward ſcorn ſuch unworthy actions—let him ſupport the honour of an ancient Briton, and ſhew his noble friend that the barren wilds of Wales, and the humble cottages of its curates, may produce ſpirits worthy of happier climes, and of more exalted fortunes. Let him ſee that he has not miſplaced his friendſhip, and that the laſt vice you can be guilty of is ingratitude."

Here Evans pauſed for a reply;—but Ned continued rapt in the profoundeſt meditation. "Speak to me, my child!" ſaid Evans again, "and paſs me your word of honour not to attempt to ſeduce the affections of Lady Cecilia Rivers!"—"Seduce her affections! No, my father! (replied Ned) by Heaven I would not ſeduce her to be the monarch of the univerſe! You ſay you know my attachment to her: I avow it; and when I ceaſe to be attached to her, I ſhall be attached to nothing upon earth. But calm your fears, either for her honour or for mine;—her mind is ſo pure as to reſiſt all corruption, and her underſtanding ſo clear that to circumvent it is impoſſible.—But know that, if it was not ſo, your ſon would ſooner periſh in the duſt before he would hazard to offend her. You ſay you think it poſſible ſhe may incline to wiſh me well:—I am ſure ſhe does ſo; but in the light you ſeem to hint, I do not believe ſhe thinks of me at all. Yet, Oh my father! pardon me if I muſt tell you, that if I thought it poſſible ſhe ſhould ever bend her thoughts to match herſelf with your poor Edward, I would embrace my happineſs

happineſs with ecſtacy, and aſpire to her arms, though ſhe was ſeated on the throne. And where would be the diſhonour in this? or where would be the ruin? It is true I am not rich—and it is true I am not a lord: but it is alſo true I am a gentleman, and that I have never done any thing to forfeit that character.—In that character therefore I ſhall ever think I have a right to puſh my fortune wherever I can find it; and after the charming leſſon which you have read me this night on honour and religion, the muſic of which ſtill tingles in my ears, my dear father! you muſt excuſe my acting ſo inconſiſtent with both, as to make you a promiſe which I am ſure I ſhall not be able to perform."——"Enough, my ſon," ſaid Evans. "Enough, my deareſt child! I will exact no promiſe, and I am ſatisfied with your reaſons for giving none. Go, my boy, go where fortune leads you!—Court her through the paths of honour, and may glory and ſucceſs attend you."

The clock now ſtruck two:—they rang the bell for the waiter. They were ſhewn to the ſame apartment; and this being the laſt night in which perhaps they ſhould ever be together, they reſolved not to ſeparate: they quickly undreſſed, and lay down in the ſame bed, where their innocent and peaceful minds were ſoon ſealed in the profoundeſt ſleep.

CHAP. XXI.

THE morning was pretty far advanced before either of them awoke; the waiter came to ſummon them to breakfaſt, and to inform them that the wind was fair. The captain of the packet had juſt called at the houſe, to acquaint the paſſengers he ſhould ſail in an hour. When they had finiſhed their laſt meal together, Evans took Ned by the hand, and, looking on him with inexpreſſible tenderneſs—"I had ſomething to reveal to you, my dear boy!" ſaid he, "which may ſome time or other be of conſequence to you, though at preſent it can be of none. I will therefore ſuppreſs it now. But if ever we live to meet again, I will acquaint you with it; and in caſe it ſhall pleaſe God to take me from you, I ſhall take care to have it told you. I know not what fortune may attend you—you may riſe to honour and to fame; or you may ſink under misfortune, and walk in the valley of death. In either caſe, my darling child! here is your conſolation—here is a friend that will never forſake you; that will teach you to uſe proſperity with moderation, and to ſupport adverſity without being overwhelmed. Take it, my child—uſe it—keep it—conſult it upon all occaſions, and truſt your father when he tells you, it has been his cordial through many afflictions." He then put into his hand a pocket edition of the Bible. "I accept

accept your present, my father!" said Ned, "with thankfulness; and in this case I will make no scruple of passing you my most sacred word of honour, that I will obey your injunctions. And now too, my father, I must tell you in my turn, that I also had a secret to reveal, which yet at present I am obliged to suppress. Yet I will acquaint you with it by letter; and I make it my last request to you, that you will comply with my desire." "I know nothing, my child," said Evans, "that you can demand of me, that I shall ever wish to refuse." The captain of the packet now came to summon Ned on board, which put a stop to all further explanation: what Evans had to reveal must remain in his own bosom till he chooses to tell it—at this time it could have been of no consequence to Edward, unless perhaps to afflict him, though indeed without reason. What Ned had to reveal to his father, was certainly his affair with Molly Price: but the piety of that ingenuous youth could not bear the presence of his father under the consciousness of guilt.

They now walked together to the vessel, and took their last leave upon the beach. They shook hands for the last time with the warmth of sincere affection, but without those tears which are the characteristics of female partings.

Mr. Evans stood upon the beach till the packet got under weigh; he continued to gaze on her till she turned out of the harbour, and the intervening rocks concealed her from his view. He then returned to the inn; and having ordered his horse, and paid the bill, he set forward on his way home. He had not gone many miles before the weather began

gan to change. The wind, which had been south-east in the morning, now turned to the south-west, and brought with it heavy squalls of rain. His fears now rose for his son, to whom this wind was adverse, and he was often upon the point of returning to the Head, in hopes the packet would put back, and that he should again fold him in his arms. As he rode on, doubting in his mind, the comfortable little inn of Gwin-du appeared, the landlady of which he was long acquainted with, and whose character and hospitality deservedly endeared her to all who travelled this road. Here therefore he determined to alight, and Mrs. Knowles herself met him at the gate. She received him with the cheerful welcome of genuine friendship, and her house being then full of company going to the Head, she conducted him to her own little parlour behind the bar; where he found an excellent fire, a neat room, and every thing else that could contribute to his comfortable entertainment. She now congratulated him on his son's commission, which she had heard of soon after he got it; and when Mr. Evans expressed his anxiety to her for his safety, as he had that morning sailed for Ireland, she allayed his fears, by assuring him there had no accident happened to a packet within any body's recollection. "They are such excellent vessels," said she, "and so well appointed both in sailors and commanders, that though they sail in all weathers, they always come safe. At present the wind is contrary, to be sure, but it is far from a storm; and it may be fair again before night, for nothing is more common. And so, my dear

dear Sir," continued ſhe, "repoſe yourſelf here in quiet; the company will ſoon ſet forward to the Head, when you can have a room to yourſelf, and continue your journey in the morning." Mr. Evans thanked her for her kind invitation, but expreſſed his poſitive determination to go home that night at all events. "My poor wife," ſaid he, "is all alone, and ſtands in need of my company to relieve her ſorrow for parting with her ſon." "Well then," ſaid ſhe, "if you are determined to go, I cannot help it: but I muſt inſiſt on your obliging me in one thing. I have a chaiſe here of my ſiſter Jackſon's at the Ferry, which I am obliged to ſend home; and as the evening is ſtill wet, I inſiſt on your going in it at free coſt (for it muſt go at any rate), and your horſe may be tied behind it and follow after." This offer, ſo obliging and ſo convenient, was not to be refuſed; he therefore gladly accepted it; and then aſking what was to pay for his dinner, ſhe poſitively refuſed to take a farthing. The chaiſe being now ready, he got into it, after having kindly taken leave of Mrs. Knowles; and fully convinced in his own mind that there was not ſix ſuch miſtreſſes of an inn in all the world.

When he got to Bangor Ferry, he gave the lad who drove him a ſhilling; and, mounting his own horſe, continued his journey home. The evening had cleared up; and the night, which had now ſet in, ſeemed much better than there had been any reaſon to expect ſome time before. This eaſed his mind with regard to Edward, and enabled him to meet his wife with more cheerfulneſs than he otherwiſe could have done. He found that good woman juſt ſitting

down to her ſolitary meal, which was to ſerve her both for dinner and ſupper; for ſhe had long delayed dining, in hopes of the comfort of her huſband's return. Were I to relate the tender meeting of this fond and faithful pair, I am afraid moſt married couples would ſay it was unnatural—it was ſo utterly unlike the generality of connubial meetings now-a-days. Yet their happineſs was a little allayed, when they ſaw but two plates upon the table; they miſſed the third who added ſo much cheerfulneſs to their meals, and the thoughts of the abſent filled both their eyes with tears. Juſt then Towſer, who had been Ned's favourite dog, came wagging his tail to Evans, and put his foot upon his knee. "Poor fellow!" ſaid Evans, patting his head, and giving him a bone to pick, "I will be kind to you, Towſer, for your maſter's ſake." Mrs. Evans, whoſe eye was fixed on a little round hat which Ned uſed to wear, and which ſtill hung upon the peg, from which ſhe would not ſuffer it to be removed, ſaid with a ſigh which came from the bottom of her ſoul, "Alas! my poor boy!—I ſhall never ſee you more!"—"God forbid!" ſaid Evans; "I truſt we ſhall ſpend many happy days together yet. Come, wife!" ſaid he, "uncork a bottle of wine. Sorrow, they ſay, is dry—let us drink a bumper to Ned's health, and may we live to ſee him a general officer!" "God grant that I may live to ſee him at all!" ſaid ſhe; "but I will pledge your toaſt. So ſhe brought the wine, which her huſband well knew her ſpirits required. He made her drink a bumper, and another to the back of it; and affected a cheerfulneſs which at that time he did not really poſſeſs, on purpoſe to alleviate the load under which he

ſaw

ſaw ſhe laboured. In part he ſucceeded; and time, which leſſens all ſorrows, at length ſoftened hers. And here we ſhall take leave of this worthy couple for a long ſeaſon; truſting they will continue to live and to be happy, while we follow the fortunes of their ſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THE packet had proceeded but a ſhort way on her voyage when the weather changed, as we have ſeen before; and the wind coming now contrary, and blowing freſh, there was a general diſcharge among the paſſengers of all they had eaten the day before. Ned was not free from theſe qualms; yet he was not ſo taken up with his own ſufferings, but that he could feel for the ladies who were on board, and whoſe unavoidable diſtreſſes made them real objects of compaſſion. He endeavoured to relieve them as long as he was able, but the veſſel continuing to work violently, he was obliged to retire to his birth. They continued the whole night at ſea; but the weather having grown more favourable towards morning, he was able, as ſoon as it was day, to go upon deck. Here he had the firſt view of the Iriſh ſhore. The ſight of any land is pleaſant to one who has not been accuſtomed to the ſea, but the bay of Dublin preſents objects particularly grand and noble. He ſaw it this morning in its higheſt beauty. On one ſide was the Hill of Howth, with the romantic rock called Ireland's eye, and the iſland of Lambay beyond it; on the other were the Wicklow Mountains riſing to the ſkies, and their tops ſtill ſhrowded with the morning clouds. In front appeared the lighthouſe, white as ſnow, and looking like Venus

riſing

rifing out of the waves. The fpires of the metropolis glimmered at a diftance through the mift that always hangs over great cities, while the new rifen fun gilded the intermediate country, rich in an infinite variety, where groves and palaces, cottages and meads, towns and country feats, mafts and trees feemed blended together. Ned, who had a tafte for painting, could not fail to be delighted with the beauty of this profpect; but, charming as it was, could he have diftinguifhed among it the dwelling of Lady Cecilia, I believe the other objects would have been but little regarded.

About eight o'clock in the morning they paffed the bar; and a wherry always attending the packet, he was in lefs than an hour after landed on the quay, oppofite the Marine Hotel. Here he had a proof of the amazing hofpitality and good manners of the Irifh; for he had fcarcely fet his foot upon the ground, when half a dozen ragamuffins without coats, and others without fhoes, welcomed his honour on fhore, and feemed to be almoft quarrelling among themfelves which fhould take his honour's trunk to the hotel, which was about twenty yards diftance. At laft this was effected by agreement; for two carried the trunk, which weighed about three ftone, and another carried his boots which weighed about three pounds, and they only demanded three fixpence halfpennies. It had hardly been depofited three minutes in the houfe, when another very obliging gentleman appeared, who told his honour he was an officer of the cuftoms, and that his trunk muft be taken to the cuftom-houfe; but, if his honour would give him a fhilling, he would difpenfe with the laws fo far as to permit him to take any thing out of it he pleafed. Poor Ned complied with the ut-

moſt good humour with theſe extortions, but told the officer he had not leſs than half-a-guinea about him. The other very politely offered to get it changed; whereupon Ned gave it to him directly for that purpoſe. His ſea ſickneſs being now quite gone, and his ſtomách completely empty, he aſked the landlord if he could get any thing for breakfaſt; who replied, he might have any thing he pleaſed. He was then ſhewn into a very handſome and well-furniſhed parlour, though they had forgot to ſweep it for about a week before, and here his breakfaſt was ſerved; which, to do the landlord juſtice, was both good and reaſonable, and Ned did it ample juſtice in the eating. Poor Morgan too, who was as hungry as his maſter, was equally well ſerved without. Ned now wondered the officer did not come back with his change; but thoſe who knew that gentleman better, would have wondered more if he had. The truth is, he was no officer at all; but he thought, by the innocence of Ned's countenance, that he was a fine ſubject for a cheat; in which he too happily ſucceeded, and the poor youth was obliged to purchaſe this firſt piece of experience at the price of half-a-guinea. But now a real officer appeared, whoſe ſtory, however, was much the ſame as the other's, and only differed in the authority of the teller. So Ned having taken out ſome articles of dreſs, and ten guineas in money, he delivered his trunk to the officer, and ordered David to go with him to the cuſtom-houſe with the key, and when it was ſearched to bring it back. Meanwhile he got a hair-dreſſer to ſet his head in order; and having put on his beſt clothes, which were the ſame we formerly mentioned to be approved of by Lady

Cecilia,

Cecilia, he only waited for Morgan's return to go to pay his reſpects to that divine beauty.

His heart was ſo eager to behold her ladyſhip, that he thought every minute an hour till he returned; and he was ſo often at the door of the houſe looking for him, that the maids took that opportunity of gazing at him till they put him entirely out of countenance. "He is a charm-"ing fellow," ſaid one, "and has the fineſt eyes "I ever ſaw." "He has the beſt legs that ever "I ſaw with an Engliſhman," ſays a ſecond, "but I think he is a little too ſhame-faced." "That's owing to his youth," ſaid a third; "but I ſhould like him charmingly for a huſ-"band." Whilſt theſe elegant obſervations were making, Morgan returned with the trunk, which Ned delivered into the cuſtody of the landlord till he ſhould ſend for it, and he promiſed to take care of it. He ordered Morgan to ſtay there too, and ſallied out himſelf in queſt of Lord Ravenſdale's.

It was no difficult matter to find his lordſhip's houſe. As he he went up to the door his heart palpitated at his ſide, and his breath was as ſhort as if he had run three miles. He had reſolution enough, however, to knock at it, when it was opened by a footman in a very elegant livery. Ned aſked if Lord Ravenſdale was at home? The man anſwered, that his Lordſhip and Lady Cecilia had gone down to the country three days before, and that they were not expected again ſoon. This was a grievous diſappointment to poor Ned, as the ſervant, if he had been expert in reading countenances, might eaſily have perceived. He then aſked if any of the family were in town? The man anſwered, that both Lord Rivers and the Captain were in town, but that his Lordſhip was not yet riſen, and the

Captain

Captain had gone out ſeveral hours ago. Ned was now going away; when the ſervant aſked him if he would not be ſo good as to leave his name, or that if he would call again in an hour he would probably find Lord Rivers up. "You may tell his Lordſhip," ſaid Ned, "that Mr. Evans from Wales was here, and that I will call again." He then went away, and the ſervant ſhut the door.

As Lord Ravenſdale's houſe was in Merrion-ſquare, he intended to amuſe himſelf with ſauntering about the neighbouring ſtreets, and admiring the many beautiful buildings which ſurrounded him, until it ſhould be time to call again on Lord Rivers. Paſſing along Merrion-ſtreet, he was infinitely ſtruck with the grandeur of the Duke of Leinſter's. The beautiful opening at the back of that noble palace, and the elegant diſpoſition of the ground, with the refreſhing verdure of the lawn, and the variety of ſhrubs that ſurround it, charmed his fancy, and made him think it a dwelling fit for a ſovereign. As he ſtood admiring it, two ſtout lads approached him, who had each a baſket on his head, and a knife with a piece of ſteel at his ſide. He aſked one of theſe lads, whoſe noble palace that was which he was looking at? "Oh Jeſus!" ſays the other, "Where were you born, that you don't know who lives there?" "What's that to you where I was born?" ſaid Ned; "I aſk you whoſe houſe that is?" "What's that to you whoſe houſe it is?" ſaid the other: "Go look, and be damned!" Ned, who was not accuſtomed to this language, grew a little angry; which the other obſerving, ſaid, "By Jeſus, hur is a Welchman, her Welch plud is up. Ah! when did hur croſs the ferry, agrah! and how did hur leave St. Taffy, and

who

who milks hur grandmother's goats, now hur is away?" Ned, whofe Welch blood was now up in earneft at this difrefpectful mention of his country, gave the fellow a ftroke with a rattan which he had in his hand; and was preparing to give him another, when the fecond boy came behind him, and clapped his empty bafket downwards over his head, and pulling him back tripped him at the fame time, fo that he fell backwards on the ground; and the cunning rafcal pretending to fall at top of him, wedged his head in the handle of the bafket, and left him in that awkward fituation, and both of them ran away.

Though Ned was taken unawares, yet he foon recovered himfelf, and got difengaged from the bafket. A chairman who chanced to come by then being informed by him what had happened, went into a gentleman's houfe; and bringing out a clothes-brufh, freed him from the duft, and affifted to put him to rights. Ned was very thankful for this civility; and putting his hand in his pocket to give him a fhilling, he found his purfe was gone with the ten guineas he had juft put into it; and what he regretted ftill more, his watch, which was a prefent from his father, whofe companion it had been for thirty years. There was no help for it, however—the thing was fo fudden, he would not have known the fcoundrels again if he was to fee them: like the wind, he could neither tell whence they came, nor whither they went. The chairman however condoled with his misfortune, and thanked him for his intention, as much as if he had got the fhilling; and then left him, giving him this good advice, that if in future he fhould ever be at a lofs for information in the ftreets, never to afk any body but a chairman, who, he could af-

fure

ſure him, were all of them men of honour, and would not impoſe upon a ſtranger for the world.

Poor Ned being now on his legs again, and re-adjuſted as to his dreſs, though without a penny in his pocket, walked on towards Stephen's-green. The noble grandeur of this magnificent ſquare ſurpriſed as much as it delighted him, and he was aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo extenſive an open in the midſt of a populous city. The trees were already putting forth their leaves, and the graſs in the field exhibited the richeſt verdure, indebted for its early ſpring to the richneſs of the ground, the warmth of the city, and the mild openneſs of the Iriſh climate, which brings every thing forward a month ſooner than in Wales. In the Beau-walk, which he had now entered, were a great number of well-dreſſed people of both ſexes, walking in parties, and enjoying the fineneſs of the day; whilſt the elegant dreſſes of the ladies, and the freſhneſs of their complexions, made him almoſt believe he was in the iſland of Cytherea, the native country of beauty and the graces. He might have indulged his imagination for ſome time longer, if he had not been accoſted by an old beggar-woman, who with the face of the moſt abject want, with hardly a rag to cover her, aſked him for a halfpenny. He gave her a look of pity, which unhappily was all he had to give, and told her he was ſorry that he had nothing about him, for he had juſt parted with all the money he had brought out. She gave a ſigh, and turning up her eyes to Heaven—"God bleſs your ſweet face!" ſaid ſhe, "and may the holy Jeſus enlarge your ſtore!" As he walked on he obſerved the equeſtrian ſtatue in the centre of the field, though from its diſtance he could barely diſtinguiſh what it was.—He wiſhed to be informed about it;

it; but not ſeeing any chairman near him, was afraid to aſk queſtions. At laſt, recollecting that he could not be robbed, and ſeeing at a diſtance a gentleman walking alone, whom, by a certain elevation of the head, a ſleek countenance, and a coat of the moſt gloſſy black, he concluded to be a dignified clergyman, he determined to aſk him. Juſt as he was approaching him, he perceived the poor beggar-woman ſtretching out her hand to him, and beſeeching his reverence to beſtow ſomething on her for charity. "Pr'ythee begone, woman!" ſaid the divine, "I never give any thing to beggars."—She dropped a curteſy, and retired. Ned's heart was ſmote:—he ſuffered him to paſs unnoticed. When he was gone out of hearing, he aſked the poor woman who he was? "It is Doctor Porpoiſe, Sir," ſaid ſhe; "the greateſt preacher in the kingdom, and they ſay he is to be the firſt biſhop." "He may preach as he pleaſes," ſaid Ned, "but his practice is very bad."—"Oh no," ſaid the poor woman, "your honour does not know him—he ſubſcribes to all the charities in the kingdom, and it is thought he will build an hoſpital himſelf." "He may build ten if he will," ſaid Ned, "but he knows nothing of charity; and whenever he dies he will find his charity at the head of his ſins." "Oh! God forbid!" ſaid the poor woman; "I wiſh him well, though he gave me nothing." "Good woman," ſaid Ned, "where do you live?" "Alas, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "I am aſhamed to tell you—I live in the ſtreets—Where elſe can ſuch a wretch as I am find a habitation?" "I will ſee you here to-morrow," ſaid Ned, "and I will give you ſomething to get a better habitation." He was then going, but the woman held his coat—"Oh ſir, give me leave to aſk; but

but—indeed I am afraid." "What are you afraid of?" ſaid Ned; "aſk what you want to know." "Are you an angel, ſir? for you look ſo like one, I would kiſs the hem of your garment." The ſtrangeneſs of the queſtion, for he perceived by her countenance that ſhe was really in doubt, had like to make him laugh. He however kept his gravity, and replied that he was indeed nothing but a man, and a poor one too—"Nevertheleſs," ſaid he, "I will not deceive you." The poor woman curteſied to the ground; and while ſhe was praying to the Almighty to reward him, he continued his walk.

CHAP. XXIII.

HE made the circuit of the whole green, in which he ſaw much to admire, and ſtill more to condemn. The magnificence of many of the houſes pleaſed—while the meanneſs of others, and the want of regularity in the whole, did not fail to offend. But what diſguſted him moſt was the deep ditch which ſurrounds the fields, with a naſty, ſtinking, green, unwholeſome puddle at the bottom, which can anſwer no end but to annoy the inhabitants, and which it is aſtoniſhing they have ſo long endured. If that ditch was filled up, over a concealed drain; if the centre field was laid out in walks and ſhrubbery; if the mean houſes were removed, and new ones built on a regular and uniform plan, Stephen's-green would be the moſt beautiful ſquare in any city in Europe.

Having now been near two hours on his walk, he returned back to Lord Ravenſdale's. When the ſervant opened the door, he informed him that Lord Rivers had been obliged to go out, on buſineſs he could not neglect, but that he would be home to dinner, when he hoped to have the honour of Mr. Evans's company. The footman then ſhewed him up to the drawing-room. —Though Ned was no ſtranger to the beſt houſes in his own neighbourhood, yet he had never ſeen any thing like the apartment which he now entered. The room was 44 feet long,

34 wide, and 30 high; it was hung with ſilk damaſk of an azure blue; chairs, ſophas, and window curtains of the ſame; the latter hung in feſtoons, and ornamented with taſſels and a deep fringe of blue and ſilver. The cieling and cornices were of the fineſt ſtucco, divided into compartments, in the four principal of which were painted, by an exquiſite hand, the four ſeaſons: from the centre hung a luſtre of cut glaſs, with branches for ſix-and-thirty candles, and which with all its appendages had coſt 1000 guineas. The beauty of the chimney-piece was inexpreſſible, which was all of Parian marble, and on the top of which ſtood the ſtatues of two naked boys, which were worthy to be the work of Phidias. The glaſſes, the carpets, and every thing elſe were anſwerable.—But the richeſt part of the furniture, and in compariſon of which all the reſt was nothing, was the pictures. Here were the works of Titian, Guido, Correggio, and Tintoret. A landſcape, by Claude, had caught his eye, for this was his favourite kind of painting, when, chancing to turn his head to the glaſs, he thought he ſaw Lady Cecilia behind him. He ſtarted and looked haſtily round, but alas! it was only her reſemblance—but then ſo exquiſitely like, that it almoſt made amends for the diſappointment. The noble works of the Italian maſters were now obliged to yield to the more intereſting pencil of Angelica—for ſhe it was who painted this portrait. Mrs. Kauffman had been ſome time before in Ireland, and Lord Ravenſdale could not miſs the opportunity of getting his daughter painted by ſo excellent an artiſt. She was drawn in the character of Diana; and never did the Goddeſs herſelf, on the banks of the renowned Eurotas, or in the numbers of the ſublimeſt

limeſt poet, exhibit a more ſtriking combination of majeſty and ſweetneſs, of beauty, chaſtity, and grace. Ned gazed at it with rapture, aſtoniſhed at the art that could ſo happily repreſent the picture of his ſoul; and here he would ſtill have gazed, had not a thundering rap at the door, which ſhook the whole houſe, and which aſtoniſhed him, who had never in his life heard the like before, announced the arrival of Lord Rivers and the Captain.

The brothers immediately went up ſtairs; and Lord Rivers advanced to Edward with a ſliding bow——" I am infinitely happy," ſaid he, " Captain Evans, to have the honour of ſeeing you in this houſe; and I can aſſure you that my father and I, and all the family, have ſo juſt a ſenſe of the great obligation you have laid us under, that nothing on our parts ſhall be wanting to make your ſtay among us in this kingdom agreeable." Ned ſtood bluſhing to the eyes.—" Brother ſoldier," ſaid the captain, " I do not make long ſpeeches, but I am glad to ſee you here with all my heart; and ſo give me your hand."

This laſt addreſs relieved Ned from his embarraſſment, being mnch nearer his own ſtyle. He cordially ſhook hands with the captain; and after expreſſing his gratitude to his lordſhip and the family for ſo infinitely over-rating any little ſervice that he had been ſo fortunate as to render Lady Cecilia, he ſat down. They now enquired about his paſſage, the weather, the news in England, and laſt of all, where he had left his baggage. My lord told him he was to conſider that houſe as his home; and, having rung the bell, he immediately diſpatched one of his ſervants to the hotel, to bring David and the baggage to the houſe.

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The clock now ſtruck five—when a ſervant appearing, announced that dinner was on the table. The captain ſaid he would ſhew Ned the way, who followed after, and his lordſhip went laſt. In the parlour was a table elegantly covered, and a ſervant in a laced livery behind every chair. Ned ſtood ſome time expecting the grace; but finding it did not arrive, he ſat down. He and the captain did juſtice to a moſt excellent dinner, as excellently dreſſed; but his lordſhip could hardly touch any thing—he piddled a little with a ragout of palates and cockscombs, but was obliged to a glaſs of Burgundy to make it go down. His conſtitution indeed ſeemed wearing apace:—though his countenance was noble, and his figure elegant in the extreme—though he was in the very prime of life, being ſcarcely twenty-five years of age—yet there was a thoughtful melancholy in his look, which gave him a much older appearance, and the perpetual vigils of faſhionable diſſipation made him much older in conſtitution even than he appeared. The captain, on the contrary, who loved the ſports of the field, and who ſpent as much time in the country as he poſſibly could, was as fine a young fellow of twenty-two as you would ſee in a thouſand. When the cloth was removed, and the grace forgot as before, a beautiful deſſert in china and cut-glaſs was placed upon the table, conſiſting of all the fruits in ſeaſon, and thoſe that were out of ſeaſon preſerved, whilſt the fineſt wines of France bluſhed in the decanters.—After a full bumper to the king, and ſucceſs to his arms by ſea and land, Lord Rivers's ſpirits began to revive: an elegant and ſpirited converſation took place, which, enriched with claret and enlivened by champagne, abounded both with wit and information.

I wiſh I could repeat it to my readers, but wit at ſecond-hand evaporates; ſuffice it to ſay, Ned bore his ſhare, and, during a couple of hours that they ſat together, greatly ſurpriſed them by his ſallies of humour, united with politeneſs, modeſty, and good ſenſe. The captain in particular conceived a warm affection for him, and my lord declared he wanted nothing but a little intercourſe with high-life, to rub off his baſhfulneſs, and he would be an abſolute *beau garçon*.

His lordſhip then aſked his brother where he was to ſpend the evening? who anſwered, that not knowing of Mr. Evans's arrival, he had promiſed that morning to ſup with his poor friend Malone, "who you know," ſays he, "is inconſolable for the loſs of his wife; and nothing but ſuch an engagement as this, which I cannot put off, could make me part with you this evening." My lord ſaid, he would rather go to a funeral than to ſuch an engagement. "You will hear nothing but the graces and virtues of his dear Louiſa, and nonſenſical whimſies about her employment in heaven.—But come, Captain Evans," ſaid he, "you ſhall go with me; I will carry you to a ſelect ſet, all of them choice ſpirits, and fellows of the firſt faſhion and fortune in the kingdom. We have a room at a tavern, where ſuch of us as are not otherwiſe engaged meet every night, and where every thing is cheerful and *ſans ſouci*."

Ned ſaid, he would be happy to attend his lordſhip where he went. But now being informed that his ſervant had arrived with his trunk, he was ſhewn up to his chamber, where it was depoſited. The ſplendour of this apartment was ſuitable to the reſt of the houſe; and now he took out what remained of his money, being ſomewhat above thirty guineas, not doubting

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but he ſhould want ſome where he was going, and not ſuppoſing it could be in any danger in the company of Lord Rivers.

The chariot being now at the door, his lordſhip and Ned ſtepped into it, and they were driven through ſtreets which ſurpriſed Edward by their number and their illuminations, to the place of their deſtination. They were ſhewn up ſtairs into a large room very well furniſhed, or rather two rooms thrown into one, with a fire-place at each end, and a curtain which could be raiſed or let down at will in the middle. At one end of the room was a table ready laid for ſupper, with all things proper for an elegant entertainment; at the other end were four card-tables, at one of which was a party engaged at whiſt, and two gentlemen ſtanding at the fire. "Oh Rivers! are you come?" ſaid one of them: "What the devil kept you ſo late? Here is Sir George and I have been picking our teeth this hour." "Why, how long has the houſe been up?" ſaid my lord: "I thought you had been there to-day." "Oh, damn the houſe!" ſaid the other; "I don't believe 'tis up yet—I expect every minute to be ſent for to vote." "Why, what are you upon?" "Damn me if I know!—Flood was making an oration about ſomething or other; but he is ſo damnably long-winded, I had like to have fallen aſleep: ſo Sir George called me out into the lobby, and we both ſtole off together." "And how will you know how to vote then?" ſaid Lord Rivers. "Oh! damn you, Rivers!" ſaid the other, "who would think of your aſking me that queſtion? When you give your vote, do you always know what is the debate?" —"Yes certainly," ſaid my lord. "Well, it

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may be ſo, *ſed credat Judæus.*—But I do not mean to contradict you." "Well, come," ſaid Lord Rivers, "it makes no difference to be ſure, we all of us vote with our party; and if the heads of that know what they are about, it is very well. Here let me introduce this gentleman to you, Trimwell; this is—Captain Evans, from Wales."

Ned was then introduced to all the gentlemen, who received him with reſpect; and his lordſhip propoſing to ſit down to cards, he was compelled to make one;—but firſt he declared againſt playing high, and ſaid he underſtood ſo little of cards, that if they could do without him, he would rather not play at all. Lord Rivers ſaid, they played for mere nothing; only for half guineas, unleſs he choſe to bet. Ned ſaid he never made any bets; and as he thought it was half-a-guinea a rubber, and that he really underſtood the game very well, he thought it would be rude to ſpoil their party: ſo he was prevailed upon to cut. Lord Rivers and he happened to be partners; and Fortune being in the mood of favouring him he won the rubber. His lordſhip, who betted on the rubber, and on every odd trick, won alſo very conſiderably, and this put him into high good-humour. Ned expected only half-a-guinea; but he received two guineas and a half, it being a rubber of five. This however did not give him much ſatisfaction, as it ſhewed him he was playing for a much larger ſtake than he intended. He was however engaged, and he could not give over without breaking up the party: ſo he continued to ſit on. He played three rubbers more; and Fortune, as if ſhe intended to ſeduce him to be a gameſter, favoured him in every one.

He heard now confufed noifes behind the curtain, which had been let down, among which he diftinguifhed female voices; and one of the waiters announcing fupper to be on the table, the card parties broke up, and Ned rofe a winner of eight guineas and a half.

The table was covered to profufion, with every thing rare and elegant, the very names of which Ned never heard before. The ladies, who were four in number, were laughing at the upper end, dreffed in the top of the mode; patched, painted, powdered, and perfumed, with plumes of feathers nodding on their heads: he fuppofed them to be ladies of fafhion, by their eafe and their forwardnefs, efpecially as he remembered Lord Rivers's obfervation, that he only wanted acquaintance with high life to rub off his bafhfulnefs. He thought however they ftared at him more than was confiftent with good breeding, and their whifpering and tittering did not appear perfectly polite. The company now fat down, Lord Rivers at the upper end.—"Come, gentlemen," faid he, "mix with the ladies, and fit as they do in France; let us have no ceremonies here: Captain Evans, as you are the only ftranger, and my gueft, you will be pleafed to fit near me." All things being now adjufted, they fat down. Every body helped themfelves to what they liked, or called to another, if what they liked was not near them. Ned obferved that the gentlemen fcarce tafted any thing; but the ladies made amends, for they devoured every thing as if they had fafted during a whole Lent. As foon as one of the ladies could difengage her mouth from the leg of a duck which fhe had ftuffed into it, fhe afked Ned if he would hob

nob.

nob.—"Hob nob, madam!" ſaid Ned, "what is that? I have not the honour to underſtand you." "O Jeſus, ſir!" ſaid ſhe, "did you never hob nob with a woman in all your life?" Ned, who was aſtoniſhed beyond all conception, could not tell what to anſwer, but bluſhed like ſcarlet. Moſt of the company laughed—but Lord Rivers ſaid, "Captain Evans, the lady only means to aſk you to drink a glaſs of wine with her; which in this country is called hob nobbing. I believe in Wales you have no ſuch term." "I really did not comprehend the lady's meaning," ſaid Ned; "but I will drink a glaſs of wine with her with all my heart."—She then toſſed off a bumper to Love and Friendſhip; in which Ned pledged her, though he thought in his own mind ſhe was no object of either.

Another of the ladies hearing that Ned came from Wales, aſked him if there was not a great many goats in it. He anſwered, that he believed there might. "Aye," ſaid ſhe, "I thought ſo; you look ſo freſh complexioned—I ſuppoſe you live upon their whey?" Ned aſſured her that he never taſted a drop of their whey in all his life. "By the living jingo, that's very odd," ſaid ſhe: "why it is the greateſt reſtorative in nature." "O fie, Polly," ſaid another of the ladies, "do not ſwear—you knows I hates ſwearing, it ſounds ſo wulgar."—"Why now!" ſaid the other, "it is hardly a month ſince I heard you ſwear Peg Plunket black in the face." "Madam," ſaid the other, "I ſcorn your words; and if I did ſwear once, it is a profane cuſtom, and I have left it off." "Come, come, ladies," ſaid my lord, "no quarrelling; all here muſt have

freedom

freedom of ſpeech." "She is grown ſo ſanctified ſince ſhe took up with Parſon Simper, the methodiſt," ſaid the fourth lady, "that in another month we ſhall have her preaching ſermons!" "Madam," ſaid the other, "whatever you ſay of me, I beg you will ſpare that holy man, and do not make a jeſt of religion." "Why, what is religion but a jeſt?" ſaid Sir Thomas Spindle, a worn-out emaciated rake of ſeven-and-twenty; "damn me if any thing is ſo diſguſting to me as to hear a woman prate with virtue in her mouth, and vice in her heart!" "Well, Sir Thomas," ſaid the lady, "nobody will accuſe you of either one or the other—for I defy any body to ſay they ever heard a virtuous ſentiment come out of your mouth!" Here the laugh turned againſt poor Sir Thomas, in which every body joined except Ned, who was now fully appriſed of the character of the ladies, and whoſe diſguſt and contempt roſe to abſolute abhorrence.

A reinforcement of gentlemen now coming in from the houſe, which had juſt broke up, the converſation took a political turn, much to the ſatisfaction of Ned, who was thereby relieved from ribaldry and profaneneſs. Some of the new-comers diſplayed both genius and ſentiment, which a little reconciled him to his ſituation; and the ladies retiring without any body taking notice, except one or two of the gentlemen going off with them, among whom was Sir Thomas Spindle with the very girl who turned him to ridicule, he reſumed his complacency and good-humour.

For ſome time the converſation was both intereſting and inſtructive, as the ſubject turned on the war in America, in which he was going

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to be engaged; and he would have liſtened to it with all his heart: but a difference in ſentiment ariſing, they began to grow warm; when Lord Rivers called them to order, and deſired them to remember that that room was dedicated to Concord. A libation of claret being then offered to that deity, cards were again propoſed, as thoſe who laſt came in had not played at all. Ned was again challenged to the field, by the gentlemen whoſe money he had won, and whom therefore he could not decently refuſe. But the game they now played at was not whiſt, but loo, as taking in a greater number; and Lord Rivers was excuſed as preſiding over the wine. For ſome time Fortune continued favourable to Ned; but at laſt the fickle goddeſs changed, and, after an hour's run of continual ill-luck, he found he had not only loſt all that he had won, but ſixteen guineas more. He now determined to give over, which nothing but his *mauvaiſe honte* had prevented him from doing long before. He therefore aſked Lord Rivers, in a whiſper, what time he thought of going home? "Not theſe three hours," ſaid his Lordſhip: "ſure you are not tired—the fun is only beginning." "I beg to be excuſed, for my part," ſaid Ned, "for I really am fatigued; I got no reſt laſt "night at ſea, and I confeſs I long to get to bed." "Oh then, if that is the caſe," ſaid his Lordſhip, "I dare ſay my carriage is in waiting, which ſhall carry you home when you pleaſe." As he went out of the room, his Lordſhip followed him; and being alone altogether on the head of the ſtairs, he ſaid to Ned, "Perhaps, my dear fellow, you have been unlucky. If you have loſt any money, the only way to retrieve it is to play on; and if you are out of caſh, here is

is my purſe for you, which you may always freely command on this or any other occaſion." Ned thanked his Lordſhip, but aſſured him it was no ſuch thing—he was really tired. But the generoſity of the offer, and the noble frankneſs with which it was made, reſtored Lord Rivers to his eſteem, who had begun a little to ſink in it before. The carriage being now ready, Lord Rivers returned to the company, and Ned went home to Lord Ravenſdale's.

CHAP. XXIV.

WHEN Ned alighted at Lord Ravenſdale's, he enquired for Captain Rivers, and was told he had gone to bed three hours before. The ſervant then ſhewed him up to his chamber, where a pair of wax candles were burning, and where David Morgan was ſtirring the fire, and waiting to attend him. When they were by themſelves, "Well, Morgan," ſaid he, "what have you been doing, and how do you like Dublin?" "Oh! maſter, 'tis the fineſt place in all the world," ſaid he. "Doing! Oh! ſuch rare doing! I never ſaw the like in all my life. My lord and you had hardly been gone half an hour, when company came to Mr. O'Frizzle, my lord's gentleman, and to Mrs. Mulroony, the houſe-keeper—for you muſt know they are very great, and always ſee company together. There was Mrs. Geoghegan, Lady Rumpus's waiting woman, and Miſs Flanagan her niece; and there was Monſieur Papillote, a ſweetheart of Miſs Flanagan's, and Mr. Sideboard, my lord's butler—and to be ſure they were all dreſſed like ſo many lords and ladies. And the ladies came carried by men in leather boxes, but the gentlemen walked—and they were all ſhewed in to Mrs. Mulroony's room, which ſhe ſaid would be more convenient than the parlour, as Captain Rivers was in town; and there they had tea, and cards." "Well, and did you play cards too?" ſaid

ſaid Ned. " Oh! no," ſaid Morgan: " Does your honour think I would be ſuch a fool as to loſe my little money among folks ſo much above me?" " Hem! hem!" ſaid Ned, " you were very wiſe indeed—Go on—what did you do then?" " Why, Mrs. Mulroony deſired the cook to have ſupper by eleven; and ſhe ſaid, ' Yes, to be ſure madam.' So the maids got their tea when the ladies had done, and they invited me and my Lord's footman to drink tea with them; and ſo we all did, to be ſure: and after we had done, then we all went and played blind-man's-buff in the ſervant's hall till ſupper was ready, and then the footmen went to attend upon the ladies; and when they had done, it was brought in to us; and a rare ſupper it was, and plenty of it, enough to keep a Welch ſquire for a fortnight; and ſo we had hardly done when Mr. Sideboard brought a bottle of claret, and gave it to me becauſe I was a ſtranger; and ſo I poured it into a large bowl of punch for the good of the company, and we all drank it, and were as happy as ſo many fiddlers;—and we had hardly finiſhed when your honour came home." " Well," ſaid Ned, " 'tis very fine indeed. But go now to your bed—you need not ſtay up for me." So Morgan retired, and left his maſter to himſelf.

When he was alone, the events of the day came crowding on his mind. " What an idiot am I!" ſaid he to himſelf, " and how improper to be left to my own guidance! I have not yet been eight-and-forty hours from the protection of my father, and how bitterly do I feel the want of him! Into what diſtreſs have my folly and inexperience already led me!" He now took out his purſe, and laid it on the table:—he ſurveyed it for a moment in ſilence,

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as if afraid to count its contents. At laſt he emptied them out, and found that of the fifty guineas which his father gave him but two days before, he had but ſeventeen remaining; and that he had not got one earthly thing, not even pleaſure, in exchange. "This ſum," ſaid he, "which I have thus loſt and ſquandered in one day, would have maintained my poor father for a whole year. Yet," ſaid he, "it ſhall not be wholly loſt; it ſhall at leaſt purchaſe me experience: and I have this comfort, that though I have loſt it by folly, I have not ſquandered it on vice. Oh! my loved father," ſaid he, "thou art not ſleeping in thy bed! Perhaps in the very hour in which thy ſon was ſitting among proſtitutes, thy hands were lifted to Heaven in prayer for him. Nor ſhall they be lifted up in vain," ſaid he; "I am not contaminated by the vile ſociety into which I was ignorantly introduced, and into which nothing ſhall ever betray me again. I will proſtrate myſelf before thy father and mine; and I will commit myſelf in confidence to his protection." With theſe words he retired to his bed-ſide, and, falling on his knees, ſpent ten minutes in the moſt devout prayer. He aroſe refreſhed—the burthen of having done wrong was removed---and a ſecret gleam of ſatisfaction, which the conſciouſneſs of acting right always inſpires, ſhot through his ſoul, and reſtored his ſpirits to compoſure. He now undreſſed to go to bed; but firſt he determined to put back the remains of his money in his trunk, and never to carry about him more than a guinea or two at a time, for fear of accidents. He returned it therefore to the place from whence he took it; and in rummaging about to get a clean night-cap, was ſurpriſed to ſee wedged in a corner his father's tobacco-box. He could not

conceive who had put it there; yet he was glad to ſee it for the ſake of him to whom it belonged; for ſince he had loſt the watch, he had no little keep-ſake to remember him by. He took it out, and was going to kiſs it; but when he felt it, he was at no loſs to know who put it there---the good and generous curate had indeed conveyed it there himſelf, and in it the fifty guineas which he could not prevail on his ſon to take. Ned ſtood in no need of this preſent to endear his father to him; yet the ſurpriſe at this unexpected generoſity, the delicacy with which it was managed, and the ſolid comfort which it brought, almoſt overwhelmed him with gratitude. The fulneſs of his heart found a vent at his eyes; and now, all burthens being removed, he ſurrendered himſelf to the ſweet bleſſing of happy and tranquil ſleep.

It was nine in the morning when he aroſe, and then he went down to the parlour: there he found Captain Rivers reading the newſpapers, and the table laid for breakfaſt. "Good-morrow to you my friend," ſaid the captain; "how have you reſted all night?" "Never better," replied Ned, "for the time of it that I have been in bed." "Well, how did you like your company?" ſaid the captain. "Why, 'faith, to be ſincere with you," ſaid Ned, "I was a little diſappointed there." "I was afraid it would be ſo," replied the other; "but when my brother aſked you to go, it did not become me to make any objections——Did you play?" "Why, yes," ſaid he; "I could not help it." "And you loſt too, I dare ſay?" "Why, yes," ſaid Ned, "you are right there too; but not a great deal." Ned then recounted to him all the tranſactions of the evening. "My dear friend," ſaid the captain, "I am glad you have been among

among them once, and I am glad too that you have loſt your money---for I did ſo too; and I dare ſay you will follow my example, and never hazard it there again. In the company among whom you were laſt night, were ſome men both of genius and virtue; and there are many more belonging to the club of the ſame character, whom you did not ſee. The ruin of it is, there are others of a different ſtamp, and unluckily there were too many of theſe there laſt night. But what makes it entirely unfit for you or me is, that all the members of it are curſed with great fortunes; which enable them to do whatever they pleaſe, and to juſtify whatever they do. My poor brother is ſo attached to the freedom and wit that ſometimes reign there, that I cannot prevail upon him to leave the ſociety, though he by no means approves of every thing that is allowed there, and their late hours have viſibly impaired his health. It is hardly two hours ſince he went to bed. But while we ſtay in town, I will take the liberty of conducting you; and I can aſſure you, you may keep the very beſt company in it for a month, and play cards too with them every evening, for the half of the money you have loſt laſt night.--- And now that I have mentioned money to you, I beg you will not think me impertinent in preſuming to offer you ſome: I know you muſt want it, and that you will ſtill want it; and I know how dreadful that want is to a gentleman of delicacy and feeling." He then offered him a bank-bill for fifty pounds. Ned, however, abſolutely refuſed to take it. He frankly told him what money he had by him, and how obtained--- and ſaid, he never ſhould forgive himſelf, if he could not make his pay ſerve him, which was ſo much more than he was born to, and which

ſo

ſo many men better than himſelf were obliged to live on.

Captain Rivers applauded his ſentiments, and was greatly pleaſed with the generoſity of old Evans. " As you have ſo much money by you," ſaid he, " I will not hurt your feelings by preſſing this on you now; but in return I inſiſt upon your making me your banker, and applying to me whenever you are out:---and in this I will not pretend either to friendſhip or generoſity, for I have my father's orders for ſo doing; and I am ſure it is not his intention to leave you to ſubſiſt on your commiſſion."—" Your father," replied Ned, " has already conferred favours upon me infinitely beyond what I was any way entitled to; I cannot think therefore of becoming burdenſome to his generoſity, or overwhelming myſelf with obligations which I never can repay but by my gratitude."---" And is not that ample payment?" replied the Captain: " What more precious offering can a generous mind either give or receive? But in your caſe, my dear friend, the debtor is my father; we are all your debtors—believe me that we think ſo, and that it is not the paltry gift of your commiſſion that ſhall acquit us."---Ned was at ſome loſs to reply. " You are all of you too good," ſaid he. " But ſhall I ever ſee your father? Shall I be permitted to thank him in perſon for his kindneſs, and to have the happineſs again to ſee Lady Cecilia?"—" Doubtleſs," ſaid he, " you ſhall. We have expected you here ſome time:—my father has been lately ill, and the phyſicians thought country air neceſſary to his recovery—had that not been the caſe, he would have been in town, for he is very ſcrupulous in his attendance on parliament. I wrote to him laſt night that you were come, and I doubt not but the

next

next poſt will bring us a ſummons to go down to him."—This was new life to Ned, whoſe ſatisfaction could hardly be increaſed—unleſs by the arrival of a mountain of toaſt and butter, with which the footman now entered the room—for the man was ſo ſagacious, he meaſured Ned's ſtomach by the Captain's, and indeed the event ſhewed he had not been miſtaken.

They were in the middle of their breakfaſt, when a ſervant came to tell Ned that a chairman wanted to ſpeak to him. "To ſpeak to me!" ſaid Ned: "What can he want? I know nobody in the town." "Bid him come to the door here," ſaid the Captain, "and ſay what he wants. You ſee Mr. Evans is at breakfaſt." "I am come," ſaid the chairman, "pleaſe your Honour, to tell you I have diſcovered the two boys who robbed your Honour yeſterday; your watch and your money is found upon them, and they are both in cuſtody." "Good God!" ſaid Captain Rivers, "what is this? Have you been robbed too ſince you came?" "I'll tell you all by and by," ſaid Ned; "but the adventure was ſo ridiculous, I was aſhamed to mention it before. How did you find them, my friend?" ſaid he to the chairman; "I ſee you are indeed a man of honour, as you told me." "I hope I am, pleaſe your Honour, and worthy the name which I bear." "Why, what is your name?" ſaid Captain Rivers. "Phelim O'Shaghneſſy, pleaſe your Honour," ſaid the other. "It is a very fine ſounding name indeed," replied the Captain, "and ought not to be diſgraced."—"Nor never ſhall by me," ſaid the chairman. "But as I was telling your Honour, after I parted with you yeſterday after bruſhing your Honour's clothes, I thought with myſelf, now 'tis ten to one but theſe boys will go into ſome ale-

ale-houſe near at hand, to drink and to divide their ſpoil; or perhaps one of them may ſkulk ſomewhere about, and come back by and by for his baſket. So I ſets one of my companions to watch the baſket, and I went myſelf to all the ale-houſes in the neighbourhood; and ſure enough as I fancied, ſo it fell out; for at Larry Dermot's, the corner of Stable-lane, I ſees my two gentlemen ſet up in a box together, and laughing moſt heartily over a pot. I made as if I knew nothing, but ſat down beſide them, and called for a pot too. Gentlemen, ſays I, here's both your healths. Thank you heartily, ſays they; here's yours. I wonder, ſays I, what a clock it is; I am engaged to-wait upon a gentleman at two. Upon this one of them pulled out his watch, Oh! it wants half an hour of two yet. I'm glad of it, ſays I. Will you be ſo good, ſaid I, as to keep this pot of ale for me till I go to the corner to ſpeak to my partner? and I'll be back in ten minutes. To this they agreed. So I went and brought Paddy Grogan, and told him what it was to do. Now, gentlemen, ſaid I, you will both go along with us; you are pretty fellows to go and rob a young gentleman in open day, and think to eſcape—but you ſhall go along with us to Alderman Ketchup, and he will know beſt what to do with you. All their laughing was now ſpoiled, and they looked as lank as ſhotten herrings; they fell down on their knees, and offered us five guineas to let them eſcape; but I told them it was affronting our honour to offer us a bribe: ſo we carried them away to the Alderman's, but it was eight o'clock at night before we could ſee his worſhip, all which time we were kept faſting. At laſt his worſhip called us in.—At firſt he began with aſking us a great many queſtions that

that did not ſeem to be any thing to the purpoſe, and then he conſulted his clerk about law; and then he examined us again, and croſs examined us, till I thought he believed that we were the thieves, and not the boys. So I told his worſhip, to cut the matter ſhort, that I could ſwear to the robbery, and that your Honour was a great gentleman, and lived at Lord Ravenſdale's, and that he had better not let the boys eſcape, for the money and the watch was upon them. At the mention of Lord Ravenſdale his tone changed; he ordered the boys to be ſearched, and ſure enough the watch and ten guineas were found; ſo he committed them to the watch-houſe till further examination. I called here laſt night, but your Honour was not at home; ſo I came again this morning to acquaint you."—"My good friend," ſaid Evans, "I am very much obliged to you, and I will thankfully reward you for your trouble." "We will go together to the alderman's," ſaid Captain Rivers, "by and by; and in the mean time, Mr. O'Shaghneſſy, if you will go down to the butler, I will order you ſomething to refreſh you" "I humbly thank your Honour!" ſaid the chairman, and retired.

"What is this, my dear Evans!" ſaid the Captain; "not two hours in town, and to be robbed at noon-day? I never heard the like." Ned then related the whole as the reader has ſeen; which ſerved as a matter of laughter to them both. They now went out together to the alderman's, where the affair was ſoon adjuſted: Ned got his watch and his money again; and the two boys, who were apprentices to a butcher in Caſtle Market, were, at the interceſſion of him and Captain Rivers, delivered to their maſ-

ter again, after having undergone ſome private correction.

As the Captain had ſome buſineſs of his own to do in the town, Ned begged he would go about it; and ſaid that he would go to Stephen's-green, where he would walk in the mean time, and where he would be ſure to find him. The two friends then ſeparated; the Captain to go on his errand, and Ned to keep his promiſe with that poor creature whoſe heart he had relieved the day before, and to his buſineſs with whom he did not wiſh to have any witneſs. He had not been long in the walk till he ſaw her in the ſame miſery as before, and ſoliciting charity with as little ſucceſs. Her eyes brightened when ſhe beheld him, and a feeble ſmile ſoftened for a moment the horrors of her famiſhed countenance. He drew her a little to one ſide, out of the immediate notice of the paſſengers. "I am come," ſaid he, "to keep my word with you, and to give you ſome little relief; tell me then how I can beſt be of ſervice to you. Have you any friend in this town?"—"O no Sir!" ſaid ſhe; "no, not one." "What then brought you to it? ſaid he. "I ſhall tell you, Sir. I was born, Sir, in the county of Cork, where my father was a day-labourer, and when I was twenty years of age I was married to a man who was alſo of the ſame buſineſs—by him, Sir, I had four children. He died ſix years ago come All-ſaints. I had three ſons, Sir, grown up to be men; two of them went to ſea, but whether they be alive or dead I cannot tell, for I have not heard of them for many years. My youngeſt ſon, Sir, was groom to Dr. Porpoiſe, whom you ſaw yeſterday; and while he lived I never wanted for any thing, for he was a loving boy, and after his ſiſter died, kept me here in a little room, and

helped to maintain me out of his little wages. But, Sir, laſt year, as the doctor and his family were coming up to town, and my ſon (as was his duty) attending them on horſeback, the roads were very bad, and the coach got into a deep rut; it would certainly have been overturned, Sir, had not my ſon, who was a ſtrong and active young man, jumped off his horſe, and ſupported its whole weight. He ſaved it from falling till the other ſervants came up, and got it out of the rut; but he ſtrained ſomething inwardly, for he fell ſick immediately, and after languiſhing four months, died in the hoſpital, where Doctor Porpoiſe recommended him. Ever ſince that time, Sir, I have been in want. I was obliged to pawn my little clothes for ſupport; I could no longer pay the rent of my room; and when I had nothing left to pawn, I ſhould have periſhed for want, but for the kindneſs of Doctor Porpoiſe's ſervants, who all of them loved my ſon, and for his ſake give me every day through the rails the ſcraps of broken meat from their table; and ſometimes, when the weather is cold, the coachman lets me lie in the ſtable, where the warmth of the cattle comforts me." "Did you ever repreſent your caſe to the doctor, and does he know you are the mother of his groom?" "O yes, Sir!—he paid me what was due of his wages, which was but a very little; but he never would do any thing more." "O merciful Saviour of the world!" ſaid Ned, "is this man a teacher of thy religion, and does he preſume to call himſelf by that name? Have you any friend living in the county of Cork?" "Yes, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I have a brother, who, though a poor man, would, I believe, help me if I could get to him; but alas! Sir, it is ſo far off, I never could be able to walk it; and all that I can make by begging will not redeem my little clothes

and carry me there." "How much will redeem your clothes?" ſaid he. "Ten ſhillings, Sir," ſaid ſhe. "And how much would carry you to Cork?" "About five more, I believe."—"Here, ſaid he, "are two guineas. Go to your brother, and be happy." The poor aſtoniſhed creature would have thrown herſelf upon her knees; but he left her inſtantly, to ſpare her emotions, and to hide his own.

CHAP. XXV.

HE walked for above an hour in the green before his friend arrived. Captain Rivers then propoſed to him to go beſpeak his regimentals, and afterwards to take a view of the college. When they came to the end of Grafton-ſtreet, he was ſtruck with admiration at the magnificent colonnade which forms the front of the parliament houſe, and which ſurpaſſes every thing of its kind in being. Yet he thought there was ſome awkwardneſs about the roof, and that if a baluſtrade, with ſtatues, had been added to it, it would have conſiderably increaſed its beauty. He was charmed with the noble front of the univerſity, which is built in the fineſt taſte, and every way ſuited to the dignity of that diſtinguiſhed ſeat of learning. He could not help regretting, however, the want of a third building oppoſite the parliament-houſe, which would have completed three ſides, and which, if ever ſuch a thing ſhall be erected, will make College-green ſurpaſſingly beautiful. Neither could he conceal his indignation at the vile watch-houſe ſhouldering King William's ſtatue, and which he was aſtoniſhed the inhabitants would ſuffer to exiſt an hour. Nor did he much admire the ſtatue itſelf, which he thought unworthy of the great hero it repreſented—and the horſe in particular

particular ſuch a clumſy brute, that he would have diſgraced a brewer's dray.

When he entered the college he was diſappointed. The buildings within did not anſwer the expectation he had formed from thoſe without. But it muſt be remembered they are not yet finiſhed; and that their effect is hurt by many old buildings among them, which are intended to be taken down. The old hall and the chapel he condemned, as altogether unworthy of their ſituation; but the new hall he thought a noble room, as he did alſo the new building oppoſite, which was then erecting; but he execrated the paltry taſte of its internal ornaments, which he pronounced were only proper for a ſtucco-ſhop. From hence they went to the library, the vaſt extent of which firſt ſtruck his imagination; but when he had leiſure to contemplate its juſt proportion, its excellent contrivance, and the exquiſite beauty of its architecture, he was loſt in admiration. How did he then lament the ſordid parſimony of thoſe who built it—who, to ſave a few pounds, made uſe of ſtone which had nothing to recommend it but its being got upon their own eſtate, and which, now yielding to the weather, is every where mouldering away; ſo that in a few years hence its incomparable beauty will be no more! From the library they went to the park, a pleaſant and extenſive field, ornamented with walks and ſhaded with full-grown trees, for the recreation of the ſtudents: the elegant little building called the printing-houſe there ſtruck his eye; but the preſs not being at work, he could not get in. The anatomy-houſe, which is oppoſite, diſguſted by its meanneſs; and not having much deſire to examine its contents, though ſome of them are very valuable and curious in their kind, he

he paſſed it by unnoticed. They continued their walk to the end of the park; when Captain Rivers having a key to the door which opens into Park-ſtreet, they paſſed through it, and in a few minutes afterwards found themſelves at home.

When they enquired about Lord Rivers, they were informed he was gone to the houſe, but that he intended being home to dinner. They now went to dreſs, it being between three and four o'clock; and when this important buſineſs was ended, Ned went down to the drawing room, to contemplate in ſecret the charming picture with which he had been ſo much captivated the day before. He had been feaſting his eyes for ſome time, when he was joined by Captain Rivers; and ſoon after his lordſhip arrived, bringing with him a friend, a member of parliament, whom Ned had never ſeen before. The firſt view he had of this gentleman ſtruck him with veneration: his perſon was of the largeſt of what is called middle ſize, but adorned by a juſt proportion, and a manly grace, which made it perfectly genteel: his countenance was pleaſing, though it could not be called handſome; for his complexion was rather of the darkeſt; but an ineffable benignity beamed from his eyes, which ſtrongly expreſſed the ſentiments of his ſoul. His mind, which from his earlieſt youth had been cultivated with the higheſt care, was a rich treaſury of every thing which could adorn or exalt a man—the Muſes were all his own—his poems, particularly thoſe of the tender kind, which were written when he was but a youth, were among the beſt, if not abſolutely the beſt that ever were compoſed in any language. His judgment in painting was profound, and his execution in that elegant art (taught him only by nature) was almoſt equal to his judgment.

ment. He did not ſing, though his voice was melodious; but when he ſpoke, the power of his eloquence was irreſiſtible :—it did not overbear you like a torrent; but it fell like the dews of heaven; it penetrated to the heart, where it at once convinced the underſtanding, and captivated the ſoul. But great as were the powers of his mind, the virtues of his heart were ſtill greater. His devotion was warm, without being ſuperſtitious—his morals were pure, without being auſtere—his benevolence was bounded only by the creation—and he fell ſhort of being perfect only by being human.

Such was the man to whom Ned was now introduced. To deſcribe the evening which he paſſed in his ſociety, exceeds all the powers of my pen. The impreſſion which it made on his mind will never be worn out, while memory holds her ſeat: happy that he once ſaw him; unhappy only in this, that he never ſaw him again; for, alas! how ſhall I relate it? this exalted character is no more. Soon after this, whilſt yet in the prime of life, he roſe to the dignity of a chief judge: but in the very moment of his exaltation he received a wound, which, to a heart like his, was incurable. The partner of his ſoul was taken from him; and with her periſhed all his joys. From this moment he declined: not in the powers of his mind, for theſe were tranſcendent to the laſt; and all his conduct as a judge was equal to what the world expected:—but the pillars of his conſtitution were ſhaken, and could not long ſuſtain the weight of that affliction with which he was ſecretly conſumed.

Whilſt engaged in the diſcharge of his duty, adminiſtering juſtice in a remote part of the kingdom, he ſickened, and in a few days expired. The effuſion of heart-felt ſorrow which was poured

upon

upon his tomb exceeded what was ever ſhed for man before. His body is in the grave embalmed by the tears of his country! His memory and his fame will live for ever!

Oh ſpirit of the immortal Burgh! who art not loſt, but only tranſlated to thy native heaven; look down from thy empyrean manſion, and behold thy weeping country—be ſtill its guardian angel—drop to us thy mantle of impregnable integrity, and impart with it ſome portion of thy tranſcendent worth!

[We have given this Chapter to our Readers, agreeable to the London Edition, not thinking ourſelves at Liberty to vary in the ſmalleſt Particular from the Author. We think, however, that he is rather ſevere in ſome of his Criticiſms, and unjuſt in others; but it muſt be recollected, that his Scene is laid ſome Years back, and that Dublin hath ſince been greatly improved. The Watch-houſe he complains of, as diſgracing King William's Statue, no longer exiſts; but in its Place a handſome Fountain has been erected. With reſpect to the King's Horſe, we do not think it is a *clumſy Brute*, but a juſt repreſentation of what it was deſigned for, a CHARGER or WAR-HORSE, befitting the great Monarch who ſo gracefully beſtrides it.]

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE converſation of men of acknowledged virtue uſually leaves an impreſſion on every ingenuous mind, that does not ſpeedily wear out; nor would it be poſſible for the moſt profligate character, while he retained any ſenſe or judgment at all, to be often in the company of ſuch without improving his morals, and in the end perhaps becoming a proſelyte to that virtue which wants only to be known, to be adored.—Lord Rivers was far from being abandoned, though deeply immerſed in faſhionable diſſipations: his honour was unimpeached; and though his ſentiments on religion were not clear, or determined, yet he never went into the monſtrous impiety of blaſpheming the object of it, nor, where he had any controul, permitted it to be ridiculed in his preſence: his morals too, though not ſtrictly evangelical, were however ſuch as did not diſgrace him in the eye of the public; nor would the moſt orthodox biſhop have refuſed him for a ſon-in-law, had he done his daughter the honour to addreſs her. The ſentiments of the exalted character with whom he ſpent the laſt evening ſunk deep into his heart, and had already elevated his mind ſo far that he could not immediately reliſh the ſociety at his club, and he actually entertained thoughts of withdrawing from it altogether. His conſtitution too began to feel the good effects of his ab-

ftaining from it; for, as he now kept more regular hours, his fpirits and his appetite returned.— Inftead of going to bed at four or five in the morning, he now propofed to rife at that hour, and to take Ned with him in his phæton, and make a little tour through thofe beautiful parts of the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, which lie in the neighbourhood of the metrôpolis. Captain Rivers was to accompany them on horfeback.— They fet out for the Dargle at about five o'clock in the morning, and Lord Rivers had the pleafure to fee the fun rife for the firft time fince he was a fchool-boy. The novelty of this object had a wonderful effect upon his fpirits, though the Captain and Ned, to whom it was more familiar, felt nothing extraordinary, except the whetting of their appetite by the keennefs of the morning air, in which fenfation his lordfhip alfo partook, and experienced for the firft time in his recollection how excellent a fauce is hunger. They arrived at a little village about eight, for they went purpofely a circuitous road; and here his lordfhip found fuch tea, butter and bread, as he was aftonifhed the metropolis could not afford; but which was indeed indebted for its fuperior excellence entirely to his ride.—From hence they got to the Dargle about ten: the feafon was not yet fufficiently advanced to fhew this charming dell in its full beauty; though perhaps what it wanted in the richnefs and variety of its foliage was more than made amends for by the redundance of its water. For the brook which murmurs through it in the fummer, was now a torrent, tumbling over the rocks with irrefiftible rage, and roaring among the caverns, from whence it fent up a foamy mift, which marked its courfe, and gave a hoary majefty to the awful precipices that frowned above it. Though Ned was accuftomed to the grandeft views of na-

ture

ture in his own country, yet he could not help being ſtruck with the noble ſcenery of the Dargle, which, adorned by the elegant taſte of its proprietor, unites the beautiful to the ſublime.

They paſſed a couple of hours here with the higheſt ſatisfaction, and then proceeded through the ſweet village of Tinnehinch to Powerſcourt. Here a new ſcene preſented itſelf:—The river, which was ſwollen by the late rains, tumbled from its lofty bed down a perpendicular rock 300 feet high, and exhibited to the eye a torrent whiter than ſnow, and crumbled as it were into powder by the reſiſtance of the air, from the great height from which it fell---it precipitated itſelf with ſuch force from the precipice, that a herd of deer, which were juſt then rouſed from the neighbouring foreſts, paſſed ſafe between the torrent and the rock from which it fell. Had Louis the XIVth beheld this ſcene he would have been aſhamed of thoſe ridiculous water-works which coſt him ſuch enormous ſums to raiſe at Verſailles, and which none but children and French courtiers can admire; he would have deſpiſed the tawdry ornaments of his gardens, and gladly exchanged his palace for this park.

After a charming ride of four hours, during which they were entertained with a variety of noble objects, they returned to Tinnehinch to dinner, where they regaled themſelves on mountain mutton not inferior to that of Wales. In the evening they ſet forward for the town. They intended to paſs through the Glen of the Downs, but they had ſat too long after dinner, for the night came on before they could reach it. And now Fortune contrived one of thoſe malicious accidents, with which ſhe often concludes parties of pleaſure. The phæton in which Lord Rivers and Ned rode, was one of thoſe elevated machines which

which had been lately introduced into the kingdom by the celebrated Lord Jehu, whoſe higheſt ambition was to be thought the beſt coachman in Dublin—and his ſole employment driving up one ſtreet and down another, looking into the middle ſtories of the houſes as he paſſed, and terrifying the peaceable walkers, ſome of whom got cricks in their necks with gazing at him. Lord Rivers was not without ſome ambition of this kind alſo, though he did not carry it to ſo extravagant and ridiculous a length as Lord Jehu, but he prided himſelf on his ſkill in driving; which, whether it was not ſo great as he imagined, or whether the darkneſs of the night prevented his ſeeing any impediment that he might have avoided, or from whatever other cauſe it happened, I know not, but, as he was going on in a full trot, one of the wheels gave way, and the phæton of courſe was overturned. If fortune was cruel in contriving this accident, it muſt be owned ſhe was kind in cauſing it to happen in the very ſpot it did; for a poor labouring man, whoſe cottage was hard by, and whoſe cabbage garden bordered on the road, had that morning carried out all the dung that was to manure it, and laid it on the ſide of the road till it was to be uſed.

Dunghills on the ſides of roads are held to be nuiſances in almoſt all countries, and even in Ireland are indictable by law; nor was any body more ſevere againſt them than Lord Rivers himſelf: but on this occaſion he found that there is ſcarce any evil but may be productive of ſome good; for to the hoſpitable reception which this dunghill gave him, into the midſt of which they were pitched, it is more than probable that both his lordſhip and Ned owed the ſafety of their limbs, if not of their lives. As the dung was freſh from the cow-houſe, and they had fallen with their

their heads foremoſt, they were a good deal diſ-arranged as to their appearance; but having recovered from their firſt aſtoniſhment, they had the happineſs to find nothing injured about them but their clothes. The poor man to whom the cottage belonged now came to their aſſiſtance, and they were glad to accept the accommodation even of his humble roof. Captain Rivers enjoyed this ſcene as ſoon as he found they were not really hurt, and was extremely officious in helping them to undreſs, and in procuring tubs of water to pour over them: he told them freſh cow-dung was one of the greateſt coſmetics in nature, and would not fail to improve their complexions, as much as it did the whiteneſs of linen when bucked with it.

At length, after much ſcrubbing and ſcouring, they were reſtored to ſome tolerable decency of appearance, and now it became a queſtion what they were to do. To go forward to Dublin was impoſſible, the night being now quite dark, and the phæton entirely diſabled of one of its wheels. There was no ſmith to be got, nor a public-houſe nearer than the village of Tinnehinch, which they had left, and from which they were diſtant near ſeven miles; but their poor cottager informed them there was one Mr. Grainger in the neighbourhood, who rented a little farm, and was very good to all the poor people near him; but he lived entirely alone, excepting his daughter and one ſervant, and never viſited any company. As neceſſity has no law, they determined to make trial of his hoſpitality, and to leave the ſervants and horſes together with the broken phæton where they were, until they ſhould know whether they could be received or not at Mr. Grainger's; and in caſe they could not, they determined to ride the horſes bare-backed to Tinnehinch, and leave the carriage in the road till the morning.

They now ſet forward to Mr. Grainger's, under the conduct of the poor man who had informed them of him: it was not above a quarter of a mile to the houſe, but the way was ſo intricate through the mazes of a thick wood, in which it was emboſomed, that they thought, if it even had been day, they never could have found it out without the help of a guide. At laſt the barking of a dog, and the glimmering of a light through the trees, informed them they approached it. A little Chineſe paling ſtopped their way, and the fragrance of ſome wall-flowers, and other early bloſſoms which were exhaling their odours to the nightly dew, refreſhed their ſenſes, and gave them no unjuſt opinion of the benevolence of the perſon they were going to viſit. They knocked gently at the door, which was opened by Mr. Grainger himſelf, who, hearing their diſtreſs, aſſured them they ſhould be moſt heartily welcome to whatever his houſe could afford; which however, he ſaid, he was obliged to confeſs, was little more than ſhelter from the night air, and plainer fare than he believed from their appearance they were accuſtomed to. He ordered the cottager too to bring the horſes and ſervants to the houſe, but the phæton was obliged to be left where it was till the morning.

Mr. Grainger now conducted his gueſts into a little parlour, which was a miniature model of perfect elegance. The walls were papered with a pale blue paper, divided into twelve compartments; on which were painted as many oval landſcapes, repreſenting the twelve months of the year, each ſurrounded with a wreath of fruits and flowers, exquiſitely coloured from nature, and adapted to the month to which it belonged; the whole ſeemed ſuſpended from the ceiling by a running feſtoon. The perfect cleanlineſs of the

room,

room, and the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, which had been newly heaped on, gave an air of comfort to the whole that was not to be ſurpaſſed :—but the brighteſt ornament of this elegant little apartment was the artiſt who contrived and executed it, and who was no other than Mr. Grainger's daughter. She roſe up from a ſettee, whereon ſhe was ſitting, when the gentlemen entered; and diſplayed the moſt elegant figure, added to the moſt beautiful countenance, rendered ſtill more charming by an air of deep misfortune that was diffuſed over it. She was dreſſed in white cambrick trimmed with black gauze; and at her feet was a little boy, with the countenance of a cherubim, about three years old. All the gentlemen were ſtruck with nearly the ſame feelings when they beheld her :—they ſaw ſhe was unhappy, and that alone was ſufficient to make her venerable in their eyes; but then her grief was impreſſed upon ſuch lovely features, as intereſted them deeply in her ſorrows, and filled them at once with tenderneſs and reſpect. As Mr. Grainger however did not introduce her to them, they only bowed to her as they entered, and paſſed to their places by the fire-ſide. They were not long ſeated when the little boy ran to Ned, and, looking up to his face with a ſmile that might become an angel, aſked him to take him on his knee. Mr. Grainger would have prevented him from being troubleſome; but Ned, whoſe heart was ever open to tender ſenſations, begged he might be permitted to keep him; and, taking the child in his arms, he preſſed him to his boſom and kiſſed him, which the infant as eagerly returned, claſping his little arms about his neck. The irreſiſtible attraction of artleſs innocence would have won a far leſs affectionate heart than Edward's; but in his they ſunk ſo deep as made an impreſſion hardly ever to be eraſed, and filled him

him with a paſſion for the child which could only be exceeded by that of a parent. Mr. Grainger now aſked the gentlemen if they could like a diſh of tea; "for I frankly confeſs to you," ſaid he, "I never drink wine, and there is not a drop in the houſe." They all declared that it would be no diſappointment to them, and they ſhould prefer tea though the wine were in their option. "Then, Nancy, my dear," ſaid he to his daughter, "you will be ſo good as to get us ſome." "Yes, ſurely ſir," ſaid ſhe, "immediately." She then roſe to go about it; when turning to the child, "Come, Charles," ſaid ſhe, "my dear, will you come along with me, and do not trouble the gentleman any longer?" "No, mamma," replied the child, "if you will let me ſtay on this gentleman's knee, I will promiſe not to be troubleſome." Ned now joined in the requeſt, which ſhe immediately complied with, and retired. A ſilence of a few minutes now enſued—when Lord Rivers fixing his eye on Mr. Grainger, "I am ſure," ſaid he, "Mr. Grainger, I have had the happineſs of knowing you before—though it is ſo many years ſince, that I muſt be grown out of your recollection." "I proteſt, ſir," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "it is very poſſible; but I do not recollect ever having had that honour." "I remember," ſaid his Lordſhip, "fourteen years ago, when I was a little boy, to have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Mr. Donellan's, when you and I were the only two, except the huntſman, that were in at the death of a hare." "Bleſs me!" ſaid Mr. Grainger, "are you Lord Rivers, eldeſt ſon to the Earl of Ravenſdale?"—"Yes, indeed," ſaid his lordſhip; I am the very man, and this is my brother, (introducing the captain); and this is Mr. Evans, a gentleman from Wales, whom I love and reſpect as a brother, though I have but very lately had the

the pleaſure of his acquaintance." " Then I aſſure your lordſhip," ſaid Mr. Grainger, " there are no three gentlemen in the kingdom, that I ſhould be happier to ſee in this houſe; for I love and honour your father, and have many perſonal and great obligations to him." " But what in the world," ſaid Lord Rivers, " has brought you to this ſequeſtered ſpot? and why do you bury yourſelf in this ſolitude, and ſuffer your lovely daughter to conſume her days in a hermitage?"

" *Infandum jubes renovare dolorem,*" ſaid Mr. Grainger; " but I will tell you all." The tea-things now coming in, put an end to the diſcourſe, and here we will alſo put an end to the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

THOUGH the converſation at tea-tables has ſeldom any thing to recommend it, and is even too often liable to the juſt cenſure of being uncharitable as well as ſtupid, yet we can aſſure the reader this tea-table was an exception, and that nothing paſſed at it inconſiſtent with the pureſt ſentiments of religion, and the moſt conſummate elegance of manners. When the things were removed the lady retired, and gave Mr. Grainger an opportunity of gratifying Lord River's curioſity in the following words.

"The deep misfortune of my life, of which your lordſhip ſeems ignorant, though the world has long ſince been in poſſeſſion of it, and which has compelled me to bury myſelf in theſe ſhades, was in its own nature ſo afflicting, and embittered by ſo many fatal conſequences, that if my life had not been neceſſary for the protection of that dear innocent victim who has juſt now left the room, I doubt whether philoſophy, or even religion itſelf, would have been able to reſtrain my hands from doing violence to myſelf. At the time your lordſhip remembers to have ſeen me at Mr. Donellan's, there was not in the kingdom a man more diſengaged from ſorrow, nor more contented with his ſituation than myſelf. Eaſy in my circumſtances, bleſt in the affection of the beſt of wives, happy in the growing virtues of my children, beloved by my neighbours,

neighbours, at peace with all the world, and with myſelf; my hours ſeemed winged with down, and imagination could hardly ſuggeſt a wiſh, the accompliſhment of which could really increaſe my happineſs. But in the midſt of life we are in death; and it is not given to mortals to drink the cup of joy unmixed. The bitter ingredients with which mine was daſhed, derived additional acrimony from my not being accuſtomed to them. My little eſtate, which had deſcended to me from many anceſtors, was about 300l. of yearly value: it was ſeated in one of the lovelieſt ſpots that nature in theſe climates can produce; and as we had always farmed it ourſelves, it had received from art thoſe gentle aſſiſtances which ſerve to embelliſh nature without diſguiſing her, and was univerſally allowed to be a model of rural neatneſs and ſimplicity. In this happy abode of peace and tranquillity I lived ſupremely bleſt, and my wife, my daughter, and my ſon; and oh! might ſtill have lived, if a viper whom I had taken into my boſom had not ſtung me to death." "Who could that wretch be?" interrupted Lord Rivers. "Your lordſhip knows him too well," replied Mr. Grainger; "or rather you do not know him, or I am perſuaded you would not acknowledge his acquaintance. It was young Nettlefield, of Nettlepark, near your lordſhip's eſtate." "What! Jack Nettlefield?" ſaid his lordſhip—"You ſurpriſe me!—I thought him an honeſt fellow as any in the kingdom, and very much of a gentleman." "He has indeed ſome of the qualities," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "which form part of the compoſition of a modern fine gentleman, but which, however they may be thought of in the world, are in reality the diſgrace of human nature, and more pernicious to

ſociety

ſociety by a thouſand degrees than many of thoſe crimes for which we daily hang the wretches who perpetrate them. The petty thief, who ſteals my ſheep, is condemned to the gallows, but the villain who has bereaved me of my wife—who has robbed my daughter of her honour, and my ſon of his life—who has torn from me all that I held dear in nature, and repaid my kindneſs with this baſe ingratitude—ſtill lives careſſed in the world, and even honoured with a commiſſion from his ſovereign." "Good God! you amaze me!" ſaid Lord Rivers; "I never heard of this before." "Your lordſhip was on your travels," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "when it happened; and I am not of conſequence enough to be the ſubject of converſation beyond the circle of my own friends. It is now five years ſince Mr. Nettlefield, who had juſt then got his firſt commiſſion, came down with a party of his regiment, and was quartered in a country town in my neighbourhood. I always made a point of ſhewing every civility in my power to the gentlemen of the army, and never had occaſion to repent of my hoſpitality to any ſtranger but himſelf. I aſked him to my houſe, and he was often there, both alone, and alſo with the other gentlemen of his corps.—For a long time I conſidered him as a very agreeable and amiable young man; till a nearer acquaintance, brought on by an act of kindneſs of my own, developed his whole character, and plunged me into irremediable grief, which can ceaſe only in the grave.

"He had been one day dining with me, along with ſome other gentlemen in the neighbourhood; when returning to his quarters in the evening, he was arreſted within a quarter of a mile of my houſe, for a debt of 30l. at the

ſuit

ſuit of a taylor in Dublin. I very ſoon heard of it; for they carried him to a little ale-houſe hard by, by way of a ſpunging-houſe; and from thence word was immediately brought to me. I was ſorry ſuch an affront ſhould be offered to him ſo near my own doors, and from which he had ſo lately parted, and I waited on him directly; when I found means to reſcue him from the harpies of the law, by paying part of the debt, and joining with him as a ſecurity for the remainder: and this diſagreeable buſineſs being over, I carried him back to my houſe, and invited him to ſtay there till he wrote to his father, and got ſome remittances from him to pay his debts and ſet him on his legs again.

" In the mean time my ſon came from the college to paſs the long vacation: he had been there three years, where I intended to educate him for the church; and was then in his twentieth year—not above a year younger than Nettlefield himſelf. The two young men were delighted with each other; and as Nettlefield had all the manners of a man of faſhion, and many of their accompliſhments too, I was unhappily pleaſed with the connection, thinking it would poliſh that ruſticity in my ſon which a country education had cauſed; and which could hardly be corrected in the learned retirement of the univerſity.

" About three weeks elapſed before Mr. Nettlefield heard from his father. During all this time he behaved with ſuch delicate attention to my wife and daughter, ſuch manly freedom to myſelf, ſuch openneſs and attachment to my ſon, that he eſtabliſhed himſelf in the good graces of all the family. He repaid me the money I had advanced for him, and received in re-

turn

turn a cordial and general invitation to my houſe. As your lordſhip is acquainted with him, you need not be told that he is handſome in his perſon; and that among his accompliſhments may be reckoned a perfect knowledge in muſic, and a very correct taſte for drawing. My poor girl, whom you have ſeen here this evening, was enthuſiaſtically fond of both theſe amuſements, and never ſeemed ſo happy as when Mr. Nettlefield came to the houſe, that ſhe might benefit by his critical knowledge and indiſputable excellence in both of them; nor did he loſe ſo good an opportunity of recommending himſelf to the favour of a beautiful girl. He ſpent hours with her, but always in the company of her mother, forming her taſte, correcting her drawings, praiſing her talents, and paying her on every occaſion the moſt aſſiduous attention and reſpect. As my wife was conſtantly preſent whenever they were together, I had not the ſmalleſt apprehenſion on that account; and if Mr. Nettlefield felt an honourable paſſion for my daughter, I hardly knew a young man I ſhould have more willingly beſtowed her on; as I had the beſt opinion both of his head and heart, and knew that his fortune, on his father's death, would be equal to any thing that I could give with my daughter. I perceived therefore their mutual attachment without uneaſineſs; and it helped to endear the young man to me ſtill more. My wife too had conceived for him the warmeſt affection; and ſo ſucceſsfully had he paid his court to her, that I believe ſhe would rather have given him her daughter, than to any peer in the three kingdoms.

"At length Mr. Nettlefield broke the affair to me; when I told him, that if his father and mother gave their conſent, and would give him

a ſuitable

a suitable present maintenance, I should have no objection; but unless that was the case, it would be highly imprudent in both parties, and what I could never agree to. He acquiesced in all this, and was from that time received as an intended son-in-law. To this time I believe he was sincere; and had his father agreed to the match, perhaps all had been well:—but the old gentleman would not advance a shilling beyond his pay, and moreover bade him aspire to larger fortunes and nobler connections. When he disclosed this to me, he seemed overwhelmed with affliction; but urged me to consent to his union notwithstanding; declaring his passion to be unalterable, that his love would beget prudence, that he had enough to satisfy present wants, and that his father could not prevent his succeeding to his fortune whenever Heaven should be so indulgent as to take him away. I sharply reprimanded him for this last speech—so undutiful in a son—and so devoid, as I thought, of every feeling of natural affection; and I assured him, that as I never could approve of stealing a man's child myself, so I never would be accessary to it in another, nor suffer my daughter to intrude into any family without the consent and unequivocal desire of the heads of it.

" He submitted in appearance to my determination; but desired to be still received as my friend, if I would not permit him to continue as a lover. To this I very imprudently consented; though, as he had never done any thing to offend me, but on the contrary had paid us all the utmost attention, I hardly think yet that I could with propriety have refused him.

" As a friend therefore he continued to visit us; but, oh! how he abused this sacred name

you ſhall hear. His attachment, or rather his pretended attachment to my daughter ſtill continued; but he had art enough to put on a diſtance of behaviour before me, to make me ſuppoſe he had dropped all thoughts of her, at leaſt for the preſent; and the more effectually to blind me, his viſits became leſs frequent. But though his open attentions were leſs, his ſecret aſſiduities were doubled; and having completely gained the affections of my daughter, he had the addreſs to gain her mother alſo to his party; and ſhe, ſwayed by the entreaties of her poor child, to whom ſhe could refuſe nothing, relying upon his honour, and knowing that I myſelf had a good opinion of him, moſt imprudently, and moſt unhappily, conſented to a private marriage between them; which ſhe ſanctioned by her preſence, and which was celebrated by a Popiſh prieſt ſince gone abroad. To cut ſhort this unhappy ſtory, which I never think of but it harrows up my ſoul, and to ſpare your Lordſhip the fatigue of liſtening to ſo melancholy a detail, you muſt ſuppoſe every thing unfortunate to follow. In a few months he went home to his father's, leaving my daughter pregnant of the little boy you ſaw here this evening. He had there the baſeneſs to deny his marriage; which being ſolemnized by a Popiſh prieſt, is not, I believe, ſtrictly legal by the laws of this country. My ſon, who could not brook the indignity offered to his ſiſter, flew to revenge the inſult, and challenged him to the field. Even in the baſe ſoul of Nettlefield courage is not wanting: he accepted the challenge, and ſkill prevailed over juſtice; for my generous and gallant boy, the pride of my life, and whom I hoped to be the ſtaff of my age, fell by the firſt fire. My daughter went diſtracted. Such complicated

plicated miſeries were too much for a parent's heart to bear. My poor wife ſunk under them: ſhe blamed herſelf for all her misfortunes, called herſelf the murdereſs of her ſon; and giving up entirely to an unavailing but too juſt a ſorrow, it brought on a paralytic ſtroke, which finally relieved her from all afflictions. At the time of my wife's death my daughter was in the delirium of a raging fever, into which ſhe fell upon hearing her poor brother's fate—and it was four months before ſhe recovered the uſe of her reaſon. She was then delivered of a ſon, who, ſtrange to tell, was then as fine an infant, and continues to be ſo, as is any where to be ſeen. The maternal feelings, which Nature for the wiſeſt purpoſes has planted in every female heart, ſoftened the afflictions of my unhappy daughter, by dividing her cares; and when I beheld the little innocent in her arms, the nerves of my heart vibrated, and I could not help pitying the child of miſery, though it was Nettlefield's. Though it was his, it was yet my daughter's alſo; and all unconſcious of his father's crimes, was itſelf doomed to ſuffer by his villainies. I took it therefore to my boſom; and, as far as his tender age will allow, he repays my kindneſs with gratitude and affection. As ſoon as my daughter recovered, I reſolved to quit for ever a place which had been the ſcene of ſo many afflictions, and which, ſince the death of my ſon, had loſt the attractions it formerly had for me; neither could I bear the coldneſs and neglect with which I perceived ſome of the ladies, who had formerly been our friends, began to treat my poor girl."—"Good God!" interrupted Lord Rivers, "was any body cruel enough to neglect your daughter?" "Yes, indeed," ſaid Mr. Grainger, "many—the deli-

 cacy

cacy of the female character ſhrinks before the ſmalleſt breath of ſcandal, however undeſerved." "True," ſaid Lord Rivers; "but where the heart has never erred, and where an innocent girl fell a prey to the art of a baſe villain, and neither did nor intended any ill, the women of virtue ſhould have leagued in her defence; and, inſtead of affecting to ſhun her, they ſhould have puniſhed, with the moſt marked contempt, the wretch who took advantage of her inexperience, and not have broken the already bruiſed reed."—"The world, my Lord," replied Mr. Grainger, "are in general ſo ſelfiſh, that they commonly rejoice in the calamities of others; becauſe of the favourable compariſon it gives them an opportunity of making of themſelves in their own exemption. The compaſſion therefore of ſome people is more mortifying, and even more malignant, than their hatred; and ſuch indeed my poor daughter and I found it." —"I am ſorry for it," replied Lord Rivers; "ſorry for your ſake, and ſorry there ſhould be ſo much depravity in the human heart: but I can ſay this much, Mr. Grainger, that I am ſo ſenſible of the worth and innocence of your daughter, and ſo enraged at the baſe indignity that has been offered her, that I can aſſure you of the protection of all my family; and that I am certain Lady Cecilia, my ſiſter, will joyfully contribute her endeavours to ſoothe the ſorrows and avenge the cauſe of injured innocence."—"I know the goodneſs of all your family," replied Mr. Grainger; "and I am overwhelmed with gratitude for your Lordſhip's generous and noble friendſhip. The world is loud in the praiſes of Lady Cecilia, and I am ſenſible that whoſoever ſhe honours with her countenance will be every where reſpected. But

I fear it is too late. My poor girl's heart is broke. I know this world has no longer any allurements for her—her affections are now placed where they will never be again disappointed; and hastening, as she thinks, and as I do myself believe, to the mansions of eternity, I cannot wish to deaden her sublime ardour, or call back her desires to objects which she must soon leave, and from which she is already weaned."—"Pho, pho!" said Lord Rivers; "these are the melancholy suggestions of your hermitage. Your daughter is an angel, but we will not let her return to her native skies till we see a little more of her. When we get her from these melancholy glooms to the cheerful scenes of Ravensdale, we will make her heart whole again; and I trust you have both of you many years yet before you of health and happiness." "I thank you for your good wishes," said Mr. Grainger; "but I can assure your lordship they are ineffectual. I submit indeed, as I ought, with all possible resignation to the chastening of my Maker; but as for happiness, it is not in the power of this world to give it me again."—"Well," said Lord Rivers, "I hope otherwise; but in the mean time continue your story, for I feel myself interested in whatever befals you."—"I have scarce any thing to add," replied Mr. Grainger: "I grew miserable as I told you in the country, and resolved to retire from all scenes which could revive the memory of my misfortunes. I therefore sold my estate; and having paid off every debt I owed in the world, I placed the remainder out on government securities. Soon after, in looking for a country retirement, I happened on this little spot; which being to be let, I immediately took it on a twenty-one years lease; four

 of

of which are now elapſed. I have a few acres of ground, which ſupply me with milk and butter; and a ſmall garden, the dreſſing of which is my only buſineſs out of doors. My daughter too feels a complacency in adorning it with ſhrubs and flowers; and whenever the weather permits, we unite our labours, and ſoothe our ſorrows together. Muſic and drawing, together with the neceſſary attention to her little boy, employ her hours within, except thoſe ſhe conſecrates to devotion; and theſe are a large portion of her time. Thus, my lord, I have told you my whole ſtory. Few and evil have the days of our years been; but we look forward to the time when all tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes, and we wait for it with patience and with hope. In the mean time the moſt pleaſing circumſtance that has ever occurred to me ſince I came to this retreat, is the honour of ſeeing your lordſhip and theſe gentlemen here; and I beg of you to let my ſincerity in this declaration make amends for the indifference of the entertainment I have to give you."

The gentlemen all expreſſed the warmeſt ſenſe of Mr. Grainger's politeneſs and hoſpitality; they were glad of the accident which had made them acquainted; they were ſincerely intereſted in the affecting narrative they had juſt heard; in ſeveral paſſages of which, poor Ned had teſtified the quickneſs of his feelings, by that ſuffuſion of countenance which the lively emotions of pity and reſentment had alternately and viſibly produced. Mr. Grainger had perceived how much he was affected; from which circumſtance, and his great attention to little Charles, he had already conceived a warm prepoſſeſſion in his favour. The reſt of the evening

ing was ſpent in a general and animated converſation. Mrs. Nettlefield, or Miſs Grainger, whichever the reader pleaſes to call her, did not again make her appearance. She ſent in to them, however, a ſmall but elegant repaſt about ten o'clock; and before twelve they all retired to their repoſe.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE affecting narrative, however, which Ned had juſt heard; the innocence, the beauty, and the misfortunes of the lovely girl who was the ſubject of it, ſunk deep into his mind, and for a long time baniſhed ſleep from his eyes. "Good heavens!" he cried, "can merciful Providence preſide over this world, and ſuffer ſuch villainy to go unpuniſhed? Shall the virtuous and the meek ſink under the rod of the oppreſſor, and ſhall there be no after-reckoning to ſet theſe errors right?—Impoſſible! Truth is immutable, and virtue muſt at laſt be happy. 'Verily therefore there is a reward for the righteous—doubtleſs there is a God that judgeth the earth.' Had the heart of this young man been diſengaged, the lovely mourner whoſe ſorrows he bewäiled had certainly taken poſſeſſion of it; as it was, he gave her all he had to beſtow. He gave her pity in an unbounded effuſion; but for its ſiſter, love, the purity of his ſoul could know but one object, and from her he never ſwerved. To her then he reſigned his thoughts; and kiſſing the locket, which by night and by day was the inſeparable companion of his boſom, he gave himſelf up to the pleaſing contemplation of the charming Cecilia, and to the ſweet hope that ere long he ſhould actually behold thoſe beauties which were ſcarce ever abſent from his imagination. Sleep, who is in

vain invoked by the unhappy, comes unaſked to the cheerful and ſerene. The placid ſoul of Edward was a reſidence ſuited to the tranquil deity; and he took full poſſeſſion of it till the morning ſun, and little Charles tickling him with a ſtraw, diſſolved his power.

Ned ſprung from the couch on which he had been ſleeping (for the houſe did not afford beds for them all), and took his little favourite into the garden. It was neatneſs itſelf, adorned by the elegant taſte of her who preſided over it; and brought to his recollection the little peaceful dwelling where all his days had flown. The heart of Edward was true to duty as well as to love—and, though an officer, he did not diſdain to pray. He retired into an arbour, with the cherub Charles in his hand; and bending his knees to Him before whom every knee ſhould bow, he preſented a ſpectacle worthy the eye of Heaven to behold. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; and forgot not in his petitions either his father or his mother, his friend or his miſtreſs—the afflicted mourner for whoſe ſufferings he was grieved, nor the little innocent whom he held in his hand. Smile, ye gay! laugh, ye profligate and profane! ye who know not the ſublime and rapturous enjoyment of devotion! Yet when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh which ſhall have no pleaſure in them; then will you feel the want of that friend who alone can ſoothe the infirmities of age, or make ſoft the pillow of the bed of death:—then will you deplore the folly that never could diſcern your real intereſt.

Ned now returned to the houſe, and little Charles with him. That ſweet infant had taken an unaccountable attachment to him, which on his part was ſincerely returned; nor

was either Mr. Grainger or his daughter unaffected with the tender ſenſibility he ſhewed both for them and the child. It was with pain they ſaw the hour arrive when their amicable viſitors were to part: nor did Ned take his farewel kiſs of little Charles without mingling a manly tear with thoſe infant drops which plentifully bedewed his little cheeks. He took him in his arms, and depoſited him in thoſe of his mother, vowing at the ſame time never to forget either their kindneſs or their misfortunes. The phæton having been repaired by a blackſmith, Lord Rivers and his company took leave of Mr. Grainger, and, without any further accident, they all arrived ſafe in town.

When Ned went up to his room, he ordered David Morgan to be ſent to him; but great was his diſtreſs when he was told that poor fellow lay ſenſeleſs in his bed, unable to move, and very unlikely ever to riſe again. Had David been only a common ſervant, the heart of Edward would have been warmly intereſted in his fate; but he had been the playfellow of his childhood, and often the companion of his ſports ſince they grew to be men. He was his countryman in a ſtrange land; and he had left his home, and his father's houſe, from a generous attachment, to ſhare the dangers and follow the fortunes of his young maſter. Theſe were connections that intereſted Ned more nearly in his behalf, and which made him conſider David rather in the light of a friend than of a ſervant. He haſtened therefore to his bed-ſide, to know the cauſe of his diſtreſs, and to pour every balm into his wounds that they would admit of. When he ſaw him, he found they were indeed wounds, and that his illneſs was the effect of ill uſage. Aſtoniſhed at this diſcovery, he imme-

diately

diately went to Lord Rivers; and the ſervants being ſummoned, the following ſtory came out:

One of the footmen, who it ſeems liked his pleaſures as well as his betters, took advantage of my lord's abſence, to ſpend an evening with ſome others of his fraternity in company with their girls. They made choice, for this purpoſe, of one of thoſe infamouſly convenient houſes, which, to the diſgrace of all government, are ſuffered to exiſt in every capital in Europe. Poor David was aſked to be of the party; and his paſſions being ſtronger than his diſcretion, he very readily conſented. His friend undertook to provide him with a partner, who was to give him her hand in the dance, and whatever elſe he might require into the bargain. After paſſing ſome hours with the accuſtomed licentiouſneſs of thoſe places, the whole company ſat down to ſupper, where the flow of their ſpirits was greatly exhilarated by copious and ſucceſſive bowls of whiſkey punch. The ſon of St. David would not be outdone by any of the deſcendants of St. Patrick, nor did the ladies themſelves decline engaging in the conteſt, being equally the votaries of Bacchus and Venus. It is poſſible, however, they might have paſſed the evening without any miſunderſtanding, had not ſome new comers joined them when they were pretty far advanced towards general intoxication. One of theſe, a rough and overbearing fellow, happened to have ſome previous acquaintance with David's dulcinea, and, with his uſual impudence, challenged her as his wife. David was not ſo ſimple as to be impoſed on by this ſtory, nor ſo timid as patiently to forego the amuſement he was meditating, eſpecially as the girl herſelf ſeemed unwilling to part with

 him,

him, being in truth by far the more agreeable figure of the two: ſo that after ſome vollies of oaths and execrations, they came to more deſtructive weapons; and now diſcord took full poſſeſſion of thoſe hearts which ſo ſhortly before ſeemed perfectly united; and reaſon being delivered over to the cuſtody of whiſkey, paſſion aſſumed her place, and a general conteſt aroſe without any being very clear upon what account.

If I could poſſibly imagine that any of my readers could be entertained with a detail of circumſtances ſo brutal and ſo diſguſting as now enſued, I might deſcribe a battle of no common kind; but paſſing by the proweſs of the inferior combatants, I ſhall only take notice of the unfortunate Morgan, who defended his right with aſtoniſhing vigour and reſolution for a length of time, conſidering how much liquor he had drank; till at length the ruffian with whom he was engaged, contrary to all rules of boxing, took up the candleſtick, which unhappily ſtood too near him, and with a violent blow on the head laid poor David ſenſeleſs at his feet. The woman cried Murder! and this awful word at once produced ſilence and the return of their ſenſes. The young fellow who had ſeduced David into this company was ſufficiently terrified at its conſequences to become perfectly ſober. He believed him actually dead; and from the ſize of the wound, and the great effuſion of blood, there was the greateſt reaſon to believe that he ſoon would be ſo, if he was not ſo already. The villain who had perpetrated the act was of the ſame opinion, and thought it was full time for him to decamp. The whole company broke up: but Patrick, my lord's footman,

man, who was the original cauſe of the cataſtrophe, had generoſity enough to remain with the body of David, and ſwore he would never leave it though it ſhould bring him to the gallows. At length, however, they diſcovered that David was not dead; and then Patrick conveyed him in a ſedan chair to Lord Rivers's, where he was put to bed, and where he attended him with all the anxiety of a brother.

Lord Rivers was exceedingly diſtreſſed by this accident. His reſentment roſe chiefly againſt Patrick, whom he ordered into his preſence— "Thou profligate ſcoundrel!" ſaid he, "how dare you preſume to go to your odious meetings, and to ſeduce the ſervant of my friend to be of your infamous party?"—My Lord," replied Patrick, "I did nothing but what your Lordſhip does yourſelf every night. If your Lordſhip took the maſter to your meetings, where the company is not always ſober, I ſaw no great harm in taking the man to mine; neither do I ſee any great difference between one whore and another, or between being drunk with champagne or whiſkey punch." Rage and aſtoniſhment were viſibly impreſſed upon his Lordſhip's countenance—but conſcience and reaſon got the better, and his paſſion immediately ſubſided— "Patrick," ſaid he calmly, "you are right. You have given me a piece of inſtruction that I hope I ſhall be the better for all my days. Here are five guineas for it, which it is well worth: but in the mean time I muſt tell you, I have no more occaſion for your ſervice. Call to-morrow, and you ſhall be paid your wages; but let me never ſee you afterwards unleſs I ſend for you." Poor Patrick, who loved his lordſhip, would have apologized, and was very unwilling

willing to take the five guineas; but Lord Rivers was inexorable. He ordered him immediately out of his presence, so that he was forced to go and comfort himself as well as he could with his fee, for the loss of a good place by his indiscretion.

His remark, however, made a deeper impression upon his Lordship than the declamation of a hundred sermons. He could not fail to be struck with its force and truth, and sincerely to lament that his example had spread the contagion of vice to an extent that he little thought or was aware of. So circumspect should the great ever be, in whose power it is to reform or corrupt a world. In the mean time no trouble or expence were spared to recover poor David, and to secure the villain who had given him the wound. Patrick was very instrumental in this: he did not know the man, but he was well acquainted with the girl on whose account the scuffle began. Lord Rivers himself condescended to go to the girl, and, by dint of bribes and promises of protection, obtained from her the principal information, which was, that his name was Reilly, and that he had been a smuggler out of the port of Rush. She could not, or would not, tell where he staid; but, by dint of a promise of a larger sum, she undertook to find him out and to betray him.

David remained in a very doubtful way: his senses were so confused that he had no recollection, and did not even know where he was. The surgeon apprehended his skull was fractured; but his head was so swelled that nothing could be certainly affirmed, except that his life was in danger; and therefore a warrant was procured to apprehend the villain who gave the

blow.

blow. In a few nights information was given them by the girl, that Reilly was to ſup with her that night; when about ten o'clock Lord Rivers and the Captain, together with Ned Evans, and ſome proper officers of juſtice, made their appearance in her apartment. The aſtoniſhed Reilly was amazed---yet neither his courage nor his preſence of mind forſook him. He did not attempt to make the leaſt oppoſition, nor even to deny the fact. He ſaid he had no malice upon earth to David, whom he had never ſeen before; that he was ſorry he had been hurt, but that he ſtruck him in his own defence, and that he was ready to go before any court in the world. He added that his character was well known; that he had but lately come to the kingdom, and that he could get many reſpectable people to vouch for his behaviour. Lord Rivers aſked him his name, and where he lived? He ſaid his name was Patrick Reilly; that he dealt in horſes, and uſually lived in Cheſter, from whence he had lately come with ſome to this kingdom. At the name of Cheſter and of Patrick Reilly, the aſtoniſhment of Ned Evans was only equalled by his ſatisfaction. The trivial accident that happened to David was forgotten, and his tranſport was complete, when he beheld the deteſted murderer of Mrs. Melville in his power. Wondering within himſelf at the hidden myſteries of Providence, and grateful that he ſhould in ſo ſurpriſing a manner be thus twice choſen as the agent to bring this ſecret villainy to light, he was ſilent for a moment; but ſoon exclaimed, "Oh! thou cruel and perfidious villain! God, whom thou haſt offended, purſues thee with ſpeedy vengeance, and entangles thee in thine own ſnares. Thou

knoweſt

knoweſt me not; but know, villain! that I know thee, and all that belongs to thee. Was I not preſent when thy murderous hand diſcharged the blunderbuſs into the carriage of two defenceleſs ladies on the road to Bangor, when one of them was killed? Think you that I do not know your maſter, Mr. Nicholſon; and your deluded accomplice, Andrew Collins?"--- Had the roof of the chamber cleft in twain, and thunder fallen from heaven into the room, the aſtoniſhment of Reilly would have been leſs. When he ſurveyed Evans, he did not believe that he was human; he took him for ſome being ſent purpoſely by the Almighty to confound him, and, without anſwering a word, dropped ſenſeleſs at his feet. The amazement of the reſt of the company was hardly leſs; and even when they were told the whole, though there was nothing out of the common road of nature in it, yet they were deeply impreſſed with awful veneration of that Being whoſe eye can penetrate to the centre of creation, and whoſe power can over-rule all accidents to the ends of his Providence.

Reilly was now effectually ſecured, and delivered into the hands of the officers of juſtice. He was ſoon after tranſmitted to Conway, where Collins was allowed to turn king's evidence, and where he expiated on the gallows (as far as the death of ſuch a miſcreant could expiate) the various cruelties and crimes of his moſt wicked life. In the mean time poor David recovered: the wound was found only to be a contuſion: and, being managed by a ſkilful hand, he was in a ſhort time able to renew his uſual occupations. He was not indeed quite ſo enamoured with Dublin as he had been at firſt, but he promiſed

mised to take better care both of his company and his morals; and consoled himself for his broken head, that it had been the means of discovering the villain Reilly, and that he could now claim some share with his master in the honour of that affair.

CHAP. XXIX.

NED's regimentals were now brought home, and he appeared in them for the firſt time at the Caſtle. He had the honour to be introduced to the Lord Lieutenant by Lord Rivers, and to thank his Excellency for the commiſſion which he had beſtowed upon him. The Viceroy was ſtruck with the ſingular beauty of his figure, and the graceful unembarraſſed manner in which he ſpoke; and he paid him a very handſome compliment on the occaſion. Several military men too of conſequence, who were at the levee, took notice of him, and he found himſelf at once a conſpicuous figure in the firſt company in the kingdom. Under the auſpices of Lord Rivers indeed he had no difficulty in finding admittance into any circle; and being once introduced, his own merits were ſure to gain him a hearty welcome wherever he was known. It was not only the ladies who admired him, for whom indeed he had irreſiſtible attractions, but the qualities of his mind were found not inferior to thoſe of his perſon, and gained him the eſteem of thoſe on whom beauty could have no impreſſion.

Thus admired and careſſed, a young man of leſs ſenſe and leſs ſtrictneſs of education would have been in danger of being overrun with vanity, or overthrown by thoſe ſeducing pleaſures which

which ſprung up every where under his feet:—but Ned carried a guardian in his breaſt whom he was accuſtomed to obey. He attended to the whiſpers of that divine monitor who reſides within us, and who never deceives; and he walked ſecure through all the temptations of the capital blameleſs. And how indeed could it be otherwiſe, when his earlieſt and his lateſt duty was to ſolicit the favour and the protection of his Maker, and when his heart was devoted to the lovelieſt object that ever engaged the affections of a man. In vain then did the Dublin beauties diſplay their charms; in vain did pleaſure aſſail him in a thouſand forms: a virtuous paſſion filled his ſoul, which would not admit of any thing low or ſordid coming in contact with it. And now the wiſhed-for letters arrived from Lord Ravenſdale, congratulating him on his arrival in Ireland, and containing a moſt cordial invitation to him to go down to the country:—an affectionate compliment from Lady Cecilia too was not forgotten; which infuſed new joy into his heart, and new brilliancy into his countenance: ſo that hardly was there to be found a happier being in the kingdom, or one who more deſerved to be ſo. As the Parliament was ſtill ſitting, Lord Rivers could not accompany him down; but his friend the Captain was ready to eſcort him, and the next morning was fixed on for their journey. If ſorrow is a baniſher of ſleep, joy is not leſs ſo; and never did night ſeem ſo tedious to Ned before.

At laſt it dawned—and, long before the ſun himſelf aroſe, did Ned ſpring from his bed and prepare for this wiſhed-for expedition The Captain, who was not ſo eager, would not ſtir without his breakfaſt; and though eating was an amuſement Ned reliſhed as well as any body, yet

yet he would have fasted a whole Lent rather than not get forward. At last they mounted, and with David and the Captain's man bid adieu to Dublin, and left Lord Rivers in his first nap. As the domes and the spires of the metropolis withdrew, the spirits and the satisfaction of Ned increased; every step brought him nearer to the beloved of his soul, and every mile-stone that he counted was a new source of transport to his bosom. Ravensdale however was not to be reached in one day, at least not without relays of horses, which those who travel in Ireland must not always expect to find. The country however was charming, and the alternate objects of splendour and of poverty, of neatness and slovenliness, which seemed scattered so promiscuously over the face of it, served only to divert his fancy, and afford new topics for his philosophy. "How easily is nature satisfied!" said he, as he beheld six naked children playing on a dunghill—not naked in rags, but naked as they were born---absolutely divested of all raiment whatsoever. They had however rosy cheeks and mirthful countenances; they laughed incontinently, and seemed to have no want of butter-milk and potatoes. The hovel in which they were born was built in a ditch, the gripe of which formed two sides of it; and the nuptial bed which produced them consisted of one blanket and a bundle of straw. The mother however was singing as she sat spinning on her wheel; and the father was gone to his labour in the demesne of a gentleman whose splendid palace now rose upon the view, whose estate was at least full 20,000l. a year; and who, though married for half a century, had no child to inherit it; and the happiness of whose whole life was poisoned on that account. O equitable

Providence!

Providence! who giveſt riches as ſeemeth beſt to thee, although divided in ſuch partial meaſure; but who beſtoweſt happineſs with more equal hand---who haſt ſeated it in the ſoul, and not made it abſolutely to depend on any external circumſtance whatſoever!

No accident of any note happened to them on their way:---the ſecond day about eleven, the majeſtic front of Ravenſdale ſhewed itſelf through ſurrounding trees. Emboſomed within its turrets lay Edward's cynoſure---but no cruel giant, or enchanted dragon, oppoſed his way. Wealth, honour, hoſpitality, poſſeſſed the dome; and beauty, innocence, and virtue, reſided in it. Hail happy hour that conducts young Edward to the manſion of his adored Cecilia!---Behold he ſees her! She comes herſelf, all elegant as ſhe is, to meet him---She is now at home, and therefore frankneſs has baniſhed form---She takes him by the hand; nay ſhe offers him her ambroſial lips, and Edward taſtes a bliſs which would have overpaid an age of pain!

The old Lord was confined to his chair by the gout, but far from being a complaint, it was the cure of that diſorder which he had had in Dublin. He received our hero, as the deliverer of his daughter, with affection, with admiration, with gratitude, and with all that complacency which every man muſt feel in the preſence of an amiable and deſerving fellow-creature, whom they have greatly obliged. Ned fancied himſelf in Elyſium; and indeed all that he had ever heard or read of that celebrated abode of happineſs, fell ſhort of what he felt. The Captain was but a ſecondary figure in this group; and though his tranſports were leſs, yet his happineſs was not little in having Ned for his gueſt; and the attentions which he paid him did equal honour

to

to his heart, his taſte, his rank, and his education. A friendſhip indeed of the moſt tender and faithful kind began to take place between them. The Captain conſidered himſelf as his guardian and protector, becauſe he was a ſubaltern in his own company; whilſt Ned could not fail to love whatever was ſo near to Cecilia, although he had been leſs amiable, than he really was. The parity of their years too (for there were only three between them) made the ſame amuſements pleaſing to both; and the ſame goodneſs of heart united to the ſtrongeſt natural underſtanding, which in both had received the addition of liberal education, gave taſte to theſe amuſements: ſo that hardly any two could have met more happily formed to pleaſe each other, and the circumſtances of whoſe meeting were more likely to bind them in the tender chains of indiſſoluble friendſhip.

The rank of Captain Rivers's family might indeed have contributed to keep Edward at a diſtance; but the nobility of Ireland have nothing of that feudal pride which is ſo diſguſting and contemptible in moſt other nations. To ſplendid fortunes they unite the moſt liberal and condeſcending manners; and whoever has the education and behaviour of a gentleman, is ſure to meet from them the frankeſt hoſpitality and the moſt dignified attention.

Ravenſdale was a manſion where the ſplendid and agreeable were happily united, and where every thing that is amiable preſided over every thing that is noble. As a beautiful place it could hardly be ſurpaſſed in any country; and to deſcribe it would require the powers of the pencil rather than the pen. The houſe was built by the firſt Lord, in the reign of James the Firſt of England, from a deſign of the celebrated Inigo Jones;

Jones; which is enough to let us know that it was at once magnificent and convenient. It was seated on a rising ground, commanding a prospect of many miles over a rich and well cultivated country, great part of which belonged to the noble earl himself. The celebrated Shannon, whose lordly tide might bear a navy on its bosom, wound round the demesne: when expanding itself into a lake, it formed a sheet of water full thirteen miles in length, and half as much in breadth---in full prospect from the windows. The banks of this liquid mirror presented the richest and most diversified scenery---sometimes level lawns, the fertile pastures which feed the West-Indies, and all the navies of Europe---sometimes towering rocks, the inaccessible æries of eagles and of hawks---sometimes groves, whose venerable shades embrowned the rocks, and seemed to grow downwards to the bottom of the lake; whilst the blue tops of the distant mountains melted among the clouds, or poured the golden rays of the setting sun amid the purple shadows of the vallies. Towers were not wanting, the venerable remains of ruined monasteries; nor here and there the rising smokes of cheerful cottages, while the homely meal is preparing for the labourer's supper. The cows low for the pail; the lambs bleat by their dams; the murmur of the village swells in the breeze, and infant voices laughing as they play, proclaim that all is harmony and peace around. Oh happy plains of plenty and of peace! you I no more revisit—yet shall the remembrance of you soothe my wanderings; yet shall your prosperity be dearer to me than my own—dearer than the ruddy drops which still warm my heart, that never can cease to love you till it ceases to beat. The gardens of Ravensdale also were

suitable

ſuitable to the grandeur of its ſituation and the opulence of its owner—they were laid out on the moſt extenſive ſcale of modern improvement, on the models of thoſe delightful farms which have long been the boaſt and admiration of England; where nature is embelliſhed without being diſguiſed, and all her native beauties called into view by the happy aſſiſtance of taſte and opulence.

In theſe delicious groves, the hours of Edward were winged with happineſs, whilſt the tranſporting ſociety of Lady Cecilia gave new charms to nature in his eyes, and made Paradiſe itſelf ſink in them when compared to Ravenſdale. Nor was its charming inhabitant leſs happy in the company of Edward: her chaſte and gentle boſom loved him with a pure and holy paſſion; a generous ſentiment with which ſex had no connection, but which aroſe from ſimiliarity of taſte and years—from admiration of the noble and manly qualities of his heart and mind—and from a grateful ſenſe of the protection and eſſential obligations ſhe received from him. His figure indeed might alſo be pleaſing in her eye, for it was impoſſible to behold him without feeling that prepoſſeſſion which beauty inſpires; but his mind would have been lovely in any form, and to this and gratitude her preſent affection was wholly dedicated. Her amiable condeſcenſion now repaid the attention which Ned had ſhewn to her ladyſhip when at his father's houſe; and the ſweet walks and rides in which he attended her in Wales were here renewed, with this difference, that now there were always others in company; Captain Rivers or ſome of the neighbouring gentlemen and ladies uſually attending in theſe excurſions:

yet ſometimes he had the happineſs to enjoy her company alone. In the gardens were many charming wilderneſſes of ſhrubs and evergreens, ſtreams winding through banks of primroſes, ruſtic ſeats beneath aged oaks and elms, temples and hermitages, where juſt taſte had ſcattered mottos and poems ſuited to their ſituations. Through theſe walks Lady Cecilia did not ſcruple to accompany Edward; and here did ſhe often charm his attention by talking of his father and mother, whom ſhe called her dear protectors—and recalling the recollection of all thoſe ſimple and peaceful ſcenes, endeared to Edward from his infancy, and receiving new charms from the happy hours ſpent in them with her Ladyſhip, and from being now the themes on which ſhe ſeemed moſt delighted to converſe. Here could he have been contented to remain for ever! His heart, which had begun to pant for glory, was every day relapſing into the languors of love; and his commiſſion, which had been the pride and joy of his heart, ſeemed now almoſt to be a misfortune, when it reminded him that the fatal hour was approaching which was to ſummon him acroſs the Atlantic---when the ſoft ſcenes in which he was now engaged, were to be changed for horrors and for tumults---and when thouſands of miles of an inhoſpitable and tempeſtuous element were to roll between him and the deſire of his ſoul. The thoughts of this ſeparation were the only thing that detracted from his preſent tranſport. Yet how ſalutary was it for his peace! for what proſpect or what probability has he of ever gratifying that paſſion to which he ſo incautiouſly reſigns his ſoul? Poor Ned was not inſenſible of his deluſion---he knew his paſſion to be hopeleſs, and a thouſand times did he reſolve to reſtrain it within

within the bounds of reafon and inviolable friendfhip; but one glance of Lady Cecilia's eye was able to overthrow all his refolution, and to rivet him in chains which not even defpair itfelf could unloofe. The lovely Cecilia herfelf perceived his emotions, and pitied what fhe could not relieve. She thought him indeed of all men that fhe had feen the moft amiable and engaging; and fometimes fhe wifhed fhe had been born in Wales, and never known a lot fuperior to the happy mediocrity of a decent competence. But fhe was not infenfible of the dignity of her ftation, nor indifferent to the honour of her family. She loved and revered her father with all the powers of her foul, and fhe would die before fhe would fwerve from the fmalleft tittle of the duty which fhe owed him. She knew that of all things on earth he was moft tenacious of the dignity of his family; and though he knew how to refpect and to reward merit wherever he found it, yet the thought of matching her into a plebeian family was what fhe was fure he never would endure, and a mortification to which fhe herfelf would never expofe him. On the other hand, fhe thought every thing fhort of love was due to Edward. She applauded the fentiment of generous friendfhip and unbounded gratitude which fhe felt for him; and whilft fhe confined herfelf to thefe fentiments, fhe thought fhe might fafely indulge them to their utmoft latitude. She behaved therefore to him with the utmoft opennefs and franknefs, and with that kind of affectionate familiarity with which a fifter would behave to a brother---and which the youth, who perfectly underftood her meaning, received with a timidity and bafhfulnefs wholly unknown to him on any other occafion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

AMONG the families of diſtinction in the neighbourhood, who were in habits of intimacy at Ravenſdale Houſe, one of its moſt frequent viſitors was that of the Reverend Doctor Burton; a clergyman of large preferment and conſiderable independent fortune. He had been at college with the Earl, where an intimacy commenced which had never met with the ſmalleſt interruption, and which had been of mutual advantage to both on many occaſions. The Doctor's unaffected piety being joined to great learning, and adorned with the utmoſt elegance of manners, contributed greatly to that reverence for religion and cautious regard to moral character which diſtinguiſhed the Earl, and which in a great meaſure he imbibed from his early acquaintance with him; and his Lordſhip had in return been extremely ſerviceable to the Doctor, in raiſing him to the lucrative ſituation in the church which he then enjoyed.

This gentleman's family conſiſted of his wife and two daughters; the youngeſt of whom, Miſs Sophia, was a beautiful and accompliſhed girl, and the boſom friend of Lady Cecilia. The eldeſt, Miſs Henrietta, was alſo very handſome; but having been educated in the metropolis under the care of a maiden aunt, whoſe god-daughter ſhe was, ſhe had ſpent but little time in the country even with her father and

 mother.

mother. She had returned to them, however, lately on the death of her aunt, who lived to finish her education, and dying, bequeathed to her her whole fortune, amounting to 10,000l. independent of her father and mother.. If envy could have harboured in such a breast as Sophia's, the marked attention which was every where paid to Henrietta, even in her father's house, might have given birth to that odious passion: but she looked on the good fortune of her sister with the utmost complacency and good nature, and sighed neither for pleasures nor possessions which could not be enjoyed but at the expence of innocence and tranquillity of mind. The society of Lady Cecilia was to her the most delightful of all entertainments: nor did her tender and faithful heart ever wander after gratifications beyond the pale of domestic enjoyments. It is true she had not as yet seen any other; but she had heard her friend talk of them without much regard, and saw her prefer the tranquil pleasures, even when she had the others in her choice, and those too in the highest perfection. But Harriet was of a different opinion. She had been used to the gayest scenes of the metropolis, where her society was courted and her beauty admired—but where her attentions to her mind had not kept pace with those to her person. The country therefore was to her exile; and she felt more horrors in her father's house than Sophy probably would have done in a prison. The Doctor observed this turn in his daughter with regret; and thought it ill compensated for, even by her fortune of 10,000l. But her mother viewed her with admiration, and was for ever proposing her as the pattern of elegance to the hundred times more elegant Sophia.

If a fashionable appearance be pronounced to be elegance, she was indeed possessed of this species of it; but fashion itself is not always elegant, and I believe was never less so than at the time I speak of: a certain air of forward freedom and masculine intrepidity having been adopted as the highest ton of fashion among the ladies, utterly subversive of that engaging softness and modest delicacy which used to be considered as essential ornaments of the female character.

Another family, which sometimes used to visit at Ravensdale, though less frequently, was Mr. Nettlefield's, the father of the young man whom we have already heard of in the story of Miss Grainger. The circumstances of that affair, and his base behaviour to that amiable and innocent girl, were not generally known, not even to his own nearest connections. He himself was with his regiment in America, where his public conduct as an officer was unimpeachable: his gallantries were considered as natural to his time of life; they were laughed at by the men, and did not discredit him even with the women, doubtless because their malignant circumstances were not fully known; and now that he was absent, it was considered as ungenerous to talk about them. But the knowledge of them in all their blackness prepossessed Ned even against the father, who came over from his own house on purpose to wait upon him and Captain Rivers, and to ask them there.

Mr. Nettlefield was one of those kind of men who never grow old, but carry along with them to their grand climacteric all the vices and follies of nineteen and twenty. He had once been handsome, and, like his son, had taken advantage of this circumstance to engage the affec-

ſions of a very amiable woman; whom it is very probable he would have ſerved as his ſon did Miſs Grainger, had ſhe not poſſeſſed a qualification which of all things he admired, though he was entirely deſtitute of it himſelf, and, this was an eſtate of about 600l. a year. Having got the heart, he very ſoon obtained the hand alſo of this unfortunate lady, who married him contrary to the advice of all her friends, and who never enjoyed a week of real comfort or ſatisfaction after. Yet Nettlefield was accounted a mighty good kind of a man, and, except by his wife and daughter, thought to be one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world. All the young men in the neighbourhood adored him. His houſe was a rendezvous of pleaſure, where every body that had nothing to do was welcome. There were horſes, there was claret, there was every thing that could ſeduce and gratify the paſſions of youth; whilſt poor Mrs. Nettlefield and her daughter, whom ſorrow had taught wiſdom, and who ſought for conſolations from books and from each other, for the moſt part ſat alone mourning over the impending ruin of their family, and expoſed to the brutality of that ſecret ill nature, which was the more bitter becauſe it was unknown, the more cruel becauſe it was undeſerved, and the more inſupportable becauſe it came from him who was the laſt of all perſons from whom it ought to have been expected. Such a character, had it been really known, would hardly have been agreeable to any perſon; but you could diſcover nothing of this by converſing with Nettlefield, nor even by living with him, unleſs you were his dependent. He was therefore generally liked, and every where well received: even Lord Ravenſdale had a re-

gard

gard for him, and had ſhewn it by lending him 6000l. to extricate him from the jaws of ſome preſſing creditors, who were ready to devour both him and his eſtate. His Lordſhip indeed ſeldom went to his houſe, unleſs to pay a morning-viſit, and that principally to the ladies, for whom he had a real regard. But the orgies of Nettlefield's table, and the promiſcuous company that were ſometimes to be found there, deterred him from ever making one at it, as ſuiting neither his dignity nor his inclination. Mr. Nettlefield, however, was always welcome to his; and the young Lord and Captain Rivers uſed to pay back the compliment, frequently hunting and ſometimes dining with him. Ned therefore and the Captain were under the neceſſity of returning his viſit, and accepting his invitation. His eſtate lay about five miles from Ravenſdale, and the demeſne might have been very properly called after the name of its proprietor. The nettles and other weeds which were ſpread over what they called the lawn, might have furniſhed ſpecimens to the botaniſts of all the baneful vegetables that were to be found in theſe climates; among which a few haggard-looking kine, that ſtarted as they rode by, were picking their dangerous and ſcanty food.

The houſe ſtood ſolitary in the midſt, except a few thatched offices at one ſide; for the timber which once adorned it was long ſince cut down, and converted into claret and game-cocks. Part of it ſeemed in ruins; for the rafters appeared through a large hole in the roof, which he wanted either materials or credit to repair. He met them, however, at the door; where a lad with a good livery coat and ſilver epaulet, but without ſhoes or ſtockings, took

their

their horſes. The œconomy within doors was nearly anſwerable to that without. The room into which they were ſhewn did not ſeem to have been waſhed for a twelve-month; and on its floor were many ſtains of the libations which had been poured out to the God of Revels. Nettlefield called them honourable ſtains, and ſwore he preferred them to the fineſt colours of an Axminſter carpet. "In this houſe," ſaid he, "my jewels, all is freedom! and for fear my friends ſhould not feel perfectly at eaſe, I take care that there ſhall be nothing that will ſpoil--- even their dogs are welcome to every room in the houſe." "But does Mrs. Nettlefield make them ſo?" ſaid Ned. "Oh! I never conſult her," replied he; "we have long ſince arranged thoſe matters. She never partakes of my amuſements, nor I of hers." "What, then, ſha'n't we ſee her and Miſs Nettlefield?" ſaid the Captain. "Aye," ſaid the other; "if you prefer a ſermon to a bottle of claret. The truth is, there was a mad parſon here ſome time ago, and I believe he bit them both; for they ſeem ſo utterly devoted to the other world, that they are no longer fit for this. I never can get either of them down when any body is with me; and (egod!) I would as ſoon go to church as ſit with either of them alone. So Liberty being my motto, I let them take their way, and I take mine." "Very right, Sir," ſaid Counſellor Grogan (who was one of the company invited to dinner)—"the Iriſh make the beſt huſbands in the world, and know beſt how to deal with their wives. I remember a gentleman, a friend of mine, who did not live with his wife upon thoſe happy terms which you and Mrs. Nettlefield have adopted. The lady indeed would not ſuffer her huſband either to ſhare her pleaſures,

or

or have any of his own. He bore it longer than a man of his ſenſe and fortune might be ſuppoſed to do. At length he took the opportunity of an altercation that happened one morning at breakfaſt, and he told his wife, 'My dear Mrs. Clappertongue,' ſaid he, 'for what purpoſe is it for you and I to ſit and torment one another this way any longer? I have come to a reſolution,' ſaid he, 'that ſhall at once give us quiet, and make us live upon the beſt terms poſſible.' 'And pray what is your reſolution, Mr. Clappertongue?' ſaid ſhe. 'Why, my dear, I am come to a reſolution to divide the houſe with you,' replied he. 'Nothing can be more agreeable to me,' replied Mrs. Clappertongue. 'But do you know how I intend to divide it?' ſaid he. 'No!' replied ſhe, 'how ſhould I know?' 'Then by J——, my dear, I will tell you. I will take the inſide, and you ſhall take the out: and ſo ſet about packing up your things, for by G— it ſhall be divided before dinner!' My friend was as good as his word, and has been as happy a married man as moſt in the kingdom ever ſince."

Dinner coming in put an end to this ingenious converſation, and interrupted the reflections which were riſing in Ned's mind. He was glad indeed to be relieved from the neceſſity of making any reply to ſentiments without wit, and wit without ſentiment: but if his intellectual entertainment was barren, his corporal one was profuſe—and the attentions of Nettlefield, together with the excellence of the fare, contributed to reſtore him to good humour, and to make him endure a man of whom his firſt impreſſions were not favourable, and who had not riſen in his eſteem by any thing he had heard or ſeen.

When the cloth was taken away, and the deck cleared, as Nettlefield termed it, he called for ammunition;

munition; by which my unenlightened readers are to underſtand wine, and any other liquors that the adepts chooſe in the great myſtery of drinking. The church, the king, the mother of ſaints, and various other ingenious and patriotic toaſts were drunk with all the honours, and in ſuch copious bumpers that Ned began to feel himſelf elevating. He ſoon made an attempt to withdraw; but now he found how little ſome men's mottos and profeſſions agree with their ſentiments and practice. The door was locked; and this houſe, where Liberty was the motto, was converted into a bacchanalian baſtile. It is true they were for the moſt part willing priſoners, but this was not the caſe of Ned or the Captain. They begged, they implored, they remonſtrated —but all in vain; ſo finding what brutes they had to deal with, they ſubmitted to their chains, but determined never to be taken in them again. For the reſt, all was conviviality—the wine was excellent, and it was not ſpared: they laughed, they roared, they danced, they ſung, all except our two gentlemen and a fat farmer, a Mr. Shamrock, who luckily ſat between them. This gentleman very ſoon fell faſt aſleep; and happening to have on a very wide pair of boots, Ned wickedly took the advantage of emptying the greateſt part of his glaſs into them unobſerved; an example which the Captain followed on the other ſide, and thus happily preſerved themſelves in a ſtate of tolerable ſobriety. They were at leaſt releaſed; not, however, before the dawn had begun to dapple the eaſtern clouds; and were glad when they got to Ravenſdale, to find themſelves once more in the realms of real liberty and pleaſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

BUT whatever diſlike theſe gentlemen had to the noiſy orgies of Nettlefield's table, they had none at all to his company in the field; in all the ſports of which he was a complete adept. They accordingly often accompanied him a hunting; and Lord Ravenſdale, though he never ſhared in that diverſion himſelf, and diſliked the trouble of a pack of hounds, and the ſociety to which they unavoidably led, yet took care to be always amply provided with excellent horſes, for the accommodation of ſuch of his friends or viſitors as loved the ſport, but were unprovided with the means of enjoying it. To his chocie of theſe Mr. Evans was always welcome; and indeed, to him, there could not be a higher gratification; for the love of horſes, as it was one of his earlieſt, ſo it continued to be one of his ſtrongeſt paſſions.

It was one day after they had had a ſevere chace of many hours, when reynard ſucceeded in foiling all his adverſaries, and the company were diſperſed over the fields, that Ned took the opportunity of their diſperſion to return home without taking leave of Nettlefield, and hoping that Captain Rivers, who was not immediately in ſight, would follow him. He was ſomewhat fatigued with the length of the chace, and had no mind to engage in the ſtill ſeverer toil that

he knew he muſt undergo had he accompanied Mr. Nettlefield to his houſe. Rapt up then in pleaſing meditations on his preſent happineſs, and the new and buſy ſcenes that were opening to him, he gave his horſe the bridle, permitting him to take his own choice of the way he would go home; and not doubting but he would lead him the neareſt, if not the eaſieſt road. In this, however, he was miſtaken; for the horſe had been purchaſed from Nettlefield, who bred him; and being now ſeized with a deſire to viſit his native fields, he was actually conducting Edward to the very ſpot in which he was foaled. In their way was a deep glen, through which ran a ſtream of water, and beſide it ſtood a lonely cottage, whoſe ruinous appearance and deſerted ſituation pronounced it to be the abode of neglected miſery. Ned ſtopped a moment to contemplate this ſequeſtered ſpot, and to ſlake his thirſt with the cool and limpid ſtream that was gliding by; when a poor and feeble, but venerable and decent old woman came out of the cottage; ſupporting with a ſtick in one hand her tottering ſteps, and bearing in the other an empty pitcher, which, when filled with water, ſhe would ſcarcely be able to carry back again. When ſhe ſaw Edward, ſhe would have retired; but he immediately alighted from his horſe, and, with all that good nature which was ever an inſtinctive movement of his ſoul, relieved her from the burthen of her pitcher, which he filled for her with water, and inſiſted upon carrying it for her into the houſe. This little act of kindneſs, however inconſiderable in itſelf, yet afforded a dawn of conſolation to the afflicted object for whom it was performed; for it was the firſt act of pity or attention that ſhe had experienced for a long

a long while, though no perſon could be more in need of both, nor better deſerve them. The good old woman ſurveyed Ned for a minute in ſilent gratitude, and then burſt out into tears. "Alas! dame," ſaid the ſympathizing youth, "ſurely ſome deep misfortune has befallen you, that you live thus lonely in this ruinous cottage, ſo far from any neighbour or aſſiſtance." "Oh! Sir," replied ſhe, "I am not quite alone, for God is with me; and he perhaps has ſent you here this day to witneſs the diſtreſs I am in, and may be to ſave the life of my poor child. Pray, Sir, have the goodneſs to look in here, and ſee if you can do any thing for her." She then conducted Ned into a little ſpace partitioned off the cottage by a few wattles, where, on a pallet of ſtraw, lay a beautiful girl of about eighteen, in the higheſt paroxyſm of a pleuritic fever. The fluſh that was on her countenance gave a tranſient illumination to her beauty; but the fixed ſtare of her eyes, and the burning heat of her body, joined to the ſhort pantings of her breath, ſeemed to indicate that a very ſhort period would place her beyond the reach of all worldly calamity.

Ned was not a phyſician, but he was able to bleed; a part of the art which he had firſt learned for the benefit of his horſe, but which he had found uſeful to know how to do upon many occaſions before the preſent, and had ſkill enough to be convinced was the firſt thing to be done in the caſe before him. He took a lancet therefore, which he always carried in his pocket-book, and, with the aſſiſtance of the mother, ſoon performed the operation, to the viſible and almoſt immediate relief of the patient; and as ſoon as he had bound up her arm, he

he haſtened to gratify his curioſity reſpecting their ſituation. The poor old woman prefaced her narration with another burſt of tears, in which thoſe of ſorrow were mingled with thoſe of gratitude.

"My name, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is Alice Doran, and it is only a fortnight comes to-morrow ſince my poor huſband died upon that bed on which you have now ſeen my daughter laid, and who, if it ſhall be the Almighty's will, is I hope prepared to follow him." "Did your huſband die of the ſame fever that your daughter has?" interrupted Ned. "No, Sir," replied the dame, "he died of a broken heart, and my poor child has caught her preſent illneſs by cold and fatigue in her attendance upon him: for, alas! Sir, we have not been always ſo deſtitute; we never knew what it was to want the decent neceſſaries of life till our cruel landlord firſt took from us the ſtaff of our age, and then abandoned us to want and miſery."—"Who is this tyrant?" aſked Ned. "Mayhap your Honour knows him," replied the old woman; "it is Squire Nettlefield."—"Oh yes, I know him," ſaid the youth, "and can believe all that you ſay. Pray let me hear your ſtory out." "Why, Sir, as I was ſaying, we always had the decent neceſſaries of life, for we rented a ſmall farm, which enabled us to live as long as we were able to manage it; which we might have done yet if the Squire had left us our ſon, and it had pleaſed God to have continued my dear huſband to me; but indeed it was the loſs of our boy that was the beginning of all our misfortunes." "What became of him?" interrupted Ned. "He was liſted for a ſoldier, Sir," replied the old woman. "About two

years ago there was a regiment raiſed here to go all the way to America to fight; and the officers got their commiſſions according to the number of men they could raiſe. Mr. Nettle-field's ſon got advanced in that regiment by his father's forcing all the tenants and cotters to part with their ſons, or be turned out of their farms; and I would to God we had been turned out at firſt, and then I ſhould not have been bereaved of my huſband and my child! And had we kept together, we might have ſtill been well to live; but they wheedled my ſon away, and promiſed him twenty guineas, and he never got more than five; and God knows whether he is living this day or not, for I never heard but once from him when he firſt got to America, and they ſay they never will be able to beat them, and perhaps my poor boy has been killed." "Oh! never deſpond," interrupted Ned. "I myſelf am going to America, and they who told you we ſhould not beat them know nothing of the matter. I'll warrant we'll give a good account of them, and bring home your ſon in triumph too." "I aſk no triumph," replied the poor old woman; "I aſk only for peace. Would to God I had been ſuffered to have lived with my family in peace, and I would not have moved a mile, far leſs four thouſand, to have diſturbed that of any creature upon earth." "Pooh," ſaid Ned, "now you ſpeak like an old woman." "I ſpeak like what I am then, Sir," replied ſhe; "but I ſpeak alſo like a chriſtian."—"I acknowledge it," ſaid Ned. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to offend you."—"Oh! Sir, you cannot offend me," ſaid ſhe. "But, to reſume my unhappy ſtory. When my ſon was gone, the work was too heavy

for his father; and though the poor dear girl who now lies on that ſick pallet, as well as myſelf, exerted ourſelves to the utmoſt to aſſiſt him, yet we were all unequal to the taſk, ſo that my poor man loſt all heart, and with it his health; and when he was unable to pay his rent, the ſquire ſeized all, even the very beds from under us, and turned us out of houſe and home; and had it not been for the friendſhip of a neighbouring farmer, who gave us this cottage, we ſhould not have had a ſhelter for our houſeleſs heads. We have now been here, Sir, about nine months. My poor huſband, as long as he was able, uſed to do a little work for the good man that befriended us, and who ſtill continues to aſſiſt us; but his heart was quite broke, and, as I ſaid, it is a fortnight to-morrow ſince God was pleaſed to deliver him from all his ſorrows." "My good woman," ſaid Mr. Evans, "I heartily feel for your afflictions; but if you will allow a young officer to preach to you, I would deſire you not to deſpond. I am one of thoſe who are not aſhamed to confeſs that they believe in God; and that his providence is over all his works. Perhaps it is he who has directed my ſteps hither this day, for certainly I had no thoughts of coming here myſelf; and if he has been pleaſed to make me an humble inſtrument of bringing any good to you, I ſhall gratefully accept the charge, and be thankful that he has made my duty ſuit ſo exactly with my inclination. Your daughter is relieved by the bleeding, and I will call again to ſee both you and her. In the mean time you know all that is neceſſary for her in her preſent ſtate; which that you may be able to provide for her with more comfort, you will pleaſe to accept this ſmall

matter

matter till I am able to ſee you again." With theſe words he ſlipped two guineas into her hand; and, without waiting to hear the fervent ejaculations of piety and gratitude which the good old woman was devoutly offering up to Heaven in his favour, he mounted his horſe, and was out of her ſight in a moment.

When he got to Ravenſdale, he found Captain Rivers had got home before him, and that Lord Rivers alſo had come down from Dublin, and brought with him an Engliſh nobleman, who had never been in Ireland before, and to whom the reader ſhall be introduced in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE nobleman who had arrived ſo unexpectedly at Ravenſdale, was the Viſcount Squanderfield, the very Lord who had been ſo aſſiduous in his attentions upon Lady Cecilia when ſhe was with her aunt in London, and with whoſe attentions her ladyſhip did not ſeem to be at all flattered. He was, however, very high in the graces of Lady Elizabeth Belmont, by whom a title and the manners of a man of faſhion were conſidered as firſt-rate accompliſhments, and ſufficient to atone for the want of moſt others. Her ladyſhip had obſerved with pleaſure that her niece ſeemed to have made an impreſſion on this noble Lord when ſhe had been in London, and did not conceive it poſſible but his addreſſes muſt be highly agreeable, not only to Lady Cecilia, but alſo to her father and the reſt of the family; ſhe had therefore furniſhed his Lordſhip with the warmeſt recommendations to her brother, the Earl of Ravenſdale, magnifying, or rather creating his virtues and endowments, among which ſhe reckoned, as not the leaſt, an eſtate of near 20,000l. a year; and indeed if ſhe could have made good this laſt character ſhe had given of his Lordſhip, I doubt not but many others would have acquieſced in the opinion that it was a qualification and endowment of a moſt exalted kind. But what-

ever his Lordſhip's eſtate might have been when he took poſſeſſion of it, which was hardly four years before this time, it is certain that it was now diminiſhed pretty nearly in the ſame proportion, and that hardly a fourth part of it remained. We muſt not therefore give his Lordſhip entire credit for that diſcerning eye with which he ſo ſoon diſcovered the uncommon merits of the charming Cecilia, nor for that ardour of affection which had now borne him acroſs the ſea in purſuit of this beloved object. The truth is, the ſupreme object of his Lordſhip's regard he wiſely choſe to keep ſo near himſelf, that he need never quit his own room to purſue it any where! and it is a queſtion whether all the mental or corporeal perfections of Lady Cecilia would have been able to raiſe him out of his arm-chair, had they not been connected with other endowments of a more ſolid and weighty nature, and which were of the higheſt value in his Lordſhip's eyes. We are therefore ſo far from admiring his Lordſhip's diſcernment in his ſelection of Lady Cecilia, that we are rather diſpoſed to wonder at his want of it, did not the experience of every day convince us that ſelf-love is able to abſorb all other paſſions, and to ſhed ſo dark a miſt upon the underſtanding as to render it impervious to the rays of truth itſelf. Had this Lord contemplated himſelf in any other glaſs than that of pride, he never could have preſumed to lift his thoughts to ſuch a character as Lady Cecilia. Nurſed up under the doting care of a fond and fooliſh mother, to whom he was an only child, he was ten years old before he knew his letters; and all the learning he had ſince acquired was little more than to ſpell them and put them together. He was an adept, however, at cards;

which did him this ſervice, that it was his deſire to ſtudy Hoyle that prevailed upon him ever to read at all. But for this knowledge he had paid moſt dearly, and with a greater ſum than probably educated and maintained Sir Iſaac Newton through the whole courſe of his long and glorious life. Nor was the perſon of this nobleman more apt to inſpire affection than his abilities were to create eſteem. Tall and wan, he reſembled thoſe exotic plants which ſpindle up in our hot-houſes, where they put forth ſome ſickly bloſſoms, but which wither and drop off the inſtant they are expoſed to the natural atmoſphere. Weak as his conſtitution was by nature, it was rendered ſtill more ſo by an early initiation into all the vices of the metropolis, and by that weariſome purſuit of diſſipated pleaſure which is the epidemic fever of the times, and the conſequences of which are ſo fatally viſible from the higheſt even to the loweſt orders of ſociety. His rank, however, entitled him to a polite reception any where; and at Ravenſdale he would have been ſure of this, even though he had no ſuch pretenſions to it.

Lord Rivers had been acquainted with this nobleman in London, where he often met him at his aunt's, and had contracted with him that kind of friendſhip which now-a-days ſubſiſts between young men of rank, whoſe chief occupation is the purſuit of pleaſure, and who in that purſuit are willing to take as a partner whoever is diſencumbered with principle, but ſufficiently laden with caſh; from which burthen too they commonly have a charitable view of relieving each other. His Lordſhip was rejoiced therefore at the arrival of his Engliſh friend on the territory of St. Patrick, and reſolved to ſhew him all that genuine hoſpitality which the ſons of that renowned ſaint are ac-

knowledged

knowledged to possess. Neither was he at all displeased with the motive which Lord Squanderfield avowed to have induced him to cross the sea, and promised him in the pursuit of it all the influence which he could exert both with his father and his sister. With this view he recommended to him to set off as soon as possible to Ravensdale, without sending any warning of his approach, to shew that the ardour of his passion would not suffer him to be amused by any of the novelties that Dublin or its neighbourhood was able to present; and he promised to conduct him himself in his own phæton and four, although parliament was still sitting; so that Lord Squanderfield had every reason to be highly pleased with his first reception on the Irish shore.

The two noble lords set out accordingly the next morning, and performed their journey without meeting any disagreeable adventure, except that Lord Squanderfield damned all the inns, the waiters, and the chambermaids; and that Monsieur Papillote, his Lordship's gentleman, got a black eye from one of the latter, as he was presuming to grin love to her through his French lantern jaws. When they reached the gate that enters into the park at Ravensdale, the view of that venerable mansion, and the noble sheet of water which the Shannon there exhibits, forms a very striking and majestic scene; but Lord Squanderfield was so taken up with a little French lap-dog he had with him, that he had no leisure to observe any of the surrounding objects. He had indeed nearly overlooked Lady Cecilia herself, who, seeing the carriage at a distance, and knowing it to be her brother's, had come out to meet him. Her surprise was only exceeded by her mortification, when she

saw

faw who accompanied him. But Lord Squanderfield, awakened by Lord Rivers, got out of the phæton, and, with his little dog under one arm, had the prefumption to offer the other to Lady Cecilia, who he fwore by G— was the fineft woman he had ever feen out of England, which made him defirous to tranfplant her thither; and this with another oath he affirmed was the fole bufinefs that had brought him over. Her Ladyfhip was fo furprifed at feeing him, and fo confounded by this fally of impertinence, that fhe was fairly at a lofs what to reply. She blufhed, however, into a deep crimfon, which his Lordfhip fondly interpreted into an evident expreffion of the moft favourable fentiments for him; a miftake into which nothing but the blindeft and moft partial felf-love could have led him. The only paffion he was capable of exciting in the bofom of Cecilia was either that of pity or contempt. Her placid temper and her excellent underftanding preferved her from anger; and the confideration that fhe ftood upon her father's ground induced her to fupprefs every emotion of refentment, and to fuffer his Lordfhip to lead her into the houfe.

After fome cold enquiries about his voyage and other uninterefting matters, fhe left him to the care of her father and her brothers, and retired to her dreffing-room, more difcompofed than thofe who were beft acquainted with her had ever feen her before. From this embarraffment fhe was, however, fomewhat relieved by the arrival of Dr. Burton and his two daughters, who we before faid were in habits of intimacy at Ravenfdale, and who came over with the intention to fpend the day there. Mifs Harriet was delighted when fhe heard of the arrival of the Englifh lord, which fhe rightly confidered

would

would make ſome buſtle in the neighbourhood; but Sophia, whoſe diſpoſition led her to the calm enjoyments of domeſtic life, felt more in union with Lady Cecilia on the occaſion, and regretted any interruption to thoſe pleaſing moments which ſhe uſed to paſs with her among the tranquil and deep embowering ſhades of Ravenſdale. When the neceſſary preliminaries of adjuſting their dreſs were over, and the hour of dinner approached, the ladies went to the drawing-room, and were accompanied by Captain Rivers and Mr. Evans. They were all introduced to the newly-arrived Lord, who proportioned his bows exactly to the rank of each, paſſing over Evans with a careleſs air, as if his lordly dignity had no attentions to beſtow on any man, however amiable, that was not at leaſt in ſome remote connection allied to the peerage. The youth was not, however, diſconcerted by this neglect; indeed amends were made him in the warm attachment of Lord Rivers to him, and the viſible preference which Miſs Sophia gave him, who was well acquainted with the whole of his ſpirited and generous conduct to Lady Cecilia, and who beheld in his perſon all thoſe graces and prepoſſeſſing elegancies which few would exchange for the long ſhanks and ſounding titles of Squanderfield. Doctor Burton too had conceived a very high opinion of Ned—for he had diſcovered in him a juſt and dignified ſenſe of religion united to claſſic knowledge and taſte; ſo that though in point of rank he was the humbleſt of the company, yet he was very far from being the loweſt in private eſtimation.

Dinner being announced, Lord Squanderfield led Lady Cecilia to the head of the table, and immediately ſeated himſelf beſide her—unmindful

ful that Lord Ravensdale had not yet got to his chair—unmindful that Doctor Burton had still a [illegible] ceremony to perform, which at Ra[illegible] G[illegible] was never neglected, but which he himself had so long disused, that he hardly knew the respect that was due to it. When the cloth was removed, a very interesting conversation took place relative to the situation of public affairs, which at that time was very critical; but in this Lord Squanderfield took no warmer part than he usually did in the debates of his house—simply answering yes or no, when any question was addressed to him. His Lordship's attention seemed indeed to be wholly employed in rummaging among some nuts that lay with other fruit on the table. Having at last discovered among the shells a couple of maggots, he seemed as if new waked, and immediately making two circles on the table with some wine that was in his glass, he placed a maggot in the centre of each, and offered to lay a hundred guineas upon the head of either jumping over the circumference, if any person at the table would take up the bet and lay upon the other. Lord Ravensdale stared; and Dr. Burton cast up his eyes to heaven; a deep blush suffused the cheek of the lovely Cecilia, arising probably from a mingled emotion of pity and contempt—to which possibly might be added some small portion of indignation, that such a character should ever be thought of as a fit object of her affections. The penetrating eye of Evans saw these several emotions clearly working in her mind; it was fixed fast upon her, which her Ladyship soon perceived, and was as alert in reading Edward's mind as he had been her Ladyship's. She relieved herself and the company soon after from the awkward embarrassment

of

of this silly adventure, by rising with the two Miss Burtons from table; and his Lordship not finding any one disposed to gamble with him, not long after fell asleep in his chair, unable to contribute any thing to the fund of rational conversation, or to derive any amusement or advantage from it himself.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.